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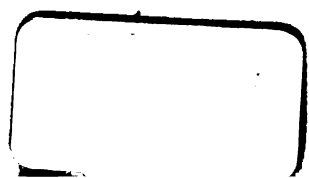
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**St. PETERSBURG**

**ENGLISH REVIEW.**

1874

1874

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PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE « JOURNAL DE ST. PETERSBOURG. »

UNDER THE PATRONAGE  
OF  
Her most Gracious Majesty the Empress.

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THE ST. PETERSBURG  
**ENGLISH REVIEW,**

OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

CONTAINING ORIGINAL ARTICLES

EDITED BY  
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ENGLISH REVIEW.

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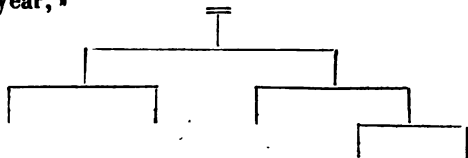
WELCH RABBITS.

BY DR. MAGINN.

Upon the existence of ghosts, and the influence of dreams, I know that opinion is divided. The wise, in general, are disbelievers; and, if we allege the credence of Johnson in such matters, we are met by the assertion that, in spite of the doctor's great talents and strong common sense on all ordinary subjects, he was on all subjects «beyond the visible diurnal sphere» deeply tinctured with superstition.

And yet there lingers in the mind a willing belief that such things as communications from the departed may be permitted. I know all that has been said of the absurdity of imagining that, while no ghosts glide along the fields of Waterloo or Cannæ, or emerge from the waves of the Nile or Trafalgar, where many a thousand men passed timeless to their doom, we should find, in some obscure hole or corner, where a single person was done to death, that solitary shade returning to complain of the shedding of its blood. I know, too, that the objects in general assigned for the appearance of the ghost, are not such as we can reasonably imagine disturb the repose of a spiritual being. Crocks of gold, the portion of a fortunate interpreter of a dream, in which the shade

of some great-grandmother sends the dreamer in quest of such articles, to find them upon London Bridge ; wills abstracted, to be discovered after due admonition, and the adjurations of at least three nights ; laches in pedigrees, to be filled up, 'not by the industry of the Heralds' Office, or the ingenuity of the manufacturer of those mystic hieroglyphics of descent which puzzled the eyes of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse in "Ten Thousand a-year,"



or something else as plebeian, and as certain to lead into courts of justice, or in some manner or another to help the family of the law. These, I repeat, which (putting murders out of the question) constitute at least nine-tenths of the causes of ghostly visitations all over the world, seem hardly of sufficient importance to call the spirit from its dread abode.

I do not believe that there have been any murders in my family. No maiden aunt drowned herself for love ; no grim grand-uncle flung the hapless evidence of frailty, staining the annals of his house, into the fire : no gentleman of the family has to complain of any cruel Barbara Allen ; or, on the other hand, no Margaret's grisly ghost to glide to William's feet. I have lived, too, in haunted castles, traversed by ghosts in all directions, and not been molested by anything more dreadful than the larceny of rats behind mouldy wainscots ; and I have looked down from dizzy battlements, from which, according to the most authentic and long-derived legends of the country, ghosts, or wraiths, or ladies of the lake, nightly were to be seen in dozens, without catching anything more visionary than the glancing of the moonbeam upon the bubbling spray of the torrent underneath. It is therefore not without some fair reason I may ask the favour of being deemed not remarkably superstitious on the subject of ghosts or of dreams ; and yet,—but I shall let the reader see, and determine.

My childhood was passed in a remote district of Wales

where, in due course of time I was filled with many a 'visionary' tradition, legend, tale, and song." Educated under the care of a strict Presbyterian governess, I imbibed from her principles which taught me that belief in the surrounding superstitions was not merely absurd, but sinful. Her education, alas! like much other education, was like Penelope's web. I undid the toil of the morning lecture of the governess by swallowing with thirsty ear the putting-to-bed story of the nurse. Emancipated from the trammels of education, I ran the usual gauntlet of young ladies of my rank. I danced and flirted a season or two; and then my hand was given to a sort of Welsh cousin, whose name was located in some part of our wide-spreading pedigree; given, indeed, with my own consent, and something more than my own consent,—given with full heart,—and, if it was free this moment, dear Llewellyn, and you asked for it, it should be yours with as perfect truth and happiness as if the last ten years, blotted out of time, were to be repeated to-morrow.

His family seat was an awfully venerable castle, of sound tremendous to Saxon tongue, and there I spent (not lonesomely indeed, for it was but one continued feast at Caderyswy,) the first two years of my marriage. We made one formal visit, of a short fragment of the season, to London; but Wales was our abiding home. Ambition suddenly came over my husband's mind; and, during one of these visits to town, his agent, for most disinterested good reasons of course, persuaded him to start for Parliament. There was a great deal of worry about it, and, as I heard, enormous expense; but, after a trial or two in various quarters, he was at last successful, and returned for the ancient and independent borough of Widemouth. As he was very rich, the money did not much trouble us, and the bustle, noise, and racket of the elections gave me no small amusement.

It was now necessary that we should take a London house; and, after some difficulty of selection, we succeeded in obtaining one in Grosvenor Square. We furnished it splendidly, according to all that the hearts of the men of chairs and tables, curtains and carpets, mirrors and pendules, sofas and

ottomans, gilding, painting, carving, tracing, taste, goût, virtù, and so forth, could possibly desire. It was an immensely large house, but no part was neglected, from the massive splendour of the Louis Quatorze drawing-room, to my own pretty bijou of a boudoir, a perfect gem,

—•In which Golconda stood confessed,  
And all Arabia breathed from many a chest..

We gave very gay parties in our very gay house, and Llewellyn was quite happy with his new toy. I went out a good deal, and attracted as much admiration as generally falls to the lot of a lady who *présides* over *recherché* dinners, and opens her house to distinguished *soirées*. Yet I felt infinitely lonesome for all that; neither my health nor inclination suited the eternal round of visiting, and I gradually diminished my nights of going out. I missed the hospitable dinner-parties, and the good-humoured dances of Wales, where mirth and kindness compensated for refinement and wit. And, in truth, I was very much alone. The House of Commons, then in the full vigour of the session, occupied many of my husband's nights, and gave ample business to almost every hour of his day. I saw little of him from the time he rose until he returned to dress, and that was a ceremony very often omitted. He dined at Bellamy's, or at some of his clubs, (he belonged to three or four,) and returned late. Our dinners were either altogether *à l'improviste*, or set portions of his parliamentary life. Being very little of a politician, I could not force myself to feel any great interest in the conversations so keenly carried on around me, except so far as I saw that they amused or excited my husband; and I am sure if he had taken it into his head to follow cock-fighting with as much zeal as he did the political movements of ministries and oppositions, I should have lent as attentive an ear to the controversies of the cockpit as I did to those of St. Stephen's.

It was altogether against his wish that I narrowed my visiting circle; but I felt myself unequal to going through what was to me no more than a fagging duty. If I had a conquest to make, a settlement to win, a daughter to bring out, a cou-



sin to chaperone, or any other such stimulus, 'it might have been a different case; but I had nothing of the kind. The consequence of all this was, that I spent many evenings alone in my gilded apartments. I have always hated toadies, and far preferred solitude to the mercenary companionship of a lady who had seen better days, or a poor relation degrading her blood and my own by playing the part of being useful about the house, and agreeable to its mistress. I therefore generally occupied myself with reading from the time that Llewellyn left me, and his return very often in broad daylight discovered me still so engaged. I cannot flatter the authors whom I read that the intense interest of their volumes had not, in the intermediate time, occasionally acted as a narcotic. For this waiting up I received many a gentle chiding, which generally concluded by an assurance that the sessions was fast hastening to its close, and that then we should emancipate ourselves from the smoke of London, and inhale the clear atmosphere of the sweet shire of Cardigan. 'We shall then forget these cursed politics, my dear Mary,' he would exclaim; 'I wish, from the bottom of my soul, I had never embroiled myself in them.' This would be said with the air of a much enduring man, who was making the most enormous self-sacrifices for the good of his country. I saw that the career in which he was now engaged, gratified him to the very centre of his soul nevertheless, and I encouraged him accordingly to undergo his sufferings with due resignation, for which I was sure of being rewarded with an affectionate kiss, and the seriously-bestowed title of 'my dear good little wife.'

One evening I had a small dinner-party, at which he barely looked in for a moment, consisting almost exclusively of ladies. We chattered through the hours pleasantly enough, and our numbers gradually fell away to three elderly ladies and myself. We were all natives of the principality; and my companions, though women of birth and fashion, had in a great measure retired from London life, and spent most of their time in Wales, to the customs of which they were most warmly attached, with all the vigour of provincialism. Prattling chiefly

on our family traditions—we were all cousins—brought the hours very close to midnight, and such stirrup-cup as ladies can venture to use had made its appearance, when it suddenly occurred to the oldest of the party, Lady Winifred, my husband's maiden aunt by the mother's side, that something in the shape of supper would be acceptable, and—mention it not in the land of silver-forks, wound not with the awful intelligence the sensitive souls of fashionable novelists,—her ladyship selected—I am ashamed to write the word, but it must come,—her ladyship selected—Welsh rabbits. I can only say in her defence, that they were not prepared according to any of the vulgar recipes. Slices of bread were no doubt cut, toasted, and buttered—that was left to the care of the servants—but, as to obeying injunctions which bid ordinary cooks cover them with slices of rich cheese, spread a little mustard over the cheese, and put the bread in a cheese-toaster before the fire, which, I perceive, is the utmost that the ingenuity of poor Emma Roberts (\*) can recommend, we never thought of doing anything so unphilosophic and mechanical. According to the practice of our house, derived from antiquity so remote that it would be vain to seek for it in the Triads—my friend, Lady Charlotte G., clever as she is, will hardly find it in her Mabinogion—the cheese is prepared apart—stewed in a silver chafing-dish, into which are gradually introduced, with all the mystery of the necromancers of old, certain ingredients, which, like theirs, are only communicated to the duly initiated. After a proper quantity of watching and incantation, it flows out a creamy fluid, fit to bathe the expectant toasts. It must be poured forth at the moment of projection; and those who have once tasted it need not be reminded that it is to be eaten without delay. It is never suffered to linger long upon the table. In the present case it was prepared by the noble hands of Lady Winifred herself, who had a Welsh anecdote for every ingredient she put into the savoury mixture; and we proved that our voting it excellent was no hypocritical compliment, by the practical at-

(\*) Miss Roberts' edition of Mrs. Rundell's Domestic Cookery.

tention we paid to her culinary labours. I protest, however, we had no Welsh ale to accompany it. I have confessed the rabbits; I deny the *cwrw*.

The carriages of Lady Winifred and her friends had been diminished to one; and that at about half-past twelve o'clock conveyed my cousin homeward. Llewellyn had not returned; and I retired to my sleeping apartments. They were in a distant part of the house; and when I had dismissed my maid, I was almost as much alone as if I had been under a different roof. The room in which I seated myself, and began to read, was vast, and scarcely lighted by the brilliant argand set upon the table. I felt a troublesome sensation of loneliness. The very splendour of the furniture by which I was surrounded, only augmented the solitariness of my situation. Many hands, I thought, had been here busily employed,—the ingenuity, the labour of many an hour set to work to produce what I dimly see all around; but the workman has departed, and his noise is hushed. I became excessively nervous. I was half afraid to look at the pictures, and the grotesquely carved cornices assumed in my eyes figures and appearances that were anything but agreeable. I got up, and walked about the room, and opened a window. This, except that it let in a draught of fresh air, which in some measure revived me, did me no service, for the back of our house opens upon a mews, the scanty lighting of which showed nothing but what was squalid and disgusting. I closed the sash, and returned to my book; but the same class of ideas recurred. Addison's story of the great Egyptian temple, reared by all the skill of architecture, and adorned by all the gorgeousness of wealth, which, on being forced open by some angry conqueror, was found only to contain a mouse, occurred to my imagination. Here am I, I thought, in this large and splendid mansion, the solitary mouse, and, what is worse, I have no priests to guard me.

The volume I was reading—I do not recollect what it was—contained some dismal stories, and Lady Winifred had been entertaining us, among other 'Tales about Wales,' with awful narratives of domestic tragedies, in which murders, robberies,

and housebreakers occupied no small space. I reflected how utterly defenceless I was, if any one should break into the house through the mews, into which I now regretted having looked. All this was weak enough, I admit; but my situation, then of a very delicate nature, made me fidgetty. I determined to call my maid, who slept not far off upon the same floor, and with her to pass the hours which might elapse before the return of Llewellyn.

I rose to do so, but my purpose was at once arrested, as I looked at the door. Was it magnetism? I saw the handle of the lock distinctly turn. There was no one nearer it than myself. I rubbed my eyes,—and looked with the most piercing scrutiny of gaze. It moved again. There was perfect silence all around. I sunk back in my chair; but my eyes could not remove themselves from the handle of the lock. It moved once more, and I all but fainted. I endeavoured to rise, for the purpose of ringing the bell, but I had not the power to stir, I essayed to call out, but my tongue refused its office. There I sat in a state of semi-consciousness, looking with fixed gaze at the door. I do not know how long this may have lasted; it could not, however, have been more than a quarter of an hour, perhaps not so much. The lock-handle in the mean time had not moved any more.

“It must be a mere delusion,” I said; “and I should be ashamed of giving way to such fancies. I’ll go and call Martha, and she must help me in shaking them off.” I mustered courage, therefore, to rise; but I honestly confess, when I came to turn that mysterious handle, my very heart sank within me. I conquered my apprehension, however, and turned it without encountering anything very direful or alarming in consequence. I hesitated a little about opening the door; but this feat too I summoned up sufficient energy to perform. I looked into the little antechamber outside. It was dark, but had been undisturbed. Everything was there as I left it; the windows were fastened, the door opposite mine closed, as usual. Ashamed of my silliness, I proceeded towards Martha’s chamber, which I found locked, and my fair *suivante* afforded audible proof that she was lying in a

slumber from which it was not easy to awaken her. After calling and knocking rather loudly for some time I gave it up; and as the motion had somewhat braced my nerves, I thought I might as well return to my own room to laugh the terrors of the self-moving lock-handle to scorn.

I had to pass a landing-place of one of the staircases on my return, and I saw in a distant room on the floor beneath some flashings of a light, which seemed to be partially obscured. My alarms now returned, but they were supernatural no longer. The servants had long retired to rest, and no one could have placed a light there with any other than a felonious intent. What was I to do? The intruders lay between me and the servants' apartments, and giving an alarm would infallibly bring the enemy upon me. While I hesitated, the matter was decided; my lamp had attracted the notice of the people below, and they lost no time in running up stairs. In a moment I was surrounded by five men, disguised in immense great-coats, muffling handkerchiefs wrapped in thick profusion about their necks, slouched hats, and pieces of black crape disposed so as to perform the duty of masks.

It is needless to say that I was now alarmed indeed; but they did not do me any personal hurt. The tallest of my assailants knocked the lamp out of my hand, and we were left in the obscurity of their dark lantern. In uncouth and hoarse accents, one of the party assured me 'I vos as safe's if I vos in a chuch;' and in the same dialect, which I confess myself unable to imitate much farther, proceeded to inform me that they had not intended to molest me at all; but that as I had thrown myself in their way, they might as well do their business out and at once, and have an end of it. The meaning of this I soon ascertained to be, that though they had succeeded in sweeping the rooms of all that was valuable in their portable ornaments, and obtaining possession of so much of our plate as was in ordinary use, by breaking open the butler's pantry, success and impunity had given more ambitious impulse to their desires; and though one of the party (the tall one, who had knocked the lamp out of my hand) seemed to suggest, in a whisper quite inaudible to

my ears, that enough had been done, and that the best policy would be to retreat as soon as possible, gold was too tempting to be resisted. I was put under a hasty, but most rigorous cross-examination, to elicit from me where my husband's hidden wealth was to be found. The great bulk of our plate was safe at our banker's, but there was still no small quantity in size, if not of corresponding value, locked up in an iron safe in a closet next our bed-room. Thither I conducted them with trembling steps, and delivered up the keys. The plate there stored consisted chiefly of cups, bowls, flagons, tankards, salvers, and other dear-bought trophies of the racing-stand or the hustings, and their gaudy splendour quite dazzled the eyes of the robbers. They would have turned from the finest work of Benvenuto Cellini with all the disdain of ignorance; but here they had some sympathies with what they saw before them. Like all other gentlemen of their profession, they were no doubt amateurs of sporting in all its branches, and the cups, as they trundled them forth, excited vast admiration, and afforded them many opportunities of displaying their knowledge of the turf. Their delight over these unsaleable baubles, and the delay which it occasioned, excited the impatience of the tall man, somewhat as we may imagine Caliban was moved when he found his associates wasting their time over the frippery in Prospero's cave, when valuables infinitely more precious lay unheeded at hand. Something seemed to agitate him, and at last, with a convulsive gripe, he caught me by the arm. I felt that he trembled from head to foot. I endeavoured to burst from him, and get at the bell-handle; but he pulled me back, and said, in a hoarse and evidently feigned voice, at the same time producing a pistol, which he passed along my cheek, "I don't want to harm a hair of your head,—but resistance is death. Besides, it is useless to ring for your servants: some of them *can't* hear you, and some of them *won't*;"—an observation which drew forth an approving chuckle of hearty laughter from his companions. A dreadful suspicion now flashed across my mind. Can these people, or any of them, belong to my household?—and if they do; have they disposed of my faithful servants

by murder before they proceeded to rob the house? I was not allowed much leisure to pause on these reflections; for the man, who now seemed to have recovered his nerve, exclaimed, «D——!» shook me rather violently, and demanded to know where I had stowed away my jewel-case. His violence had an effect which he did not anticipate; it knocked the crape off his face, and I could not help crying out, «Oh, Philip! Philip! can it be you?» He was an old silver-haired butler, or footman, or factotum of our family, who had dandled me a hundred times upon his knees, and who, I had every reason to believe, was at that moment in Wales.

He stood aghast for a moment, and his companions, evidently terrified at the turn affairs had taken, scrambled up as much booty as they could secure, and declaring that the game was up, scampered down stairs as hastily as they could, leaving Philip to complete the more dangerous part of the undertaking in what manner he thought best. I suppose they calculated, that as my murder was now perfectly certain, a chance of safety was open to at least one of the party (and each, of course, determined that he should be that one,) by turning King's evidence. I heard the hasty closing of the hall door, and I felt as if in the departure of these unprincipled villains I had lost the protection of trusted friends, upon whom I could rely for my life.

«This never will do, ma'am,» said Philip: «I didn't think it would come to this. I thought you were in bed, and tried the handle of the lock of your room; and when I found you were safe locked in, I took it for granted you were asleep in your bed, as you ought to have been, and I'd have moved these chaps away without molesting you. But now it's too late. It's now life for life.»

«You'll not murder me, Philip?» I asked, in an agony of fear.

«Not if I can help it; but I have no notion to let you hang me if I can help that either.»

«I swear—»

«Nonsense. Your jewels, I know, lie somewhere hereabout, and if I had them, a few hours would, put me out of the

reach of the law, or of those cowardly villains who have run away, and left me in the lurch. I'll settle for them, at all events. Your jewels, ma'am, your jewels."

"Here, here," I said, "the keys are in the drawer of the looking-glass. They are principally in a large flat box in the next closet."

"Make haste, then."

I tremblingly obeyed. He dragged me after him without ceremony, and soon found what he had demanded. He made a hasty sweep, and was about to retreat, when the sound of carriages was heard in the street.

"Here they are," he cried, with a desperate oath. "I must chance it through the mews; but nobody is to be left behind to tell tales."

As quick as the word he levelled his pistol at me, and fired, but his aim was unsteady, and the ball passed through my thick hair, in which stuck and smouldered some burning wadding. In an instant he drew another from his waistcoat-pocket; but fear, the desperation of the danger, and the chance of coming assistance, gave me more than woman's strength. I closed upon him, and held down his arm with all my might. It was weak, however, even under the circumstances of excitement, as compared to his. My struggles did not last a minute before he had shaken me off, and he fired again. There was a flash, a dreadful crashing noise, a hasty trampling of feet up stairs; the room was filled with noise and smoke, amid the gloom of which the villain seemed to vanish—and my husband stood over me.

I sunk into his arms. "My brave Llewellyn!" I exclaimed and he burst out laughing.

"Why, my dear Mary," said he, "what can bewitch you to stay up so late—not, indeed, watching, for of that I acquit you—but staying out of bed, in my honour? Would it not have been far better for you to have gone to sleep quietly in bed, instead of nodding uneasily in your chair? See what you have done. Just as I opened the door, you gave a most vigorous jerk forwards, which has knocked your lamp off the



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It is admitted ; but there is nothing of the kind here. Not quite, but something still worse. The moment of my dream was between six and seven o'clock in the morning,—and precisely at that moment, *Philip, who appeared to me as I have related, was at the distance of nearly two hundred miles from London, putting on his bridal garments, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, to marry Bessy Griffiths, not quite eighteen.*

The story of my dream was talked about in the country, and a couple of years afterwards it came to the ears of Philip. The old man gravely shook his head. «It's no wonder,» said he, with a sigh, «my spirit was troubled and wandering about ; for, poor thing, it knew what it were to go through, though I, old fool that I was, did not.»

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## FOUR COMPOSITIONS AFTER THE ANTIQUE.

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### I. THE HUSBANDMAN.

Through fifty harvests crowned with yellow grain  
With bronzed hand I tilled the Attic plain—  
The seed in earliest spring I sowed—I reaped  
Naked in mellow autumn, and upheaped  
Upon the burthened floors the unstinted sheaves,  
And pent in sheds from wintry storms my beeves.  
I craved no servile hand the seed to throw;  
I taught my hand betimes to reap and sow,  
I fleeced my flocks—I weaned the youngling goats:  
With watchful hand I barred the moorland cotes:  
Around the reddening props the vines I led:  
Beneath my feet the purple must was shed.  
Nor was my labour vain—my autumn hoard  
Through winter's blasts enriched my liberal board.  
Our sole reply to winds and rattling sleet  
Were giddy bowls, and songs, and dancing feet.  
For though all dark with hurrying storm the skies,  
Smiled on our log-piled hearth the rural Deities.

### II. THE SHEPHERD'S TOMB.

In no dark corner be my tomb, my friend;  
No sunless yew above the spot suspend:  
But earn for me a grave where shepherds tune  
Their oat, and fountains kiss the unshaded moon:  
House me in yellow moss, and then bestrew  
Over the coping grass a flower or two;  
So, gentle friend, shall know the passer-by  
*Thou wert a shepherd-youth, a shepherd I.*

## III. THE DEAD SHEPHERD.

Unclose my wicket now—lead out my sheep—  
 Though I no more the tuneful vigil keep.  
 As lush the pasturage is, as when I won  
 The milk from the full teat at set of sun:  
 And other oats allure them to their folds,  
 As sweet as mine, along the level wolds:  
 Though *I*, who watched and piped, no more have need  
 Of Gaberdine, or Staff, or pastoral Reed.

## IV. THE SPARTAN FATHER.

Upon his shield my bleeding boy was brought  
 Unto my door—*I* had no mournful thought.  
 No Spartan freeman He, whose age could weep  
 The godlike joy of that heroic sleep.

JEREMY.

---

TO \* \* \*

ON HER ASKING ME WHY I HAD WRITTEN NO VERSES LATELY.

---

She prayed me, first, to tell  
 Wherefore the silent spell  
 So long, O Lyre, had lain upon thy strings:  
 She prayed me, once again,  
 To loose, O Lyre, the chain  
 The chain that long hath stilled thy feeble murmurings.  
 A tiny stone can fret  
 The shallow rivulet;  
 Like froward infant will it oft complain:

But *silently* doth glide  
 Thy vast majestic tide,  
 Huge Orellana, on, on to the Atlantic main!  
 My passion, even so,  
 No utterance may know  
 Of that which in my heart was swelling long,  
 And struggles even now,  
 And vainly hopes to show  
 A vast and voiceless joy, a bliss too deep for song.

O Lyre, why thrills thy string?  
 Was it the breeze's wing  
 That to thy chords a transient language lent?  
 Weak thy loudest tone,  
 And harsh thy softest moan,  
 To reach the height sublime of this great argument.  
 A <sup>(1)</sup> Watcher stood alone  
 Upon the topmost stone  
 Which Chimborazo to the sky doth rear:  
 And to that Watcher's eye  
<sup>(2)</sup> Coal-black seemed the sky,  
 Black as the funeral pall that shades a monarch's bier.  
 So from my dazzled sight  
 Fades in excess of light  
 My life's horizon in its happiness:  
 Nor would I try to paint,  
 In earthly colour faint,  
 That rainbow-lighted life—the life that *she* will bless.

Hush then that fluttering strain:  
 Cease, Lyre, the effort vain:  
 Thou wert ambitious of a theme too high!  
 That note so faint and low,  
 That note, O Lyre, doth show  
 Thy music is too slight for such grave harmony.  
 In the abyssal Heaven  
 The mysterious <sup>(3)</sup> Seven

<sup>(1)</sup> De Saussure

<sup>(2)</sup> At this immense height, the travellers describe the effect of the sky as singularly sublime—from the great rarity of the atmosphere the refractive power was exceedingly diminished, and being far above the region of clouds, the colour of the sky was *black*, and the celestial bodies of an intense white appearance.

Vide Humboldt and de Saussure.

<sup>(3)</sup> The seven planets known to the ancients.

Swell their eternal anthem to the Lord :  
Yet no mortal ear  
Ever yet could hear  
The faintest tone that breathes from that great <sup>(1)</sup> Heptachord:  
Ev'n so the music deep  
That o'er my soul doth sweep,  
The Triumph-song, in silence dies away—  
Thy feeble note, O Lyre,  
Shall ne'er again aspire  
Unto that Lady's ear to echo such a lay.

T. B. S.

(<sup>1</sup>) The Platonic and Pythagorean philosophers had a notion that the movements of the seven planets were accompanied with musical sounds, inaudible however to human ears. The system they called the great Heptachord, or seven-stringed lyre of Heaven, and in this celestial instrument they attributed the gravest or flattest note to the Moon, and the sharpest to the Sun.

Vide Cicero, Tusc. Quest. Apuleius, and the later Pythagoreans, as Iamblichus, &c., &c.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

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We are glad that Mr. Moore has thought fit to raise for himself, in his own lifetime, the Monument which has been erected for other distinguished poets after their death only, and by the hand of editors more or less qualified for the task, by publishing this edition of his complete works. We are glad also to see that his eminent publishers, at whose judicious request this Monument was undertaken, have done their part to render it worthy of the name inscribed upon it. The edition is, indeed, a very tasteful and desirable one; and, enriched as it largely is with introductory and prefatory recitals and notices, replete with interesting biographical and critical details and remarks, it cannot but be hailed as a precious addition to other similar collections of elegant literature.

But we do not regard Mr. Moore as having by yielding to the wish for a complete edition of his published poems, in that way settled his accounts with posterity, and relinquished all further control over his poetical testament. On the contrary, we perceive intimations in some of his prefaces that there still remain additions to be made—unfinished fragments, and sketches of compositions—which only await a little resolution on his part to be moulded into shape and rendered presentable. And really, when we remember how few years have elapsed since the appearance of his last poetical work of

importance—the ‘Epicurean;’ how thoroughly that beautiful fiction, though destitute of the ornament of verse, bore witness to the undiminished vigour of the poetical faculties of the writer—we feel that the public has some further claims upon him, before he finally relinquishes the Lyre. Thus much, most assuredly, we would not say, did we feel that with him the period of excellence had past. Nothing is more painful than the exhibition of genius in decay. Nothing is more distressing than to witness those who have already won for themselves a safe and lofty eminence, descending again into the arena with decayed strength and fires, and seemingly unconscious of their own decline—making a poor profit of the popularity of their well-known names, to the utter loss of all that peculiar dignity which belongs to self-respecting retirement. But, as we have said before, this appears to us to be a destiny which Mr. Moore has no reason whatever to fear. He has rather withdrawn from the field with his powers, if we may so express ourselves, not yet fully developed; for poets of a highly imaginative order do indeed grow very prematurely old. The richest outpourings of their genius are commonly the earliest, and the decline is soon perceptible. Not so with poets of quick wit, sensibility, and graceful thought—the class in which Mr. Moore holds so very distinguished a position. With them there are generally two very distinct epochs of perfection: they ripen twice, if we may so express ourselves. The first has the character of youthful fire; the second, that of pathos and reflection. Their task has been chastised by time; the luxuriance of their imagery repressed. They have lost something, probably, in buoyancy as well as in brilliancy; but those intellectual powers which lie at the foundation of excellence of this description remain the same, or rather improved and mellowed by age; for these faculties are not of the same exhausting character as imagination, and do not react with its restless and terrible power on the mind and the body.

We cannot but think that the reader of these collected poems, now placed for the first time in the order of their production, will be able to trace in them the details of the little history which we have endeavoured to sketch out. From



the youthful poems, full of fire and freshness, he passes to the author's first work of importance, and as yet his greatest, 'Lalla Rookh;' written, it should seem, about 'the mid-way of this our life's career,' although not published until later. Here he will find that brilliancy of thought and diction, which in so remarkable a degree characterize the author, carried even to excess. As we proceed onwards, we perceive his occasional poetry becoming more and satisfying; until at last we find the gradual change of tone completed in the 'Epicurean'—in our view, the most perfect of all Mr. Moore's compositions as a work of art; and which probably, if it had not wanted the ornament of verse, would have been the most popular.

On this account, we cannot avoid expressing our earnest hope that the expectations vaguely held out, as we have above observed, in some parts of the prefaces, may be fulfilled. For instance, we have no doubt that out of the rejected materials for 'Lalla Rookh,' which Mr. Moore describes as lying by him, it is in his power to produce what might not perhaps attain the almost incredible popularity reached at once by that poem, but might prove even more acceptable to genuine lovers of poetry. There is, perhaps, no other bard alive (except one) to whom we could honestly give this advice—to vanquish the temptation, whether, of indolence or diffidence, and write more; and we shall resolutely refuse to consider these ten volumes as a *fait accompli*, until the time for making 'farther observations' is hopelessly gone by.

We have said that we do not regard Mr. Moore as a poet of the high imaginative order; nor do we suppose that this is a point which will be much contested even by his warmest admirers, amongst whom we rank ourselves; but in adding that we cannot either attribute to him the characteristic of much fancy, in the higher and more poetical sense, we shall probably encounter more opposition. And this leads us to devote a few pages to that much-vexed question, what is really meant by the term 'Fancy' in poetical criticism?

No point in the metaphysics of poetry appears to have given English critics so much trouble, as the establishment of

the distinction between Imagination and Fancy. And this difficulty, it is to be observed, is one which perplexes English critics only; for in no other language does the distinction in question exist. Neither the French *Fantaisie*, nor Italian *Fantasia*, has any resemblance at all to our word Fancy, in the sense in which we attribute it as a quality to poetical or romantic compositions. The Germans, those learned analysts, do indeed recognize very minute and refined contrasts between their *Einbildungskraft* and *Phantasie*; but then they appear to mean something widely different from ourselves by the attributes thus designated;—the first being rather the power of the mind to concentrate its attention on its own imaginary creations; the latter, a quick and keen perception of lively images, suggesting themselves spontaneously. And this very circumstance, namely, the absence of any distinction similar to our own in foreign languages, might perhaps suggest to us a doubt whether we are not sometimes a little seduced, by an accident of the dictionary, into drawing visionary contrasts where no real difference exists—a suspicion which will be rather increased than lessened, when we observe the odd perplexities into which the endeavour to define and analyze these supposed antagonists, has led some of our chief authorities on the subject.

‘The distinction between Imagination and Fancy is simply,’ as one writer tells us, ‘that the former altogether changes and remodels the original idea, impregnating it with something extraneous. The latter leaves it undisturbed, but associates it with things to which, *in some view or other*, it bears a resemblance.’

This distinction seems to us to represent the real difference which exists between the effects of a stroke of Imagination and a stroke of quick Thought, or wit—a *conchetto*, turn, or point. When Homer terms the morn ‘rosy-fingered,’ we recognize at once the true poetical imagination, ‘remodelling,’ in our critic’s language, ‘the original idea, and impregnating it with something extraneous.’ In Butler’s well-known comparison,

'When, like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
From black to red began to turn,'

we discover a clever effort of wit, 'associating the original idea 'with a thing to which, *in some view of another*, it 'bears a resemblance.' But to cite this as an instance of Fancy, and at the same time to call such creations as Titania, Ariel, Caliban, fanciful, and the mental faculty which conceived them, Fancy, would be to render analysis useless, and criticism ridiculous.

Let us hear a very eminent philosopher, the late Dugald Stewart, on the same subject:—

'Fancy is Imagination at a lower point of excitement—not dealing with passions, or creating character; not pouring out unconsciously, under the influence of strong feeling, images as they arise massed and clustered—but going in search of comparisons and illustrations; and when it invests them with personality, as in metaphor, still adhering much more closely to the logical fitness and sequence which govern similar ornaments in prose. It seems to act like a colder and weaker species of imagination—furnishing the thoughts which 'play round the head, but do not touch the heart;' pleasing the eye and ear; creating or heightening the idea of the beautiful much more than the sublime.'

This is indeed criticism conveyed in exquisite language; but when we come to examine the philosophy of the passage, we fear it will be found indeterminate, and inconsistent with itself. The first sentence is striking, and, whether it will bear close analysis or not; it certainly conveys to our mind something nearly resembling the popular notion of the difference between the two words. But Mr. Stewart, unfortunately, loses sight forthwith of his first distinction, and goes after another. Having defined Fancy as identical with Imagination, only 'at a lower point of excitement,' he proceeds to describe its functions as altogether inconsistent with those of the other faculty; for surely there can be no process more different from any exercise of Imagination, than that of 'going in search of comparisons and illustrations.' Here he seems to approach the notion which identifies Fancy with 'Wit,' in the older and more general sense of that word. Yet presently afterwards he returns again to something more resembling his original

distinction. Fancy, he says, 'creates or heightens the idea of the beautiful much more than the sublime.' Surely the process of 'going in search of comparisons and illustrations,' is just as likely to end in producing the one as the other.

But—if the reader will forgive our presumptuous attempt at dissection — Mr. Stewart does not give us, in this passage, a much clearer notion of the functions of Imagination (which he has elsewhere beautifully defined), than of Fancy. Imagination does not 'deal with the passions,' any more than Fancy—that is, it does so only incidentally: its own empire is elsewhere. Neither can it be properly said to 'create characters:' that is the proper function of the Dramatic Faculty — a faculty constantly exhibited in the highest degree by writers who are not poets in any sense of the word. To give the same name to the distinguishing characteristic of Milton, and the distinguishing characteristics of De Foe and Le Sage, could surely serve no purpose but to show how completely over-refined analysis ends in confounding objects, instead of discriminating between them.

Let us next see whether a great poet will afford us any assistance in getting out of the labyrinth in which our æsthetic philosophers have involved us.

'Fancy,' says Mr. Wordsworth, 'depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images, trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value; or, she prides herself on the curious subtilty and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purposes, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how mutable and transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it on an apt occasion. But the imagination is conscious of an indestructible dominion; the soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur; but if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished. *Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our nature, imagination to incite and support the eternal.* Yet it is not less true, that fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner fancy ambitiously aims at rivalry with the imagination, and imagination stoops to wrok with the materials of fancy, might be illustrated from the com-

positions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse, and chiefly from those of our own country. Scarcely a page of the impassioned part of Bishop Taylor's works can be opened that shall not afford examples. Referring the reader to these inestimable volumes, we will content ourselves with placing a conceit, ascribed to Lord Chesterfield, in contrast with a passage from the *Paradise Lost*.

‘The dews of the evening most carefully shun :

They are tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.’

‘After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathizing nature, thus marks the immediate consequence:—

‘Sky lower’d, and, muttering thunder, some few drops  
Wept at completion of the mortal sin.’

‘The associating link is the very same in each instance: dew and rain, not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. A flash of surprise is the effect in the former case: a flash of surprise, and nothing more; for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects of the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous, that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in nature so manifested; and the sky weeps drops of water, as if with human eyes—as if earth had before trembled from her entrails, and nature gives a second groan.’

At the first opening of this splendid passage, we perceive a mysterious light, which seems to direct us out of the paths in which we were wandering; but it vanishes before we have finished it. Indeed—if we might say so with due reverence—the poet leaves us even more perplexed than the critics; and we are tempted to acknowledge the justice of the profound reasonings of those supporters, of the successful candidate at the late Oxford election to the Professorship of Poetry, who pronounced him better qualified for it than his antagonist—first, in respect of orthodoxy; secondly, in that he had never been known to aberrate into verse.

For surely the distinction between Imagination and Fancy cannot lie, in the first place, in the comparative profusion and rapidity of succession of their respective imagery. Take for instances the inspired Prophets, or Æschylus, or Milton, in many parts: what can exceed the rapidity with which the images are poured forth, wheel within wheel, or as if each was pregnant with its successor? And yet we surely, in com-

mon parlance, denominate these instances of their superlative Imagination, not of their Fancy. And Mr. Wordsworth then proceeds to ascribe to Fancy, in the alternative, a very opposite function—that of subtly detecting remote affinities;—here, again, assimilating it, as other authorities have done, to something radically different, Wit; and making it altogether unlike that which he nevertheless with the utmost truth asserts it to be—a *creative faculty*.

May we venture on the still bolder step of quarrelling with the instance which so high an authority has selected in support of his position? The passage [from Lord Chesterfield is of course a mere conceit, passable enough for 'a person of quality.' But is not the passage of Milton in reality a conceit also, although of a far higher description? Does it exhibit any *creative faculty*? Does it call up any image in the mind of the reader, or suggest any as present in that of the poet? Is it, in short, any thing more than an effort of thought, 'associating the original idea with things to which, in some view or other, it bears a resemblance,' by what Aristotle would have called a metaphor by analogy? 'For,' as that most unpoetical philosopher would infallibly have summed up the case, 'as tears are to the human face, so are drops of water to the sky.'

Nor will another distinguished poet afford us any better guidance out of our difficulties. Lord Byron, in the course of the paradoxical warfare which it was his pleasure to wage against the poetical taste of his times, thought proper to assert, among other doctrines, that Pope was an imaginative poet; and supported his position by example, as follows:—

'We are sneeringly told that Pope is the «poet of reason»—as if this was a reason for his being no poet! Taking passage for passage, I will undertake to cite more lines teeming with imagination, from Pope, than from any two living poets, be they who they may. To take an instance at random from a species of composition not very favourable to imagination—satire. Set down the character of Sporus, with all the wonderful play of *fancy* which is scattered over it, and place by its side an equal number of verses, from any two existing poets of the same power and the same variety—where will you find them?'

Let us take a few specimens from the famous 'character of Sporus,' to which Lord Byron here refers :—

'Yes, let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings:  
Whose buz the witty and the fair annoys,  
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys.  
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,"  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd,  
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;  
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,  
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.'

Surely, whether we agree with the noble critic in his admiration of this passage or not, it is rhetoric, not poetry; or poetry, at best, only of that secondary sort of which we have spoken. It is a collection of witty thoughts, poured forth no doubt with great 'profusion and variety,' fetched with some trouble from various repositories, and placed in collocation by a *tour-de-force*. The last four verses are nervous and pointed enough; but their antithetical turn shows plainly the absence of imagination. Pope was not indeed destitute of that faculty, as modern criticasters sometimes affirm. It sparkles here and there, though intermixed with much of a polished but inferior metal, in the 'Rape of the Lock.' It colours with a deep and powerful tincture the pathos which is the predominating excellence in the 'Epistle of Heloise,' and in the 'Ode to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady,'—especially in the fine prediction of the decay of the house of her unnatural kindred—

'While the long funerals blacken all the way.'

But these are exceptions, and do not alter the general character of his poetry. He is but the able, dexterous, and graceful workman, who fashions the material provided by others:

These and many similar definitions suggest to us the doubt, whether, in the first place, there is any radical distinction at all between true Fancy and Imagination: and secondly, whether we are not apt to confound two very different qualities under the same name;—the true Fancy of which we have spoken,

and that spurious Fancy which is the offspring of a quick wit, conversant with poetical imagery, but which differs from the former in being in no degree *creative*, nor one of the higher poetical faculties.

To recur to a former instance. We are apt to term the poetry of the 'Tempest,' or of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' indiscriminately 'imaginative,' and 'fanciful;' and no one can fail to recognize the justice with which either epithet is applied to it. No one can fail to perceive, that the same 'creative' faculty, Imagination, peopled the isle of Prospero with delicate spirits, and the heath of Forres with ghastly sibyls;—that it is by a strictly similar exercise of genius, that disordered nature is made to sympathize with the waywardness of the fairy couple, and with the desolation of Lear. And, as we have said, all these scenes and passages are commonly, and properly, called 'imaginative.' Yet the poetry of 'Macbeth' is rarely, and that of 'Lear' never, called 'fanciful,' by correct critics. From whence does this difference arise? Merely, we suspect, from the subject-matter, and not at all from any distinction between the qualities. All poetical creations are *imaginative*; but when we want a word to distinguish those of a gayer, lighter order—more beautiful than sublime, and especially those which are fetched from a very unreal and dream-like world—we are apt to term them *fanciful*, in much the same sense as the Germans sometimes use the word *phantastisch*.

Spurious Fancy—that which the critics above cited have called by that name—seems to us altogether a different faculty, not in the least allied to Imagination or true Fancy, but belonging to the same category as Thought, Wit, Judgment, and many other manifestations of Intellectual Power. While the first class of faculties creates, the other remodels, compares, distinguishes; and often elaborates by effort, effects very similar to those which the former produces spontaneously. But instead of encumbering ourselves any further with definitions which we are forced to confess it, express our meaning but inadequately, let us see whether a few instances will not assist us in conveying it, whether right or wrong, to the mind



of the reader ; and if we choose them from among favourite and well-known passages, it is on the principle of Dante—

‘Che l'animo di quel, ch' ode, non posa  
Né ferma fede per esempio, ch' baja  
La sua radice incognita e nascosa.’

One of the commonest exercises of the imaginative faculty is Personification ; and we are apt to forget how much of what is now merely metaphorical language, in common use, was originally imaginative in the highest degree. ‘Hope and Charity, Love and Pity,’ it has been said, ‘have now become common-places ; but they were, notwithstanding, among the first and simpler creations of the art.’

‘Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turres,’

says Horace. Horace was not an imaginative writer ; and probably took these phrases, without attaching any distinct image to them, out of the *Gradus ad Parnassum* which he carried in his head. But the first who personified Death, and saw the livid spectre knocking at the doors of her destined victims—(compare the description of the plague in that work of a true poet, ‘Anastasius’)—possessed an imagination of no common order. Let us see what success his image meets with, when it falls into the hands of a French polisher of modern days, who works with the implements of thought or wit—Malherbe :—

‘La mort a des rigueurs à nulle autre pareilles :  
Nous avons beau parler,  
La cruelle qu'elle est se bouche les oreilles  
Et nous laisse crier!’

Thus far he has succeeded only in reducing the phantom of old times to the similitude of an angry schoolmistress, or obdurate landlady. But the turn which follows has been universally admired :—

‘Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre,  
Est sujet à ses lois,  
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre  
N'en défend pas nos rois.’

And a fine thought it is, but only a thought—it adds

nothing to the image; the 'regum turres' are particularized, and thus the lesson is brought home with more startling truth—but there is no creation.

In the following often-quoted lines of Dubartas—

'Loin des murs flamboyans qui renferment le monde,  
Dans le centre caché d'une clarté profonde,  
Dieu repose en lui-même—'

the first line presents a highly imaginative picture; but, be it observed, it belongs, not to the Frenchman, but to Lucretius:—

'Extra flammantia mœnia mundi:'

Which Moore has borrowed from one or both:—

'As far  
As the universe spreads her flaming wall.'

The second is a conceit, the offspring of spurious Fancy; for it does not present a simple image, but expresses an antithetical idea—the invisibility of an object placed in an intense light. And it is still a conceit in Milton, whether borrowed or not:—

'Dark with excessive light Thy skirts appear;  
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.'

And still more in Dryden, who expands the thought into a fine couplet, after his own fashion:—

'Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light—  
'A blaze of glory, which defies the sight.'

The last two lines, in the passage from Milton, are taken from another source, as Mr. Hallam has pointed out—the following noble verses of an obscure Italian poet, Girolamo Preti:—

'Tu, per soffrir della cui luce i rai  
Si fan dell' ale i serafini un velo.'

But Mr. Hallam has omitted to add, that the original of both is in the vision of Isaiah:—'Each one' of the Seraphim 'had six wings: with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.' And the effort of what the critics already quoted call Fancy, but which we term Thought, is plainly seen in these modern imitations,

in assigning a *reason* for the appearance. Imagination rests contented with creating, and never condescends to explain or justify. The whole passage, as was to be expected, has given birth to a variety of pretty *concettini*. See the 'Loves of the Angels,' *passim*. For instance—

'Oft, when from Alla's lifted brow  
A lustre came, too bright to bear,  
And all the seraph ranks would bow,  
And shade their dazzled sight, nor dare  
To look upon the effulgence there,' &c.

Milton is full of such conceits as that above quoted. And it may perhaps be suggested, as the most marked of all the distinctions between very early poetry and that of modern days, that in the former the creative faculty generally appears pure and naked, and absolutely unconnected with the reflective. In all modern poets, and most, perhaps, in the greatest of all, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, Thought seems to struggle with Imagination for the mastery; and the one and the other produce their effects in such rapid succession, and so interchangeably, that nothing can be more difficult than to assign their respective provinces.

Very different is the fate which a fine image meets, when it passes successively through the hands of a series of poets of the imaginative order. Each impregnates it with his own peculiar colouring—each communicates to it something additional, which calls up a new vision to the mental eye, and is in truth a fresh creation.

In the venerable passage—

'And even as the race of leaves, ev'n such is that of man,  
Them on the ground the wind doth strew,' &c.

the reader recognizes (what, as we have said, is comparatively rare in ancient poets) an effort at once of Imagination or Fancy, connecting the frail existence of humanity with that of the leaf—and of Thought, drawing out the parallel between the reproduction of the leaves and of generation of mankind.

The turn, or antithesis, has been made use of by hundreds of poets of the secondary or unimaginative order, from Moschus down-wards. The *image* has passed into the hands of all the greater masters of the art.

In Virgil it is associated with the idea of multitude :—

‘Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo  
Lapsa cadunt folia.....’

So in Milton ; but he immediately connects it with locality, and gives it a *picturesque* colouring :—

‘Thick as autumnal leaves which strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades  
High overarched embower.....’

In Dante, ever working out the minute circumstances of his pictures, and clinging closely to the ‘shows of things,’ the image suggested is that of the gradual fall, leaf by leaf, compared with the dropping of the melancholy ghosts, one by one, into the inevitable bark :—

‘Come d'autunno si levan le foglie  
L'una appresso dell' altra, infin che l' ramo  
Rende alla terra tutte le sue spoglie,  
Similmente il mal seme d'Adamo  
Gittasi da quel lito ad una ad una.’

Spenser personifies the *agent* as well as the *patients* :—

‘With his sword disperst the raskall flocks,  
Which fled asunder, and him fell before,  
As wither'd leaves drop from their dried stocks,  
When the wroth western wind doth reave their locks.’

From whom, lastly, Shelley receives the treasure ; and adds a peculiar circumstance, that of reversing the image, and with wonderful effect.

‘Thou wild west wind ! thou breath of autumn's being,  
Before whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes———’

It is evident that the spurious fancy of which we have spoken is an inferior quality in the scale of poetical excellences to that genuine sort which is merely imagination under another aspect. And yet it would be a most uncatholic and intolerant view of the subject to exclude it from that scale altogether. In point of fact, so accustomed are we to look on Imagination as the poetical faculty *par excellence*, as undoubtedly it is, that we are sometimes induced to regard it hastily as the only one ; to consider poetry as strictly and wholly the

expression of Imagination. This is not the case only with the pedantic Wordsworthian school of critics who now inundate this country, but with others of more comprehensive views. And we doubt whether many have reflected how very large a proportion of the pleasure which we derive from poetry is really drawn from the expression of Thought in its various forms—indignant, energetic, graceful, witty, fanciful—without one particle of the creative faculty being concerned in it. To this class belong almost all the satirists, from Horace and Juvenal, to Boileau, Pope, Churchill, whether severe in their indignation, or playing with the follies of mankind. It includes also the rhetorical poets—Lucan, Corneille, and the like; and the ‘conceited,’ commonly and mistakenly called fanciful, Donne, Cowley, Marini, Gongora, and their respective followers. It is Thought or Reflection which gives the peculiar tinge of manly energy to the verse of Dryden—which sparkles in graceful criticism in Horace—which enlivens throughout with an indulgent philosophy and playful lessons of worldly wisdom, the charming narrative of Ariosto. And, to complete the catalogue, Thought and Passion, without one scruple of the strictly poetical Imagination, form the whole stock in trade of a nation of no mean rank in poetical literature—the French. There is no such thing as an imaginative French poet or poem—hardly a scene or a passage. But Thought, in all the various forms which we have enumerated, borrowing and turning to the best account the creations of a higher faculty, constitutes the staple commodity of the whole race of French poets; and is blended in those of a higher order with the powerful and harmonious expression of Passion—something, again, wholly distinct from Imagination proper.

We have gone rather the more at length into this attempt to establish a distinction sometimes overlooked, from an anxiety to guard ourselves against any suspicion of unduly depreciating the poet whose works are now before us, when we rank that Fancy, which is commonly reputed to be his peculiar excellence, in the secondary class already described. He cannot be called an imaginative writer; and, therefore, not ‘Fancy’s child’ in the truest or highest sense—in the sense

in which we have termed Fancy a creative quality. Not that he is by any means destitute of the first of poetical faculties, but that it is certainly not his characteristic or distinguishing excellence. His Fancy, like that of Donne and Cowley, is Wit;—wit, not only under the control of a better taste than theirs, but likewise of a purer feeling; wit suggesting images and thoughts with wonderful profusion, and a gracefulness often scarcely less admirable;—often too profuse, no doubt, for compactness, and too graceful for strength, but uniformly brilliant, and yet relieved from monotony by its singular buoyancy.

But rich as this Wit or Fancy is, we believe that those do Mr. Moore great injustice who assign it as the attribute through which he is principally to live. To us at least, and we suspect to the infinite majority of his readers, the real charm of his poetry lies not there. It is when he speaks to the heart, not the head, that he is in his own element. The exquisite truth of sentiment, sometimes gay and sometimes melancholy, but always refined into the most perfect keeping with the common sympathies of men—this is far more delightful to us than all the more ambitious qualities of his muse. In our opinion, he may very safely allow his critics to dispute as much as they will about the real or false brilliancy of the oriental descriptions in *Lalla Rookh*, or the Rabbinical prettinesses of the *Loves of Angels*. Both have been translated into some dozen languages, and honoured, it appears, with all manner of royal and courtly observance; (<sup>1</sup>)

(<sup>1</sup>) 'Among the incidents connected with this work, I must not omit to notice the splendid *divertissemens*, founded upon it, which were acted at the Chateau Royal of Berlin, during the visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to that capital in the year 1822. The different stories composing the work were represented in *tableaux vivans* and songs; and, among the crowd of royal and noble persons engaged in the performance, I shall mention those only who represented the principal characters, and whom I find there enumerated in the published account of the *divertissement*.

*Fadladin*, Count Haack, Marechal de Cour.

*Aliris*, Roi de Bacharis, S. A. I. Le Grand Duc.

*Lallah Rookh*, S. A. I. La Grande Duchesse.

*Aurungzeb*, le Grand Mogol, S. A. R. Le Prince Guillaume.

*Abdallah*, Pere d'Aliris, Le Duc de Cumberland.

*La Reine*, son Epouse, S. A. R. La Princesse Louise Radzivilf.'

— nay, which is more to the purpose still, both have been read, we take it, more than any other poems of our time, except Lord Byron's; and yet we would confidently wager against the existence of any man, woman, or child, who could repeat thirty lines together of either, always excepting 'Paradise and the Peri,' and the delicious songs in the 'Light of the Harem.' We admit that this is not altogether a fair test; for there are peculiarities in composition which make these poems excessively difficult to learn by heart, even for their most devoted admirers. But, on the other hand, there are thousands—tens of thousands—who have almost every line of the Irish Melodies and national songs constantly in their remembrances. And this seems to us to prove our proposition beyond all contest, that Mr. Moore's true popularity rests, and will always rest, on those delicate touches of tenderness and gaiety which captivate the sense at first hearing, and once known are never forgotten;—which make so many of those genuine gems, his smaller lyrical poems, better remembered, and more constantly travelling from the heart to the lips, than any verse of any poet of these days, however lofty his pretensions may be.

Mr. Moore himself ascribes much of the magic of these strains to music; and speaks of the 'Irish Melodies' as the only work of his pen 'whose fame (thanks to the sweet music in which it is embalmed) may boast a chance of prolonging its existence to a day much beyond our own.' And elsewhere, in the preface to his fifth volume, he goes at some length into the debatable question of the alliance between poetry of this description and music.

'It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these his higher inspirations, should not materially contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a reunion of the gifts which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which we have seen, in our own times, so interesting an example in the few songs bearing the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright and the late Mrs. Hemans.

'Very different was the state of the song department of English poetry at the time when first I tried my novice hand at the lyre.

The divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range, and to all uses connected with music, from a birthday ode down to the libretto of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs in general: *«Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante»*..

'How far my own labours in this field, if indeed the gathering of such idle flowers may be so designated, have helped to advance, or even kept pace with the progressive improvement I have here described, it is not for me to presume to decide. I only know, that in a strong and inborn feeling for music lies the source of whatever talent I may have shown for poetical composition; and that it was the effort to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to me to express, that first led to my writing any poetry at all deserving of the name. Dryden has happily described music as being *«inarticulate poetry»*; and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was but bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed in its wordless eloquence to myself.' — (Vol. V. pp. xiii.-xv.)

We believe Mr. Moore to be very sincere in these expressions of diffidence; not because we attribute to him any greater tendency to undue self-depreciation than to his brethren in general, but because we know how completely, in spirits exquisitely sensitive to music, the charm of thought and expression becomes subordinate to that of melody; and it is, undoubtedly, extremely difficult to *«untwist the hidden chains»* which bind these two charms so strangely together. But if it could be accomplished, we suspect it would appear that, for every thousand who have been chiefly captivated by the music of his songs, there are at least a thousand more whose charm is in the poetry; and in whose memory the last sweet echoes of the strain linger almost wholly disengaged from the accompaniment, or altogether unconnected with any.

But what complicates the difficulty in the present instance is this, that Mr. Moore is, in a peculiar and emphatical sense, the poet of music — a character in which no other poet approaches him, and very few even resemble him. Every one who has any susceptibility for music at all, is aware of the readiness with which some emotions of the mind are excited by it—that there are some sentiments which seem to respond immediately to particular tones, independently of all perceived



or recognized association of thought. Now, Mr. Moore's peculiar skill is in giving voice to this inarticulate language. Take, for instance, many of his old Irish airs : he found them associated with vulgar or unmeaning words ; he detected the language of the air under the disguise, and expressed it in verse ; insomuch that the words alone now convey precisely that class of emotions which are suggested by the music. This is quite a peculiar faculty, and extremely rare indeed. Burns had something of it, Béranger perhaps more ; but Moore stands absolutely pre-eminent in it.

And we are not, therefore, surprised that the charm of poetry, and that of music, seem in his mind to be often regarded as identical. The very attributes by which he characterizes the lays at the command of his ' Spirit of Song ' in Lallah Rookh, appear to us exactly his own ; and the effect of his poetry is precisely, and without exaggeration, the same which he there ascribes to music.

' For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,  
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
And melt in the heart as instantly.

' Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway  
The spirits of past delight obey :  
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,  
And they come, like genii, hovering round.

' And mine is the gentle song, that bears  
From soul to soul the wishes of love ;  
As a bird that wafts through genial airs  
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.

' 'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure  
The past, the present, and future of pleasure :  
When Memory links the tone that is gone  
With the blissfull tone that's still in the ear :  
And Hope from a heavenly note flies on  
To a note more heavenly still that is near.'

We do not intend to dwell on these exquisite recollections. It would be mere pedantry to force them into critical discussion and comparison. No enthusiastic rhapsody of ours could heighten their charm ; no analysis could detect the source of

it; and the genius of Farhladden himself could not detract from it. Still, their effect is not that of pure poetry, rigorously so called. All the criticism in the world will not persuade the mass of readers, that the poetry which is most popular with them, which speaks most to the heart, is not the best; nor will such cavils raise the judgment of the critic in their estimation; for though a few, like Lalla Rookh's ladies, will still begin to suspect that they 'ought not to be pleased,' we fear that the number of such obedient subjects is considerably diminished since the craft of reviewing first rose into eminence. Still it is true, that the mere tribute which susceptibility pays to that which excites it, is not the recognition of poetical excellence; otherwise the 'Gamester' and 'Isabella' would be the finest tragedies on the English stage. In order to be thoroughly alive to the impressions of music, a gentleman, as a profound critic has remarked, must be 'in a concatenation accordingly;' and the same thing is perhaps true of poetry such as Moore's, which is ideal music. It is when the heart is predisposed by recent emotion, or dwelling on the remembrance of its own past emotions—when it is attuned to love, or romance, or gaiety, or the soft and dreamy sadness which past illusions leave behind them, or the deeper regrets for departed youth—that such enchantment is peculiarly felt. It does not create, but finds, sympathies; it searches the very soul, but never entrances, or carries it away into another world of visionary being. Thus far it is of the earth, and earthly—of the very finest materials, doubtless, which this earth can furnish; but not of the harmony which Dante heard only in the last circle of his Paradise.

'Qualunque melodia piu dolce suona  
Quaghi, e più a se l'anime tira,  
Parebbe nube che squarciata tuona  
Comparata al suonar di quella Lira.'

And thus much more we will add respecting it, that this deep charm of pathos, after all, characterizes the best-remembered and most generally appreciated portions even of Moore's more ambitious poetry. It is not the gorgeous orientalism, the gracefulness, or the brilliancy of description, in Lalla

Rookh, which really abide with the reader, but those occasional touches—

'The looks and tones that dart  
 An instant sunshine through the heart,  
 As if the soul that instant caught  
 Some treasure it through life had sought'—

which arouse the sensibilities to which his peculiar province extends.

The most substantial passions of this earth scarcely appear to us to be within that province. The strong objections which were urged against the early poetry of our author were not without foundation, undoubtedly; and nothing can be more marked than the improvement of taste which has characterized him since. But both the sins and the improvement always appeared to us to be of taste only. It is singular enough, in so extensive a collection of love verses of every variety of colour, that there is so little of the passionate order; such as is sometimes—yet, even there, rarely—to be met with in Byron. We scarcely remember above one piece, in all Moore's poetry, which really breathes the soul of Sappho: we looked for it in this new collection, and found it reduced to 'a fragment.' Why this was necessary, we hardly know; nor do we altogether appreciate the criterion according to which some of our old acquaintances have been left out, and others left in; and we are not sorry that we possess an old 'Galignani' edition.

But, as we have said, criticism is altogether inadequate to analyze those real and unrivalled beauties which we have endeavoured to point out only. It was much more our purpose to make an essay towards appreciating our author as an artist; but, we perceive, the little we had to say on this subject is already nearly anticipated. His personages, angelic or human, always produced upon us the effect of Westall's drawings, with which, we suppose, it had been our fate to see his poems first illustrated—all rounded in the same soft languishing physiognomy—as ideal a set of brothers and sisters as were ever grouped together on the walls of the Royal Academy. After our first reading of *Lalla Rookh*, we well re-

member how utterly insipid, or rather coarse and prosaic, the men and women of Shakspeare and Scott seemed to have become. We are sorry to say that, on a second perusal, it was as impossible to take an interest in Azim and Zelica, Hafed and Hinda, as in the personages of the 'Grand Cyrus.' And, perhaps, it is rather strange — one of the anomalies which seem to belong to all genius — that a poet whose peculiar spell is over the common sympathies of men — whose unstudied tones of sentiment never fail to speak *home* — should be so utterly unable to make the creatures of his stories like human beings at all. But the dramatic faculty is a gift apart from all others.

It is no doubt from a consciousness of this deficiency, in part, that the author overlays the outlines of his tales with such wonderful richness and profusion of elaborate imagery; and, as we have said, this is not the imagery of fancy, but of wit. It is difficult always to apply the test; but comparison, as we have seen, is perhaps the best. That which requires thought to please — that which raises no image to the mind's eye, but gives the judgment the satisfaction arising from a comparison exquisitely drawn, from the juxtaposition of sparkling objects unexpectedly brought together — this is conceit, and not fancy: for mind speaks to mind, and that which the poet has imagined affects the reader very differently from that which he has thought out. Yet the results are beautifully brilliant, and take the reason prisoner, until it has no small trouble to disentangle the false from the true enchantment.

A curious characteristic of poets of this order is, that in their sweetest strains we can so frequently detect a determination throughout to bring in a conceit at the end, which generally goes far to spoil the effect of all the remainder. As soon as they have touched the reader's heart by a tone or two of simple beauty, they kindly alleviate his excited sensibility, by giving him a riddle or an epigram to think about.

The following instance of what we mean, occurs in some extremely beautiful verses:—

'Peace be around thee, wherever thou rovest;  
 May life be for thee one summer's day,

- And all thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,  
Come smiling around the sunny way!
- 'If sorrow e'er this calm should break,  
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,  
Like spring showers, they'll only make  
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.
- 'May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,  
And daily dooms some joy to death,  
O'er thee let years so gently fall,  
They shall not crush one bloom beneath.
- 'As half in shade and half in sun  
This world along its path advances,  
May that side the sun's upon  
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.'*

Another, equally beautiful, occurs to us at random, and we cite it the rather, because we believe it to be published now for the first time:—

- 'Dreaming for ever, vainly dreaming,  
Life to the last pursues its flight:  
Day hath its visions fairly beaming,  
But false as those of night:
- 'The one illusion, the other real,  
But both the same brief dreams at last:  
And when we grasp the bliss ideal,  
Soon as it shines, 'tis past.
- 'Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,  
Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom  
Flit o'er its face, till night is closing—  
Emblem of life's short doom!
- 'But though, by turns, thus dark and shining,  
'Tis still unlike man's changeful day,  
*Whose light returns not, once declining,  
Whose cloud, once come, will stay.'*

The following has something of the same peculiarity: But we are almost ashamed to quote what is so familiar to the ears and hearts of all who have ever stood within the circle of the magician himself:—

- 'Say, what shall be our sport to-day?  
There's nothing on earth, in sea, in air,  
Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,  
For spirits like mine to dare!

'Tis like the returning bloom  
 Of those days, alas! gone by,  
 When I loved each hour I scarce knew whom,  
 And was blest I scarce knew why.  
 Ay, those were days when life had wings,  
 And flew, oh flew, so wild a height,  
 That, like the lark which sunward springs,  
 'Twas giddy with too much light.  
 And though of some plumes bereft  
 With that sun too nearly set,  
 I've enough of light and wing still left  
 For a few gay soarings yet.

There is one more particular in which this edition will be welcome to numbers of readers: it contains all the satirical and humorous poetry of Mr. Moore, from the 'Fudge Family in Paris,' down to his latest political squibs. These latter are quite as unrivalled in their kind as the 'Irish Melodies,' or the other serious specimens of his sentimental muse. Of course, when collected in this fashion, it cannot be expected that they should be quite as captivating as when they first enlivened us, one by one, occurring like 'green spots' in the waste of a dreary newspaper. But then, as a collection, they have the great advantage of conjuring back upon us the successive recollections of the politics of the last thirty years, more lively and more amusing than even in the works of the masters of caricature. We will only select one, which we well remember struck us with all the force of an argument when first we read it; and sure we are, that nothing so effective in the way of answer to it has yet appeared:—

'The longer one lives the more one learns;  
 Said I, as off to sleep I went,  
 Bemus'd with thinking of tithes concerns,  
 And reading a book, by the Bishop of Ferns,  
 On the Irish Church Establishment.  
 But lo! in sleep not long I lay  
 When Fancy her usual triaks began,  
 And I found myself bewitch'd away  
 To a goodly city in Hindostan:  
 A city, where he who dare to dine  
 On aught but rice, is deem'd a sintier:  
 Where sheep and kine are held divine,  
 And, accordingly, never drest for dinner,

'But how is this? I wondering cried,  
 As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,  
 And saw, in every marble street,  
   A row of beautiful butchers' shops—  
 'What means, for men who can't eat meat,  
   This grand display of loins and chops?'  
 In vain I asked—'twas plain to see  
   That nobody dared to answer me.

'So on from street to street I strode:  
 And you can't conceive how vastly odd  
 The butchers look'd: a roseate crew,  
 Inshrined in *stalls*, with nought to do:  
 While some on a *bench*, half dozing, sat,  
 And the sacred cows were not more fat.

'Still posed to think what all this scene  
 Of sinecure trade was meant to mean,  
 'And pray,' asked I, 'by whom is paid  
 The expense of this strange masquerade?'  
 'The expense—oh, that's of course defray'd.'  
 (Said one of these well-fed hecatombers)  
 'By yonder rascally rice-consumers)  
 'What! they, who mustn't eat meat?—'No matter.'  
 (And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter,)  
 'The rogues may much their *Paddy* crop,  
 But the rogues must still support our shop:  
 And, depend upon it, the way to treat  
   Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,  
 Is to burden all that won't eat meat  
   With a costly meat establishment.'

On hearing these words so gravely said,  
 With a volley of laughter loud I shook:  
 And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,  
 And I found myself lying snug in bed,  
   With my nose in the Bishop of Ferns's book.'

—(Vol. IX. p. 71.)

As the political education of Ireland's national poet cannot  
 but be matter of interest, we subjoin a piece of his early  
 biography, which will show in what manner

'Rebellion's springs, which through the country ran,'  
 became the sources of his youthful inspiration. It will be  
 seen how narrowly Apollo preserved the embryo 'Irish Me-  
 lodies' from a 'timeless end,' and the poet himself from being

metamorphosed into one of the *black swans* of another hemisphere :—

‘In the meanwhile this great conspiracy was hastening on with fearful precipitancy to its out-break, and vague and shapeless as are now known to have been the views even of those who were engaged practically in the plot, it is not any wonder that, to the young and uninitiated like myself, it should have opened prospects partaking far more of the wild dreams of poesy than of the plain and honest prose of real life. But a crisis was then fast approaching when such self-delusions could no longer be indulged, and when the mystery which had hitherto hung over the plans of the conspirators was to be rent asunder by the stern hand of power.

‘Of the horrors that foreran and followed the frightful explosion of the year 1798, I have neither inclination, nor, luckily, occasion to speak: but among those introductory scenes, which had somewhat prepared the public mind for such a catastrophe, there was one of a painful description, which, as having been myself an actor in it, I may be allowed briefly to notice.

‘It was not many weeks, I think, before this crisis, that, owing to information gained by the college authorities of the rapid spread among the students not only of the principles, but of the organization of the Irish Union, a solemn visitation was held by Lord Clare, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, with the view of enquiring into the extent of this branch of the plot, and dealing summarily with those engaged in it.

‘Imperious and harsh as then seemed the policy of thus setting up a sort of inquisitorial tribunal, armed with the power of examining witnesses on oath, and in a place devoted to the instruction of youth, I cannot but confess that the facts which came out in the course of the evidence went far towards justifying even this arbitrary proceeding; and to the many who, like myself, were acquainted only with the general views of the Union leaders, without even knowing, except from conjecture, who these leaders were, or what their plans or objects, it was most startling to hear the disclosures which every succeeding witness brought forth. There were a few, and, among that number, poor Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two ———, whose total absence from the whole scene, as well as the dead silence that day after day followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the unlawful proceedings enquired into by the tribunal.

‘But there was one young friend of mine, ———, whose appearance among the suspected and examined as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. He and Emmet had long been intimate and attached friends; their congenial fondness for mathematical studies having been, I think, a far more binding sympathy



between them than any arising out of their political opinions. From his being called up, however, on this day, when, as it appeared afterwards, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there could be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the college authorities must have possessed some information which led them to suspect him of being an accomplice in the conspiracy. In the course of his examination, some question were put to him which he refused to answer—most probably from their tendency to involve and inculpate others; and he was accordingly dismissed with the melancholy certainty that his future prospects in life were blasted; it being already known that the punishment for such contumacy was not merely expulsion from the University, but exclusion from all the learned professions.

'The proceedings, indeed, of this whole day had been such as to send me to my home in the evening with no very agreeable feelings or prospects. I had heard evidence given affecting even the lives of three friends whom I had long regarded with admiration as well as affection, and what was still worse than even their danger—a danger ennobled, I thought, by the cause in which they suffered—was the shameful spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them. Of these witnesses, the greater number had been themselves involved in the plot, and now came forward either as voluntary informers, or else were driven, by the fear of the consequences of refusal, to secure their own safety at the expense of companions and friends.

'I well remember the gloom, so universal, that hung over our family circle on that evening, as, talking together over the events of the day, we discussed the likelihood of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest advisers came was, that, overwhelming as the consequences were to all their plans and hopes for me, yet, if the questions tending to criminate others, which had been put to almost all examined on that day, and which poor—— alone had refused to answer, I must, in the same manner and at all risks, return a similar answer. I am not quite certain whether I received any intimation on the following morning that I was to be one of those examined in the course of the morning, but I rather think some such notice had been conveyed to me; and at last my awful turn came, and I stood in the presence of the formidable tribunal. There sat, with severe look, the Vice-Chancellor, and, by his side, the memorable Doctor Duigenan—memorable for his eternal pamphlets against the Catholics.

'The oath was proffered to me.

'«I have an objection, my lord,» said I, «to taking the oath.»

'«What is your objection?» he asked sternly.

'«I have no fears, my lord, that any thing I might say would cri-

minate myself; but it might tend to involve others, and I despise the character of the person who would be led, under any circumstances to inform against his associates."

"This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day, and, as I learned afterwards, was so understood.

"How old are you, sir?" he then asked.

"Between seventeen and eighteen, my lord."

"He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words in an under tone of voice.

"We cannot," he resumed, again addressing me, "suffer any one to remain in our University who refuses to take this oath."

"I shall then, my lord," I replied, "take the oath, reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have just described."

"We do not sit here to argue with you, sir," he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witness's chair.

"The following are the questions and answers that then ensued. After adverting to the proved existence of United Irish societies in the University, he asked, "Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?"

"No, my lord."

"Have you ever known of any of the proceedings that took place in them?"

"No, my lord."

"Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings for the purchase of arms and ammunition?"

"Never, my lord."

"Did you ever hear of a proposal made in one of these societies with regard to the expediency of assassination?"

"Oh no, my lord."

"He then turned again to Duigenan, and, after a few words with him, said to me, "When such are the answers you are able to give, pray, what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?"

"I have already told your lordship my chief reason; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural."

"It was now dismissed without any further questioning, and, however trying had been this short operation, was amply repaid for it by the kind zeal with which my young friends and companions flocked to congratulate me—not so much, I was inclined to hope, on my acquittal by the court, as upon the manner in which I had acquitted myself. Of my reception on returning home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description; it was all that such a home alone could furnish."

We might have enriched this article with many more of the biographical and other notices scattered through these volumes, and by so doing, would have rendered it undoubtedly of far higher interest than by the critical enquiries in which we have indulged; but we were anxious to pay a debt long due to one, the character and tendency of whose powers we, in common with many others, misconstrued at his outset;—one whose mode of life, and habits of mind and thinking, ever involving him actively in the vortex of the existing world, and in the controversies as well as gaieties of the day, have made many unwilling to recognize his real position in the rank of poets from hostility or prejudice, and many more from real inability to conceive the power of genius to *live* on the agitated surface of society, as well as on the most tranquil lake which ever was haunted by the Muses;—one whom many pronounced at first too trifling to succeed, and then too successful in his own day to abide the test of another; but whose position in the brilliant band of the poets of this age, (now so rapidly vanishing from us one by one, and unreplaced,) is already fixed beyond the power of criticism or of Time—unrivalled in one exquisite department of his art, delightful in many.

(EDINBURGH REVIEW.)

# THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD:

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

## CHAP. I

She tawght 'hem to sew and marke,  
All maner of sylkyn werke,  
Of her they were ful sayne.

ROMANCE OF EMARE.

A schoolmistress ought not to travel—

No, sir!

No, madam — except on the map. There indeed she may skip from a blue continent to a green one—cross a pink isthmus—traverse a Red, Black, or Yellow Sea, land in a purple island, or roam in an orange desert, without danger or indecorum.—There she may ascend dotted rivers, sojourn at capital cities, scale alps, and wade through bogs, without soiling her shoe, rumpling her satin, or showing her ankle. But as to practical travelling, real journeying and voyaging—oh, never, never, never!

How, sir! Would you deny to a Preceptress all the excursive pleasures of locomotion?

By no means, miss. In the midsummer holidays, when the days are long, and the evenings are light, there is no objection to a little trip by the railway—say to Weybridge or Slough—provided always—

Well, sir?

That she goes by a special train, and in a first-class carriage.

Ridiculous!

Nay, madam—consider her pretensions. She is little short

of a Divinity. Diana, without the hunting! A modernized Minerva! The Representative of Womanhood in all its purity! Eve, in full dress, with a finished education! A Model of Morality — a Pattern of Propriety — the Fugle-woman of her Sex! As such she must be perfect. No medium performance — no ordinary good-going, like that of an eight-day clock or a Dutch dial — will suffice for the character: she must be as correct as a prize chronometer. She must be her own Prospectus personified. Spotless in reputation, immaculate in her dress, regular in her habits, refined in her manners, elegant in her carriage, nice in her taste, faultless in her phraseology, and in her mind—like—like—

Pray what, sir?

Why, like your own chimney-ornament, madam — a pure crystal fountain, sipped by little doves of alabaster.

A sweet pretty comparison! Well, go on, sir.

Now look at travelling. At the best it is a rambling, scrambling, shift-making, strange-bedding, irregular-mealing, foreign-habiting, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy sort of process. At the very least, a female must expect to be rumpled and dusted; perhaps draggled, drenched, torn, and rough-casted — and if not bodily capsized or thrown a summerset, she is likely to have her straitest-laced prejudices upset, and some of her most orthodox opinions turned topsyturvy. An accident of little moment to other women, but to a schoolmistress productive of a professional lameness for life. Then she is certain to be stared at, jabbered at, may be jeered at, and poked, pushed and hauled at, by curious or officious foreigners—to be accosted by perfect and imperfect strangers—in short, she is liable to be revolted in her taste—shocked in her religious principles, disturbed in her temper, disordered in her dress, and deranged in her decorum. But you shall hear the sentiments of a Schoolmistress on the subject.

Oh! a made-up letter!

No, miss, — a genuine epistle, upon my literary honour. Just look at the writing — the real copybook running-hand — not a *t* uncrossed — not an *i* undotted — not an illegitimate flourish of a letter, but each *j* and *g* and *y* turning up it

tail like the pug dogs, after one regular established pattern. And pray observe her capitals. No sprawling K with a kicking leg — no troublesome W making a long arm across its neighbour, and especially no great vulgar D unnecessarily sticking out its stomach. Her H, you see, seems to have stocks, her I to have worn a backboard, and even her S is hardly allowed to be crooked!

## CHAP. II.

• Phoo! phoo! it's all banter, • exclaims the Courteous Writer. • But possibly, my good sir, you have never seen that incomparable schoolmistress, Miss Crane, for a Miss she was, is, and would be, even if Campbell's Last Man were to offer to her for the preservation of the species. One sight of her were, indeed, as good as a thousand, seeing that nightly she retires into some kind of mould, like a jelly shape, and turns out again in the morning the same identical face and figure, the same correct, ceremonious creature, and in the same costume to a crinkle. But no — you never can have seen that She-Mentor, stiff as starch, formal as a Dutch hedge, sensitive as a Daguerreotype, and so tall, thin, and up-right, that supposing the Tree of Knowledge to have been a poplar, she was the very Dryad to have fitted it! Otherwise, remembering that unique image, all fancy and frost work—so incrustated with crisp and brittle particularities—so bedecked allegorically with the primrose of prudence, the daisy of decorum, the violet of modesty, and the lily of purity, you would confess at once that such a Schoolmistress was as unfit to travel — *unpacked*—as a Dresden China 'figure! •

Excuse me, sir, but is there actually such a real personage? Real! Are there Real Natives — Real Blessings to Mothers — Real Del Monte shares, and Real Water at the Adelphi? Only call her \* \* \* \* \* instead of Crane, and she is a living, breathing, flesh and blood, skin and bone individual! Why, there are dozens, scores, hundreds of her, Ex-Pupils, now grown women, who will instantly recognise their old Governess in the form with which, mixing up Grace and Gracefulness, she

daily prefaced their rice-milk, batter-puddings, or raspberry-bolsters. As thus :

« For what we are going to receive—elbows, elbows!—the Lord make us—backs in and shoulders down—truly thankful—and no chattering—amen. »

### CHAP. III.

« But the letter, sir, the letter— »

« The professional epistle, » adds a tall, thin Instructress, genteelly in at the elbows, but shabbily out at the fingers' ends, for she has only twenty pounds per annum, with five quarters in arrear.

« The schoolmistress's letter, » cries a stumpy Teacher—only a helper, but looking as important as if she were an educational coachwoman, with a team of her own, some five-and-twenty skittish young animals, without blinkers, to keep straight in the road of propriety.

« The letter, sir, » chimes in a half-boarder, looking, indeed, as if she had only half-dined for the last half-year.

« Oh, I do so long, » exclaims one who would be a stout young woman if she did not wear a pinafore, « oh, I do so long to hear how a governess writes home! »

« Come, the letter you promised us from that paragon, Miss Crane. »

That's true. Mother of the Muses, forgive me! I had forgotten my promise as utterly as if it had never been made. If any one had furnished the matter with a file and a rope ladder it could not have escaped more clearly from my remembrance. A loose tooth could not more completely have gone out of my head. A greased eel could not more thoroughly have slipped my memory. But here is the letter, sealed with pale blue wax, and a device of the Schoolmistress's own invention—namely, a note of interrogation (?) with the appropriate motto, of « an answer required. » And in token of its authenticity, pray observe that the cover is duly stamped, except that of the foreign postmark only the three last letters are legible, and yet even from these one may *swear* that the

missive has come from, Holland ; yes, as certainly as if it smelt of Dutch cheese, pickle-herrings and Schie \* \* \* ! But hark to governess !

• My dear Miss Parfitt,

• Under the protection of a superintending Providence we have arrived safely at this place , which as you know is a seaport in the Dutch dominions—chief city Amsterdam.

• For your amusement and improvement I did hope to compose a journal of our continental progress, with such references to Guthrie and the School Atlas as might enable you to trace our course on the Map of Europe. But unexpected vicissitudes of mind and body have totally incapacitated me for the pleasing task. Some social evening hereafter I may entertain our little juvenile circle with my locomotive miseries and disagreeables ; but at present my nerves and feelings are too discomposed for the correct flow of an epistolary correspondence. Indeed, from the Tower-stairs to Rotterdam I have been in one universal tremor and perpetual blush. Such shocking scenes and positions, that make one ask twenty times a day, is this decorum?—can this be manners?—can this be morals? But I must not anticipate. Suffice it, that as regards foreign travelling it is my painful conviction, founded on personal experience, that a woman of delicacy or refinement cannot go out of England without going out of herself!

• The very first step from an open boat up a windy ship-side is an alarm to modesty, exposed as one is to the officious but odious attentions of the Tritons of the Thames. Nor is the steamboat itself a sphere for the preservation of self-respect. If there is any feature on which a British female justly prides herself, it is a correct and lady-like carriage. In that particular I quite coincide with Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Hannah More, and other writers on the subject. But how—let me ask—how is a dignified deportment to be maintained when one has to skip and straddle over cables, ropes, and other nautical *hors d'œuvres*—to scramble up and down impracticable stairs, and to clamber into inaccessible beds? Not to name the sudden losing one's centre of gravity, and falling in all sorts of un-



studied attitudes on a sloppy and slippery deck. An accident that I may say reduces the elegant and the awkward female to the same level. You will be concerned therefore to learn that poor Miss Ruth had a fall, and in an unbecoming posture particularly distressing—namely, by losing her footing on the cabin flight, and coming down with a destructive launch into the steward's pantry.

• For my own part, it has never happened to me within my remembrance, to make a false step, or to miss a stair: there is a certain guarded carriage that preserves one from such sprawling *dénouemens*—but of course what the bard calls 'the poetry of motion,' is not to be preserved amidst the extempore rollings of an ungovernable ship. Indeed, within the last twenty-four hours, I have had to perform feats of agility more fit for a monkey than one of my own sex and species. Par example: getting down from a bed as high as the copybook-cup-board, and what really is awful, with the sensation of groping about with your feet and legs for a floor that seems to have no earthly existence. I may add, the cabin-door left ajar, and exposing you to the gaze of an obtrusive cabin-boy, as he is called, but quite big enough for a man. Oh, *je ne jamais!*

• As to the Mer Maladie, delicacy forbids the details; but as Miss Ruth says, it is the height of human degradation; and to add to the climax of our letting down, we had to give way to the most humiliating impulses in the presence of several of the rising generation—dreadfully rude little girls who had too evidently enjoyed a bad bringing up.

• To tell the truth, your poor Governess was shockingly indisposed. Not that I had indulged my appetite at dinner, being too much disgusted with a public meal in promiscuous society, and as might be expected, elbows on table, eating with knives, and even picking teeth with forks! And then no grace, which assuredly ought to be said both before and after, whether we are to retain the blessings or not. But a dinner at sea, and a dinner where we have even our regular beef and batter days, are two very different things. Then to allude to indiscriminate conversation, a great part of which is

in a foreign language, and accordingly places one in the cruel position of hearing, without understanding, a word of the most libertine and atheistical sentiments. Indeed, I fear I have too often been smiling complacently, not to say engagingly, when I ought rather to have been flashing with virtuous indignation, or even administering the utmost severity of moral reproof. I did endeavour, in one instance, to rebuke indelicacy; but unfortunately from standing near the funnel, was smutty all the while I was talking, and as school experience confirms, it is impossible to command respect with a black on one's nose.

• Another of our Cardinal Virtues, personal cleanliness, is totally impracticable on ship-board: but without particularizing, I will only name a general sense of grubbiness; and as to dress, a rumpled and tumbled *tout ensemble*, strongly indicative of the low and vulgar pastime of rolling down Greenwich Hill! And then, in such a costume to land in Holland, where the natives get up linen with a perfection and purity, as Miss Ruth says, quite worthy of the primeval ages! *That*, surely is bad enough—but to have one's trunks rummaged like a suspected menial—to see all the little secrets of the toilette, and all the mysteries of a female wardrobe exposed to the searching gaze of a male official—Oh, shocking! shocking!

• In short, my dear, it is my candid impression, as regards foreign travelling, that except for a masculine tallyhoying female, of the Di Vernon genus, it is hardly adapted to our sex. Of this at least I am certain, that none but a born romp and hoyden, or a girl accustomed to those new-fangled pulley-hauley exercises, the Calisthenics, is fitted for the boisterous evolutions of a sea-voyage. And yet there are creatures calling themselves Women, not to say, Ladies, who will undertake such long marine passages as to Bombay in Asia, or New York in the New World! Consult Arrowsmith for the geographical degrees.

• Affection, however, demands the sacrifice of my own personal feelings, as my Reverend parent and my Sister are still inclined to prosecute a Continental Tour. I forgot to tell you

that during the voyage, Miss Ruth endeavoured to *parler français* with some of the foreign ladies, but as they did not understand her, they must all have been Germans.

• My paper warns to conclude. I rely on your superintending vigilance for the preservation of domestic order in my absence. The horticultural department I need not recommend to your care, knowing your innate partiality for the offspring of Flora — and the dusting of the fragile ornaments in the drawing-room you will assuredly not trust to any hands but your own. Blinds down of course—the front-gate locked regularly at 5 P. M.—and I must particularly beg of your musical *penchant*, a total abstinence on Sundays from the piano-forte. And now adieu. The Reverend T. C. desires his compliments to you, and Miss Ruth adds her kind regards, with which believe me,

• My dear Miss Parfitt,

« Your affectionate Friend and Preceptress,

• PRISCILLA CRANE.

• P.S. I have just overheard a lady describing with strange levity, an adventure that befel her at Cologne. A foreign postman invading her sleeping-apartment, and not only delivering a letter to her on her pillow, but actually staying to receive his money and to give her the change! And she laughed and called him her *Bed-post!* *Fi donc! Fi donc!* »

#### CHAPTER IV.

Well—there is the letter—

• And a very proper letter too, » remarks a retired Seminarian, Mrs. Grove House, a faded, demure-looking old lady, with a set face so like wax, that any strong emotion would have cracked it to pieces. And never, except on a doll, was there a face with such a miniature set of features, or so crowned with a chaplet of little string-coloured curls.

• A proper letter!—what, with all that fuss about delicacy and decorum! »

Yes, miss. At least proper for the character. A Schoolmistress is a prude by profession. She is bound on her re-

putation to detect improprieties, even as he is the best lawyer who discovers the most flaws. It is her cue where she cannot find an indecorum, to imagine it;—just as a paid Spy is compelled, in a dearth of High Treason, to invent a conspiracy. In fact, it was our very Miss Crane who poked out an objection, of which no other woman would have dreamt, to those little button-mushrooms called Pages. She would not keep one, she said, for his weight in gold.

• But they are all the rage, » said Lady A.

• Everybody has one, » said Mrs. B.

• They are so showy! » said Mrs. C.

• And so interesting! » lisped Miss D.

• And so useful, » suggested Miss E.

• I would rather part with half my servants, » declared Lady A, • than with my handsome Cherubino! »

• Not a doubt of it, » replied Miss Crane, with a gesture of the most profound acquiescence. • But if I were a married woman, I would not have such a boy about me for the whole terrestrial globe. A Page is unquestionably very *à la mode*, and very dashing, and very pretty, and may be very useful—but to have a youth about one, so beautifully dressed, and so indulged, not to say pampered, and yet not exactly treated as one of the family—I should certainly expect that everybody would take him— »

• For what, pray, what? »

• Why, for *a natural son in disguise*. »

#### CHAPTER V.

But to return to the Tour.—

It is a statistical fact, that since 1814, an unknown number, bearing an indefinite proportion to the gross total of the population of the British Empire, have been more or less « abroad. » Not politically, or metaphysically, or figuratively, but literally out of the kingdom, or as it is called in foreign parts.

In fact, no sooner was the Continent *opened* to us by the Peace, than there was a general rush towards the mainland. An Alarmist, like old Croaker, might have fancied that

some of our disaffected Merthyr Tydvil miners or underminers were scuttling the Island, so many of the natives scuttled out of it. The outlandish secretaries who sign passports, had hardly leisure to take snuff.

It was good, however for trade. Carpet-bags and port-manteaus rose one hundred per cent. All sorts of Guide-books and Journey Works went off like wildfire, and even Sir Humphrey Davy's 'Consolations in Travel,' was in strange request. Servants, who had 'no objection to go abroad,' were snapped up like fortunes—and as to hardriding 'Curriers,' there was nothing like leather.

It resembled a geographical panic—and of all the Country and Branch Banks in Christendom, never was there such a run as on the Banks of the Rhine. You would have thought that they were going to break all to smash—of course making away beforehand with their splendid furniture, unrivalled pictures, and capital cellar of wines! However, off flew our countrymen and countrywomen, like migrating swallows, but at the wrong time of year; or rather like shoals of salmon, striving up, up, up against the stream, except to spawn Tours and Reminiscences, hard and soft, instead of roe. And would that they were going up, up, up still—for when they came down again, Odds Jobs, and Patient Grizels! how they did bore and *Germanize* us, like so many flutes.

It was impossible to go into society without meeting units, tens, hundreds, thousands of Rhenish Tourists—travellers in Ditchland, and in Deutchland. People who had seen Nimagen and Nim-Again—who had been at Cologne, and at Koëln, and at Colon—at Cob-Loñgs and Coblence—at Swang Gwar and at Saint Go-er—at Bonn—at Bone—and at Bong!

Then the airs. they gave themselves over the untravelled! How they bothered them with Bergs, puzzled them with Bads, deafened them with Dorfs, worried them with Heims, and pelted them with Steins! How they looked down upon them, as if from Ehrenbreitstein, because they had not eaten a German sausage in Germany, sour kraut in its own country, and drunk selzer-water at the fountain-head! What a donkey they deemed him who had not been to Assmanshauser—what a

cockney who had not seen another Rat's Castle besides the one in St. Giles's! He was, as it were, in the kitchen of society, for to go «up the Rhine» was to go up stairs!

Now this very humiliation was felt by Miss Crane; and the more that in her Establishment for Young Ladies she was the Professor of Geography, and the Use of the Globes. Moreover, several of her pupils had made the trip with their parents, during the vacations, and treated the travelling part of the business so lightly, that in a rash hour the Schoolmistress determined to go abroad. Her junior sister, Miss Ruth, gladly acceded to the scheme, and so did their only remaining parent, a little, sickly, querulous man, always in black, being some sort of dissenting minister, as the «young ladies» knew to their cost, for they had always to mark his new shirts, in cross-stitch, with the Reverend T. C. and the number—the Reverend at full length.

Accordingly, as soon as the Midsummer holidays set in, there was packed—in I don't know how many trunks, bags, and cap-boxes,—I don't know what luggage, except that for each of the party there was a silver spoon, a knife and fork, and six towels.

«And pray, sir, how far did your schoolmistress mean to go?»

To Gotha, madam. Not because Bonaparte slept there on his flight from Leipsic—nor yet from any sentimental recollections of Goethe—not to see the palace of Friedenstein and its museums—nor to purchase an «Almanach de Gotha.»

«Then what for, in the name of patience?»

Why, because the Berlin wool was dyed there, and so she could get what colour and shades she pleased.

#### CHAPTER VI.

«Now of all things,» cries a Needlewoman, «I should like to know what pattern the Schoolmistress meant to work!»

And so would say any one—for no doubt it would have been a pattern for the whole sex. All I know is, that she once worked a hearthrug, with a yellow animal, couchant, on a green ground, that was intended for a Panther in a

jungle : and to do justice to the performance, it was really not so very unlike a carrotty-cat in a bed of spinach. But the face was a dead failure. It was not in the gentlewomanly nature, nor indeed consistent with the professional principles of Miss Crane, to let a wild, rude, ungovernable creature go out of her hands ; and accordingly the feline physiognomy came from her fingers as round, and mild, and innocent as that of a Baby. In vain she added whiskers to give ferocity—'twas a Baby still—and though she put a circle of fiery red around each staring ball, still, still it was a mild, innocent Baby—but with very sore eyes.

And besides the hearthrug, she embroidered a chair-cushion, for a seat devoted to her respectable parent—a pretty, ornithological design—so that when the Reverend T. C. wanted to sit, there was ready for him a little bird's-nest, with a batch of speckled eggs.

And moreover, besides the chair-bottom—but, in short, between ourselves, there was so much *Fancy* work done at Lebanon House, that there was no time for any *real*.

## CHAPTER VII.

There are two Newingtons, Butts, and Stoke :—but the last has the advantage of a little village-green, on the north-side of which stands a large brick-built, substantial Mansion, in the comfortable old Elizabethan livery, maroon-colour, picked out with white. It was anciently the residence of a noble family, whose crest, a deer's-head, carved in stone, formerly ornamented each pillar of the front-gate ; but some later proprietor has removed the aristocratical emblems, and substituted two great white balls, that look like petrified Dutch-cheeses, or the ghosts of the Celestial and Terrestrial Globes. The house, nevertheless, would still seem venerable enough, but that over the old panelled-door, as if taking advantage of the fanlight, there sit, night and day, two very modern plaster of Paris little boys, reading and writing with all their might. Girls, however, would be more appropriate ; for, just under the first-floor windows, a large board intimates, in tarnished gold letters, that the mansion is 'Lebanon House, Establish-

ment for Young Ladies. By the Misses Crane. Why it should be called Lebanon House, appears a mystery, seeing that the building stands not on a mountain, but in a flat; but the truth is, that the name was bestowed in allusion to a remarkably fine Cedar, which traditionally stood in the fore-court, though long since cut down as a tree, and cut up in lead-pencils.

The front-gate is carefully locked, the hour being later than 5 P. M., and the blinds are all down—but if any one could peep through the short Venetians next the door, on the right-hand, into the Music Parlour, he would see Miss Parfitt herself stealthily playing on the grand piano (for it is Sunday) but with no more sound than belongs to that tuneful whisper commonly called 'the ghost of a whistle.' But let us pull the bell.

Sally, are the ladies at home?

'Lawk! sir!—why haven't you heard? Miss Crane and Miss Ruth are a-pleasuring on a Tower up the Rind—and the Reverend Mr. C. is enjoying hisself in Germany along with them.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas! poor Sally! Alas! for poor short-sighted human nature!

'Why, in the name of all that's anonymous, what is the matter?'

Lies! lies! lies! But it is impossible for Truth, the pure Truth, to exist, save with Omnipresence and Omniscience. As for mere mortals, they must daily vent falsehoods in spite of themselves. Thus, at the very moment, while Sally was telling us—but let Truth herself correct the Errata.

For—'The Reverend Mr. C. enjoying himself in Germany—'

Read—'*Writhing with spasms in a miserable Prussian inn.*'

For—'Miss Crane and Miss Ruth a-pleasuring on a tower up the Rind—'

Read—'*Wishing themselves home again with all their hearts and souls.*'



## CHAPTER VIII.

It was a grievous case!

To be taken ill, poor gentleman, with his old spasms, in such a place as the road between Todberg and Grabheim, six good miles at least from each, and not a decent inn at either! And in such weather too—unfit for anything with the semblance of humanity to be abroad—a night in which a Christian farmer would hardly have left out his scarecrow!

The groans of the sufferer were pitiable—but what could be done for his relief? on a blank desolate common without a house in sight—no, not a hut! His afflicted daughters could only try to sooth him with words, vain words—assuasive perhaps of mental pains, but as to any discourse arresting a physical ache,—you might as well take a pin to pin a bull with. Besides, the poor women wanted comforting themselves. Gracious Heaven! Think of two single females, with a sick, perhaps an expiring parent—shut up in a hired coach, on a stormy night, in a foreign land—ay, in one of its dreariest places! 'Twas enough to have broken their hearts with grief and terror—to have unsettled their reason! The sympathy of a third party, even a stranger, would have been some support to them—the advice of a more composed individual a valuable assistance—but all they could get by their most earnest appeals to the driver was a couple of unintelligible syllables.

If they had only possessed a cordial—a flask of *eau de vie*! Such a thing had indeed been proposed and prepared, but alas! Miss Crane had wilfully left it behind. To think of Propriety producing such a travelling accompaniment as a brandy-bottle was out of the question. You might as well have looked for claret from a pitcher-plant!

In the mean time the sick man continued to sigh and moan—his two girls could feel him twisting about between them.

« Oh, my poor dear papa! » murmured Miss Crane, for she did not « father » him even in that extremity. Then she groped again despairingly in her bag for the smelling-bottle, but only

found instead of it an article she had brought along with her, Heaven knows why, into Germany—the French mark!

«Oh—ah—ugh!—bah!» grumbled the sufferer. «Am I—to—die—on—the road!»

«Is he to die on the road!» repeated Miss Crane through the front window to the coachman, but with the same result as before; namely, two words in the unknown tongue.

«Ruth, what is *your* *vole*?»

Ruth shook her head in the dark.

«If he would only drive faster,» exclaimed Miss Crane, and again she talked through the front window. My good man—«*Gefallig?*» «Ruth, what's *gefallig*?» But Miss Ruth was as much in the dark as ever. «Do, do, do, make haste to somewhere—» (*Ja wohl!*) That phlegmatic driver would drive her crazy!

Poor Miss Crane! Poor Miss Ruth! Poor Reverend T. C.! My heart bleeds for them—and yet they must remain perhaps for a full hour to come in that miserable condition. But no—hark—that guttural sound which like a charm arrests every horse in Germany as soon as uttered—«Bur-r-r-r-r!»

The coach stops; and looking out on her own side through the rain, Miss Crane perceives a low dingy door, over which by help of a lamp she discovers a white board, with some great black fowl painted on it, and a word underneath that to her English eyes suggests a difficulty in procuring fresh eggs. Whereas the Adler, instead of addling, hatches brood after brood every year, till the number is quite wonderful, of little red and black eagles.

However the Royal Bird receives the distressed travellers under its wing; but my pen, though a steel one, shrinks from the labour of scrambling and hoisting them from the Lohn Kutch into the Gast Haus. In plump, there they are—in the best inn's best room, yet not a whit preferable to the last chamber that lodged the «great Villiers.» But hark, they whisper,

Gracious powers! Ruth!

Gracious powers! Priscilla!

} What a wretched hole!

## CHAPTER IX.

I take it for granted that no English traveller would willingly lay up—unless particularly *inn-disposed*—at an Inn. Still less at a German one; and least of all at a Prussian public-house, in a rather private Prussian village. To be far from well, and far from well lodged—to be ill, and ill attended—to be poorly, and poorly fed—to be in a bad way, and a bad bed— But let us pull up with ideal reins, an imaginary nag, at such an outlandish *Hostelrie*, and take a peep at its ‘Entertainment for Man and Horse.’

Bur-r-r-rrr!

The nag stops as if charmed—and as cool and comfortable as a cucumber—at least till it is peppered—for your German is so tender of his beast that he would hardly allow his greyhound to *turn a hair*—

Now then, for a shout; and remember that in *Kleinewinkel*, it will serve just as well to cry ‘Boxkeeper!’ as ‘Ostler!’ but look, there is some one coming from the inn-door.

’Tis *Katchen* herself—with her bare head, her bright blue gown, her scarlet apron—and a huge rye-loaf under her left arm. Her right hand grasps a knife. How plump and pleasant she looks! and how kindly she smiles at every body, including the horse! But see—she stops, and shifts the position of the loaf. She presses it—as if to sweeten its sourness—against her soft, palpitating bosom, the very hemisphere that holds her maiden heart. And now she begins to cut—or rather *haggle*—for the knife is blunt, and the bread is hard: but she works with good will, and still hugging the loaf closer and closer to her comely self, at last severs a liberal slice from the mass. Nor is she content to merely give it to her client, but holds it out with her own hand to be eaten, till the last morsel is taken from among her ruddy fingers by the lips—of a sweet little curly chubby urchin?—no—of our big, bony iron-gray post-horse!

Now then, Curteous Reader, let us step into the *Stube*, or Traveller’s Room; and survey the fare and the accommodation prepared for us bipeds. Look at that bare floor—and

that dreary stove—and those smoky dingy walls—and for a night's lodging, yonder wooden trough—far less desirable than a shakedown of clean straw.

Then for the victualling, pray taste that Pythagorean soup—and that drowned beef—and the rotten pickle-cabbage—and those terrible Hog-Cartridges—and that lump of white soap, flavoured with caraways, *alias* ewe-milk cheese—

And now just sip that Essigberger, sharp and sour enough to provoke the «dura ilia Messorum» into an Iliac Passion—and the terebinthine Krug Bier! Would you not rather dine at the cheapest ordinary at one, with all its niceties and nastities, plain cooked in a London cellar? And for a night's rest would you not sooner seek a bed in the Bedford Nursery? So much for the «Entertainment for Man and Horse»—a clear proof, ay, as clear as the Author's own proof, with the date under his own hand—

Of what, sir?

Why that Dean Swift's visit to Germany—if ever he did visit Germany—must have been prior to his inditing the Fourth Voyage of Captain Lemuel Gulliver,—namely to the Land of the Houyhnhnms and the Yahoos.

#### CHAPTER X.

To return to the afflicted trio—the horrified Miss Crane, the desolate Ruth, and the writhing Reverend T. C.—in the small, sordid, smoky, dark, dingy, dirty, musty, fusty, dusty best room at the Adler. The most miserable «party in a parlour—»

«'Twas their own faults!» exclaims a shadowy Personage, with peculiarly hard features—and yet not harder than they need to be, considering against how many things, and how violently, she sets her face. But when did Prejudice ever look prepossessing? Never—since the French wore shoes *à la Dryade*!

«'Twas their own faults,» she cries, «for going abroad. Why couldn't they stay comfortably at home, at Laburnam House?»

«Lebanon, ma'am.»

« Well, Lebanon. Or they might have gone up the Wye, or up the Thames. I hate the Rhine. What business had they in Prussia? And of course they went through Holland. I hate flats! »

« Nevertheless, madam, I have visited each of those countries, and have found much to admire in both. For example— »

« Oh, pray don't! I hate to hear you say so. I hate every body who doesn't hate every thing foreign. »

« Possibly, madam, you have never been abroad? »

« Oh, yes! I once went over to Calais—and have hated myself ever since. I hate the Continent! »

« For what reason, madam? »

« Pshaw! I hate to give reasons. I hate the Continent—because it's so large. »

« Then you would, perhaps, like one of the Hebrides? »

« No—I hate the Scotch. But what has that to do with your Schoolmistress abroad—I hate governesses—and her Reverend sick father with ridiculous spasms—I hate Dissenters—They're not High Church. »

« Nay, my dear madam, you are getting a little uncharitable. »

« Charity! I hate its name. It's a mere shield thrown over hateful people. How are we to love those we like properly, if we don't hate the others? As the Corsair says,

My very love to thee is hate to them.

But I hate Byron.

« As a man, ma'am, or as an author? »

« Both. But I hate all authors—except Dr. Johnson. »

« True—he liked 'a good hater.' »

« Well, sir, and if he did! He was quite in the right, and I hate that Lord Chesterfield for quizzing him. But he was only a Lord among wits. Oh, how I hate the aristocracy! »

« You do, madam! »

« Yes—they have such prejudice. And then they're so fond of going abroad. Nothing but going to Paris, Rome, Naples, Old Jerusalem and New York—I hate the Americans—don't you? »

• Why, really, madam, your superior discernment and nice taste may discover national bad qualities. •

• Phoo, phoo—I hate flummery. You know as well as I do, what an American is called—and if there's one name I hate more than another, it's Jonathan. But to go back to Germany, and those that go there. Talk of Pilgrims of the Rhine!—I hate that Bulwer.—Yes, they set out indeed like Pilgrim's Progress, and see Lions and Beautiful Houses, and want Interpreters, and spy at Delectable Mountains—but there it ends; for what with queer caps and outlandish blowses—I hate smock-frocks—they come back hardly like Christians. There's my own husband, Mr. P.—I quite hate to see him! •

• Indeed! •

• Yes—I hate to cast my eyes on him. He hasn't had his hair cut these twelvemonths—I hate long hair—and when he shaves he leaves two little black tails on his upper lip, and another on his chin, as if he was a real ermine. •

• A moustache, madam, is in fashion. •

• Yes, and a beard, too, like a Rabbi—but I hate Jews. And then Mr. P. has learned to smoke—I hate smoke—I hate tobacco—and I hate to be called a Frow—and to be spun round and round till I'm as sick as a dog—for I hate waltzing. Then don't he stink the whole house with decayed cabbage for his sour crout—I hate German cookery—and will have oiled melted butter because they can't help it abroad?—and there's nothing so beautiful as oiled butter. What next? Why, he won't drink my home-made wine—at least if I don't call it Hock, or Rude-something, and give it him in a green glass. I hate such nonsense. As for conversing, whatever we begin upon, if it's Harfordshire, he's sure to get at last to the tiptop of Herring-Brightshine—I hate such rambling. But that's not half so hateful as his Monomanium. •

• His what, madam? •

• Why his hankering so after suicide (I do hate Charlotte and Werter), that one can't indulge in the least tiff but he threatens to blow out his brains! •

• Seriously? •

• Seriously, sir. I hate joking. And then there are his

horrid noises ; for since he was in Germany he fancies that every body must be musical—I hate such wholesale notions—and so sings all day long, without a good note in his voice. So much for Foreign Touring ! But pray go on, sir, with the story of your Schoolmistress Abroad. I hate suspense..

## CHAPTER XI.

Now the exclamation of Miss Crane—'Gracious heavens, Ruth, what a wretched hole !'—was not a single horse-power too strong for the occasion. Her first glance round the squalid room at the Adler, convinced her that whatever might be the geographical distance on the map, she was morally two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles from Home. That is to say, it was about as distant as the Earth from the Moon. And truly had she been transferred, no matter how, to that Planet, with its no-atmosphere, she could not have been more out of her element. In fact, she felt for some moments as if she must sink on the floor—just as some delicate flower, transplanted into a strange soil, gives way in every green fibre, and droops to the mould in a vegetable fainting-fit, from which only time and the watering-pot can recover it.

Her younger sister, Miss Ruth, was somewhat less disconcerted. She had by her position the greater share in the active duties at Lebanon House : and under ordinary circumstances, would not have been utterly at a loss what to do for the comfort or relief of her parent. But in every direction in which her instinct and habits would have prompted her to look, the materials she sought were deficient. There was no easy-chair—no fire to wheel it to—no cushion to shake up—no cupboard to go to—no female friend to consult—no Miss Parfitt—no Cook—no John to send for the Doctor. No English—no French—nothing but that dreadful 'Gefällig' or 'Ja Wohl'—and the equally incomprehensible 'Gnädige Frau !'

As for the Reverend T. C., he sat twisting about on his hard wooden chair, groaning, and making ugly faces, as much from peevishness and impatience as from pain, and indeed sometimes plainly levelled his grimaces at the simple Germans who stood round, staring at him, it must be confessed, as

unceremoniously as if he had been only a great fish, gasping and wriggling on dry land.

In the mean time, his bewildered daughters held him one by the right hand, the other by the left, and earnestly watched his changing countenance, unconsciously imitating some of its most violent contortions. It did no good, of course: but what else was to be done? In fact, they were as much puzzled with their patient as a certain worthy tradesman, when a poor shattered creature on a shutter was carried into his Floorcloth Manufactory by mistake for the Hospital. The only thing that occurred to either of the females was to oppose every motion he made,—for fear it should be wrong,—and accordingly whenever he attempted to lean towards the right-side, they invariably bent him as much to the left.

«Der Herr,» said the German coachman, turning towards Miss Priscilla, with his pipe hanging from his teeth, and venting a puff of smoke that made her recoil three steps backward.—Der Herr ist sehr krank.»

The last word had occurred so frequently, on the organ of the Schoolmistress, that it had acquired in her mind some important significance.

«Ruth, what is krank?»

«How should I know,» retorted Ruth, with an asperity apt to accompany intense excitement and perplexity. «In English, it's a thing that helps to pull the bell. But look at papa—do help to support him—you're good for nothing.»

«I am indeed,» murmured poor Miss Priscilla, with a gentle shake of her head, and a low, slow, sigh of acquiescence. Alas! as she ran over the catalogue of her accomplishments, the more she remembered what she *could* do for her sick parent, the more helpless and useless she appeared. For instance, she could have embroidered him a night-cap—

Or netted him a silk purse—  
Or plaited him a guard-chain—  
Or cut him out a watch-paper—  
Or ornamented his braces with head-work—  
Or embroidered his waistcoat—  
Or worked him a pair of slippers—  
Or open-worked his pocket-handkerchief.



She could even—if such an operation would have been comforting or salutary—have rough-casted him with shell-work—

Or coated him with red or black seals—  
Or encrusted him with blue alum—  
Or stuck him all over with coloured wafers—  
Or festooned him——

But alas! alas! alas! what would it have availed her 'poor dear papa' in the spasmodics, if she had even festooned him, from top to toe, with little rice-paper roses!

## CHAPTER XII.

«Mercy on me!»

(N.B. Not on Me, the Author, but on a little dwarfish «smoothlegged Bantam» of a woman, with a sharp nose, a shrewish mouth, and a pair of very active black eyes—and withal as brisk and bustling in her movements as any Partlet with ten chicks of her own and six adopted ones from another hen.)

«Mercy on me! Why the poor gentleman would die while them lumpish foreigners and his two great helpless daughters were looking on! As for that Miss Priscilla—she's like a born idiot. Fancy-work him, indeed! I've no patience—as if with all her Berlin wools and patterns, she could fancy-work him into a picture of health. Why didn't she think of something comforting for his inside instead of embellishing his out something as would agree, in lieu of filagree, with his case. A little good hot brandy-and-water with a grate of ginger, or some nice red-wine negus with nutmeg and toast—and then get him to bed, and send off for the doctor. I'll warrant, if I'd been there, I'd have unspasmed him in no time. I'd have whipped off his shoes and stockings and had his poor feet in hot water afore he knew where he was.»

«There can be no doubt, ma'am, of the warmth of your humanity.»

«Warmth! it's every thing. I'd have just given him a touch of the warming-pan, and then smothered him in blankets. Stick him all over with little roses! stuff and nonsense—stick him into his grave at once! Miss Crane? Miss Goose, rather

A poor helpless Sawney! I wonder what women come into the world for if it isn't to be good nusses. For my part, if he had been my sick father, I'd have had him on his legs agin in a jiffy—and then he might have got crusty with blue alum or whatever else he preferred.

« But madam— »

« Such perfect apathy! Needlework and embroidery, forsooth! »

« But madam— »

« To have a dying parent before her eyes—and think of nothing but trimming his jacket! »

« But— »

« A pretty Schoolmistress, truly, to set such an example to the rising generation! As if she couldn't have warmed him a soft flanning! or given him a few Lavender Drops, or even got down a little real Turkey or calcined Henry. »

« Of course, madam—or a little Moxon. And in regard to Conchology. »

« Conk what? »

« Or as to Chronology. Could you have supplied the Patient with a few prominent dates? »

« Dates! what those stony things—for a spasmodic stomach! »

« Are you really at home in Arrowsmith? »

« You mean Arrow-root. »

« Are you an adept in Butler's Exercises? »

« What, drawing o' corks? »

« Could you critically examine him in his parts of speech—the rudiments of his native tongue? »

« To be sure I could. And if it was white and furry, there's fever. »

« Are you acquainted, madam, with Lindley Murray? »

« Why no—I can't say I am. My own medical man is Mr. Prodgers. »

« In short, could you prepare a mind for refined intellectual intercourse in future life, with a strict attention to religious duties? »

« Prepare his mind—religious duties?—Phoo, phoo, he warn't come to that! »

• Excuse me, I mean to ask, ma'am, whether you consider yourself competent to instruct Young Ladies, in all those usual branches of knowledge and female accomplishments— »

• Me! What me keep a 'Cademy! Why, I've hardly had any edecation myself, but was accomplished in three quarters and a bit over. Lor, bless you, sir, I should be as much at sea, as a finishing-off Governess, as a bear in a boat! »

Exactly, madam. And just as helpless, useless, and powerless as you would be in a School-room, even so helpless, useless, and powerless was Miss Crane whenever she happened to be out of one.—Yea, as utterly flabbergasted when out of her own element, as a Jelly Fish on Brighton Beach!

## CHAPTER XIII.

Relief at last!

It was honest Hans the hired Coachman, with a glass of something in his hand, which after a nod towards the Invalid, to signify the destination of the dose he held out to miss Priscilla, at the same time uttering certain gutturals, as if asking her approval of the perscription.

• Ruth—what is Snaps? »

• Take it and smell it, » replied Miss Ruth, still with some asperity, as if annoyed at the imbecility of her senior: but secretly worried by her own deficiency in the tongues. The truth is, that the native who taught French with the Parisian accent at Lebanon House, the Italian Mistress in the Prospectus, and Miss Ruth who professed English Grammar and Poetry, were all one and the same person: not to name a lady, not so distinctly put forward, who was supposed to know a little of the language which is spoken at Berlin. Hence her annoyance.

• I think, » said Miss Priscilla, holding the wineglass at a discrete distance from her nose, and rather prudishly sniffing the liquor, • it appears to me that it is some sort of foreign G. »

So saying, she prepared to return the dram to the kindly Kutscher, but her professional delicacy instinctively shrinking from too intimate contact with the hand of the strange man, she contrived to let go the glass a second or two before

he got hold of it, and the Schnaps fell, with a crash, to the ground.

The introduction of the cordial had, however, served to direct the mind of Miss Ruth to the propriety of procuring some refreshment for the sufferer. He certainly ought to have something, she said, for he was getting quite faint. What the something ought to be was a question of more difficulty—but the scholastic memory of Miss Priscilla at last supplied a suggestion.

• What do you think, Ruth, of a little horehound tea? •

• Well, ask for it, • replied Miss Ruth, not indeed from any faith in the efficacy of the article, but because it was as likely to be obtained for the asking for—in English—as anything else. And truly, when Miss Crane made the experiment, the Germans, one and all, man and woman, shook their heads at the remedy, but seemed unanimously to recommend a certain something else.

• Ruth—what is forstend nix? •

But Ruth was silent.

• They all appear to think very highly of it, however, • continued Miss Priscilla, • and I should like to know where to find it. •

• It will be in the kitchen, if any where, • said Miss Ruth, while the invalid—whether from a fresh access of pain, or only at the tantalising nature of the discussion—gave a low groan.

• My poor dear papa! He will sink—he will perish from exhaustion! • exclaimed the terrified Miss Priscilla; and with a desperate resolution, quite foreign to her nature, she volunteered on the forlorn hope, and snatching up a candle, made her way without thinking of the impropriety, into the strange kitchen. The House-wife and her maid slowly followed the Schoolmistress, and whether from national phlegm or intense curiosity, or both together, offered neither help nor hinderance to the foreign lady, but stood by, and looked on at her operations.

And here be it noted, in order to properly estimate the difficulties which lay in her path, that the Governess had no

distinct recollection of having ever been in a kitchen in the course of her life. It was a Terra Incognita—a place of which she literally knew less than of Japan. Indeed, the laws, customs, ceremonies, mysteries, and utensils of the kitchen were more strange to her than those of the Chinese. For aught she knew the Cook herself was the dresser; and a rolling-pin might have a head at one end and a sharp point at the other. The Jack, according to Natural History, was a fish. The flour-tub, as Botany suggested, might contain an Orange-tree, and the range might be that of the Barometer. As to the culinary works, in which almost every female dabbles, she had never dipped into one of them, and knew no more how to boil an egg, than if she had been the Hen that laid it, or the Cock that cackled over it. Still a natural turn for the Art, backed by a good bright fire, might have surmounted her rawness.

But Miss Crane was none of those natural geniuses in the art who can extemporize Flint Broth—and toss up something out of nothing at the shortest notice. It is doubtful if, with the whole Midsummer holidays before her, she could successfully have undertaken a pancake,—or have got up even a hasty-pudding without a quarter's notice. For once, however, she was impelled by the painful exigency of the hour to test her ability, and finding certain ingredients to her hand, and subjecting them to the best or simplest process that occurred to her, in due time she returned, cup in hand, to the sick room, and proffered to her poor dear papa the result of her first maiden effort in cookery.

“What is it?” asked Ruth, naturally curious, as well as anxious as to the nature of so novel an experiment.

“Pah! puh! poof!—phew!” spluttered the Reverend T. C., unceremoniously getting rid of the first spoonful of the mixture. “It's paste—common paste!”

*(To be continued.)*

ILLUSTRATION  
OF  
TWO ROMAN SEPULCHRES OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE,  
DISCOVERED BY THE ILLUSTRATOR, CHEVALIER G. PIETRO CAMPANA.

[Sepolcri Romani, etc.] Rome, Monaldi.

A green waste, almost tree-less and house-less, surrounds the Eternal City, reaching between her few, half-inhabited, forlorn outposts, up to her very walls, and stretching away to the feet of the mountains far off. How often, as we wandered over this desolate expanse of verdure, while absorbed in our meditations upon its numberless mounds and other ruinous memorials, how often did we imagine it a vast Grave-yard—another Eternal City, a City of the Dead, whose mansions just heaved their roofs above ground, and whose denizens slept for ever beneath! So strong is the illusion, that even we, who are nowadays given to fanciful theories, felt at times persuaded that the hillocks after hillocks which rose before us, were the *tumuli* or *barrows* of a gigantic race,—Pre-Adamites, perhaps, or Ante-Diluvians, coeval and coequal with Behemoth and Leviathan, and those enormous nondescript creatures once existent though now extinct. But is not the Campagna, in truth, the cemetery of a bygone giant people? of their colossal works, too, as well as themselves? Are not these huge turf-clad undulations, in truth, heaped over a Titan brood, the cruel offspring of earth impregnated with blood? To what other name do their sanguinary temper, their prodigious energies, and their audacious deeds entitle them? If we did not

hear them groan from their burning tombs under our feet, like Enceladus and his brethren under Etna and the Phlegrean Fields, if we did not, with classical implicit faith, feel the earth tremble while they endeavoured to throw its weight off their shoulders, or tossed their restless limbs beneath it,—certain localities, we must aver, did send forth effluvia which made them much resemble vent-holes for the respiration of spirits in pain and for sulphurous sighs, while a yellow-green, brackish fluid was also discharged, that might be taken for the gall of bitterness, and the sweat of torture, and remorseful tears mingled together. However this may be, *tillers* of the Campagna could scarcely drive their ploughs through that soil without striking against a relic or rust-eaten implement of war or peace, a sarcophagus or a sepulchre, an architectural foundation or fragment of sculpture, and perhaps on the slightest further search turning up a coin, a trinket, a useful or an elegant production of art. But modern Romans seldom do so: they refrain from disturbing the earth with plough or mattock as religiously as if it were, indeed, the sacred dust of their ancestors. Either that, or a filial aversion to disfigure the bosom of Alma Tellus, beautiful Mother Nature, makes almost all these her considerate children prefer the lazy shepherd-life to the agricultural, and keeps almost the whole suburban plain of Rome a wild, open, smooth-tufted cattle-walk. This is their idea of the Golden Age, which with them consists in idleness, not innocence! At great intervals, perhaps, they scarify the ground for a small garden, or trench or punch it about as deep as a fox-and-goose table for a field of — we beg Ceres' pardon—a *bed* of a grain. Nay, half Rome itself is pastureland, and more of it would be so but that it is altogether barren. Cacus might still feed Herculean oxen on Mount Aventine: Monte Testaceo (Potsherd Hill) would graze all the sheep which come to the Roman shambles, were it only covered with the *immondizio* that manures the Roman streets; in fact, such lean, dry, dark red carrion as calls itself mutton, does relish of the potsherds, and may be depastured among them like beetles for aught we know. Mounts Cœlius and Esquilinus are less deserted landscapes, yet large portions

of them are as silent and vacant as savannahs, their soil delved into by vermin alone, or buried beneath more rubbish than the cellars of fallen Babylon. Both the builder and the excavator fear trespassing on ground, which would seem either so very profane or so very sanctified; and should they be obliged to work there, proceed as leisurely as if they were about to raise their own gallows or dig their own grave.

Our remarks, being general, admit of some few exceptions. Certain scoopings, dignified with the name *scavi*, have been made at different points of Rome and her environs; perforations not altogether deep enough to let in day-light on Pluto, but enough for partial discoveries. One and another native of that land from which all *Virtuosi*, *Cognoscenti*, *Dilettanti*, derive these flattering titles, has endeavoured to merit them himself; while, for the most part, Hotspur's popinjay Lord could not stop his nose with more contempt at a dead corpse, than a Roman Signor at the aroma of a freshly-opened antique sepulchre. Cavaliere Campana is a celebrated and successful explorer of subterranean regions, in especial of that immense *terra incognita* lying just under the feet of its proprietors—Old classic Rome—which might as well lie as far under them as their antipodes,—the whole world's axis beneath them as well as a barleycorn's depth! What care the modern Quirites about their progenitors—predecessors, we mean?

Due cose solamente bramano—*Maccheroni ed il Corso!*

Not many years ago Signor Campana disinterred these curious Sepulchres, now opened to us also by means of his splendid work, containing divers plans and illustrations, some coloured like the original objects, and all accompanied by ample and precise descriptions. Outside the Latin Gate is a spacious solitude, fringed near the walls with a few shrubs: another is inside the Appian Gate hard by, as if Desolation chose his town and country seats contiguous. Here, were the two Sepulchres respectively discovered. They are both of that multiple-tomb order denominated *Columbaria*, i. e. dove-houses, from the number of small, low niches in their sides for the reception of cinerary urns, miniature votive altars, &c.



Perhaps, as these niches or nests face inwards, *Gallinaria*, i. e. hen-houses, were a more appropriate and expressive, though less poetic, title; but we employ this irreverent name only to preclude misconception on the part of our readers who have never seen a real Columbarium, nor picture of one, nor even that apology for one at the British Museum; and who might therefore conceive an assemblage of sacred reliques exposed like eggs in a pigeon-box to every impious hand or casual harm. Quite the reverse; shut up as they were between the close walls of their common depositary, sunshine and the soft dews and the breath of Heaven alone penetrated among them. These lodging-houses for the dead seem to have been let at immortal leases, in separate chambers, or suites of niches, to various persons or parties, mostly of the lower order, often of the same household where dependents abounded; but not always to tenants of either plebeian or servile condition, as sometimes the Patrons themselves took up their last abodes amongst those faithful domestics with whom they had shared their first. It is pleasing to see the family-circle yet hold together, even in the state of dissolution itself! Within side each sepulchre, stairs led down to its floor, and a skylight through the coved roof which remains over one, tells how such receptacles were illumined and ventilated. Rows of apertures, as we have said, ran round the whole interior; some considerable enough to admit sarcophagi, urns, altartombs, and funereal utensils and superfluities at once; to be adorned like temple porticoes with pillared jambs and pediments; to have their surfaces painted likewise, and covered with decorations architectural, sculptural, or pictorial. Signor Campana's coloured engravings pourtray these monuments of ancient vanity and art in their actual and, preserved as they have been, original state. Singular! that many persons here deposited should do more good, perhaps, to mankind after their deaths than during their lives!—yea, do this when they are themselves most impotent, rather than when they were most vigorous! that some who perhaps could not themselves read S.P.Q.R. on a standard, should instruct our deep-learned scholars in the abstrusest points of Roman History—the domes-

tic rites, customs, tastes, manners, arts mechanical and mental, of the Romans!—Strange that they should now utter eloquent lessons, didactic, ethic, and poetic, who were tongue-tied when living, except to utter flagitiousness or frivolities, platitudes or semi-articulate nonsense! Yet so it is!—their very ashes are now become precious as gold dust, though their entire bodies, at any period whatever, before they were charred, might have been worth scarce an *as*! The bones of Edward Longshanks, which after his death still led on his host, had greater virtue in them than breathed in the well-fleshed frame of his unwarlike successor, who was joint-General with them; but had they conquered all Scotland, what comparison would they bear in utility to the humble relics found here? Perpetual insurrection and bloodshed must have followed that event, disunion between the kingdoms, rendering future union impossible. On the other hand, these relics will produce, if no better effect, peace among antiquaries: to be serious, they decide the long litigated question, whether corpses were *buried* as well as *burned* in later Roman times. Two were entire bodies. <sup>(4)</sup> Many doubts, besides, are set at rest, many old positions confirmed, many new suggested or established. Again we say, the veritable dead-weights upon the social machine are the useless living who encumber it. Let us hope that modern personages, however unprofitable to the present era, will prove of some benefit to posterity, by transmitting through the medium of *their* tombstones and sepulchres even the smallest modicums of knowledge instead of flatteries and falsehoods!

The elegant, sentimental Dodwell condemns Lord Elgin's antiquarian robberies at Athens as sacrilegious; he describes them in terms which might have been applied to the plunder of Delphos by impious and godless Etolians. And this he does just after his cool recipe for 'the *developement* of tombs,' as follows: 'It is performed by first *breaking* the trapeza,

<sup>(4)</sup> Historians also cry up John Zisca's *skin*, which he bequeathed his soldiers to *make a drum of*, that it might double their courage; but it did not a thousandth part of the service (though it slew a thousand men), that the shrivelled *scap* of an Egyptian mummy performs by its various revelations.

or cover, with a *large hammer*, and then *overturning* it with a *strong pole*. He says, likewise, with the perfect *sang froid* of innocence, that the first day of his operations at the Piræus he employed ten men, who, in the course of nine hours, *opened thirty tombs*. He does not tell us whether he *replaced* all the trapezas, nor what impalpable cement enabled him to *re-unite* them after such pitiless smashing. We are no abettors of dilapidation, whether performed upon temples or tombs; neither can we make nice distinctions between gentle or simple *developers* of graves; all are *bustirapi*, burglars who break into the narrow house to despoil it; some may be coarse and ignorant fellows, some polished and erudite philosophers, but their pursuit is the same, — to us it seems much the same, let your *excavator* violate a sanctuary after twelve hours or twelve hundred years, let him rob it of a guinea ring or a golden crown! Stay, we do acknowledge a difference; the common grave-opener becomes such at the call of hunger, perhaps from a dozen mouths; whilst his amateur rival turns monument-cracker, because he knows not how else to get rid of his money and his time! But if the profession be lawful, nay creditable, for gentlemen, though scandalous, and perilous too, for poor plebeian rogues, away with sentimentalities, special pleadings *in foro conscientiae*, squeamishness about appropriation of metopes and statues, accompanied by utter callousness about destruction of sepulchres, disturbance of their inmates', hallowed dust, ransack and rape of their contents — urns, pateræ, bones, and tear-bottles — all things pickable or stealable, from Roman amulets and Greek oboli up to Egyptian mummied monarchs and Etruscan regalia. We must set off the use against the abuse: such investigations, excavations, spoliations, are at least serviceable to historians, antiquarians, artists, connoisseurs, and students in the moral nature of man. One question regarding this moral nature we may here discuss.

How far forth has the change from Heathenism to Christianity modified the apprehension of death? Is the King of Terrors more or less dreadful to men under this dispensation than the *Queen* of Terrors was under that — for *Mors* and

*Moiræ* <sup>(4)</sup> were feminine beings? At first guess, we should conclude more, by reason of the gay, sportive, voluptuous subjects which usually adorned ancient sepulchres—Bacchanalian rites, cupids, garlands, glittering vases, &c., golden and bright-coloured embellishments. What a contrast to those dismal decorations, the skull and cross bones, upon modern tombs! If we add the *triclinia*, or three-sided chamber, enriched with cheerful paintings from life and nature, where sumptuous banquets were held, heathen mausolea will look rather like luxurious retreats for *bon-vivants* than receptacles for the dead. Even to such a Columbarium as either of these before us, which, albeit not patrician, exhibit superfluity and elegance becoming that order, we might well apply the poet's exclamation,

Ars et gratia, lusus et voluptas,  
Atque omnes Veneres, Cupidinesque,  
Hoc sunt condita, quo Paris sepulchro!

Yet have we a suspicion that all this profuse display of art and splendour and ornamental beauty and apparatus for joyous proceedings, betokened a veritable sadness in the soul, deep enough to have bordered on despair, and thus assumed its masque of reckless levity. The ancients, perhaps, made the portal of Death's realm as attractive as they could to diminish their horror of the place itself, to delude themselves with the idea that it corresponded with its entrance, to dazzle their mind's eye from piercing into the gloom, and distract their thoughts from dwelling upon it. Elysium, itself, was no state of bliss in their unhappy creed. Achilles, when among the shades, confesses he would exchange its fields of resplendent amaranth and asphodel for the poorest paddock upon earth. Tibullus prays against premature translation thither—*Elysios olim liceat cognoscere campos*—as if it were anything but desirable. This shows what opinion the Greeks and Latins

<sup>(4)</sup> So, too, *Libitina* and *Atropos*. Death represented as masculine, seems a barbaric mythos, which did not prevail throughout European fiction till recent times. Petrarch, in his sublime fresco at Pisa, adheres to the classic gender. We use the word *barbaric* very widely, but not disparagingly: Death on the pale Horse, perhaps, made the new sex popular.

held of a future existence, even when most eligible. They had, consequently, all the *fears* that a Christian can have, whilst they had not his *hopes*; if wicked, they were as sure of punishment hereafter; if virtuous, they were either doubtful of any existence at all awaiting them, or imagined it one by no means delightful. Whether they held the belief of annihilation, or of such a lugubrious Elysium, we can understand their sepulchral pomps and vanities, we can excuse these things better in them than in professors of a religion; who should draw from it higher consolements. Even the *œcna feralis*, the Sybarite last supper, partaken amidst objects of sensual excitement mingled with mournful symbols and accessories—jocund sounds echoing through the sacred vault, ringing faintly from urn to urn, whilst over the ashes within, came fume of wine, breathing at once the inebriated *Io Bûche* and the plaintive *Vale, in eternum vale!*—even this may be pardoned when mortal life was deemed the limit of certain happiness. Epicureanism became by necessity the prevalent religious system—a system wherein temperance is recommendable only so far as it lengthens out the time, and adds zest to the perception, of pleasure. Under gospel light such customs are revolting, and beyond palliation, except where this light has never been let shine, save through a dim, discoloured lamp, or a phantasmagorical magic-lantern—for ignorance, which, like charity, covers a great many sins, will shield Highland and Irish funeral orgies from anger, and leave them simply ludicrous. It is a fact like a paradox, that the manner of ancient classic lands should be exhibited in the present day by a nation at the very opposite pole of Europe and of refinement; but the Gaelic *wake*, with its festive indecorums, still reproduces the sepulchral *symposium*, though it may caricature the features of that elegant rite. We detect the sweet Greek word of lament—*Eleleu*—so vowelly to suit lengthened cries, so liquid to pour itself out with the utterer's tears—we have heard it almost syllabled among the wilds and savage wastes of our Sister land; whose well-known burial wail—*Ithilu* or *Whitilla*—has been deemed peculiarly barbarian. Beyond doubt it shocks our nicer taste to connect the Greek

*ololagè* with the Irish "howl," yet the Latin middle-term *ululatus* proves, if proof were needful, their relationship: *Præficæ*, or hired mourners, furnish another tie between the two customs. Both, however, perhaps diverged from a common usage earlier than either,—the loud effusion of grief natural to all infant peoples,—and thus retain a similitude without any imitation. A law of the Twelve Tables, which forbids women to tear their cheeks or howl at funerals, points far back into barbaric times, long before *decency* taught the suppression of outrageous sorrow, or vanity proscribed every genuine outburst as unbecoming to the countenance. Yet real love despises all law, whether public or private; the well-bred Tibullus, in a civilized age, entreats his *Delia* not to hurt his sympathetic *Manes* by lacerating a beauty that would be still dear to him:—

Tu Manes ne læde meos: sed parce solutis  
Crinibus, et teneris, *Delia*, parce genis!

Let us note here, that neither Roman ghosts nor cemetery gods could have been very thin-skinned if, as Tertullian tells us, the *worst pieces* at funeral banquets were given to the latter, while the former had only *two fragments*, thus being little better off than the dogs and pensioners of Dives.

Many other customs and curious particulars are illustrated by Signor Campana's volume, but we can do no more than thus allude to the major part of them. Among them, however, this point merits especial notice, because modern criticism is somewhat astray concerning it. In these *Columbaria* exist, as we have said, small templar porticos, which form decorative façades for tombs, like the rock-cut fronts on Egyptian, Syrian, Lycian, and various Eastern hills, mostly where necropoli are posited. That is one perversion of architectural principle,—a façade or rood-end *inside* a structure,—and another is broken-backed pediments, the pommels or apices being scooped out, and the two wings left without any interconnexion. Both absurdities were familiar to the Romans, who had a taste for rendering architecture irrational, and from them such corruption became hereditary among Romanesque,

Italian, and all modern *classical* professors of the *Ars Edificandi*. So that the broken frontispieces reprobated as eccentric novelties in Michaelangelo's structures, are neither eccentric nor novel, because common and antique: but they are not the less bad, though they can plead time-honoured precedents. Let us specify some other articles. Nothing is new under the sun, saith *Salomon*, as our English wisest of mankind should have taught us to call him: a female corse, mentioned above, was found laid out in gorgeous paraphernalia, redolent of perfumes and sleek with precious unguents;—here is Pope's 'Narcissa' long, long ago anticipated! his satire justified!—which it is by many a kindred example:—

Odious! in woollens! 'twould a saint provoke!  
 Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke!  
 No! let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
 Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face;  
 One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—  
 And Betty—give this cheek a little red!

On the subject of 'lacrymatories,' Signor Campana differs from most critical writers, including King David, who particularizes tear-bottles (Ps. lvi. 8); he holds them to have been rather scent-bottles, or phials for odorous oils. The image, we own, is somewhat ludicrous of a mourner squeezing out tears into these very narrow-necked vessels, and taking care not to weep oversized drops, or let one of them miss the orifice, lest the measure of her grief might appear scanty. However, we must, on the other hand, acknowledge that there are few things more risible than the greatest solemnities in use among mankind, and that perhaps the absurdness of a practice may have been, as it often is still, its highest recommendation. 'Adhuc sub iudice lis est,' and we leave the cause in literary Chancery.

(THE ATHENÆUM.)

## THE CHASE:

AN INCIDENT IN LIFE OF AN OLD ADRIATIC CRUIZER IN THE LAST WAR.

It was one of those brilliant balmy mornings, known only to those who have had the exquisite pleasure of inhaling the fragrance which is wafted by the first breath of morn from the shores of Italy; that the frigate in which I served was standing along shore, between Ancona and the chapel of Our Lady of Loretto, the magnificent dome of which contrasted beautifully with the rich olive groves and luxuriant vineyards in which it was embosomed — the sky was soft, clear, and bright, and of that transparent blue that is seen nowhere but in Italy, and, as we sailed gracefully along the flower-scented coast, the ship had just way enough to part the rippling waves, but so gently that their murmurs stole on the ear with the soft persuasive sound of plaintive music, and harmonized delightfully with the scene around us.

At this moment everything promised a day of repose to the officers and ship's company of one of the most active cruisers attached to the Adriatic squadron. It was Sunday, and the spirits of all on board were in accordance with the placid scenery which greeted us on every side. The decks were washed and dried—breakfast over—hands piped up to clean for muster, and prepare for divine service, which on ship-board has a solemnity little dreamt of by those who only think of the sailor in his moments of reckless excitement: there is an attention, a deep devotional feeling apparent in the sun-burnt and weather-beaten faces of those children of the waves that is seen nowhere else, as if, at those moments, they were fully impressed with the truth, that there is but one frail plank betwixt eternity and them. It was at the moment of preparing for this most impressive scene that the voice of the lookout man at the mast head was heard announcing a strange sail. The whole face of affairs was immediately changed, and nothing but excitement and stir were visible fore and aft, where an instant before all had been so calm and quiescent.



• Where is she? point to her, • was heard from the mellow and sonorous voice of our gallant Second Lieutenant (who at that time had the watch) • On the starboard quarter, standing in shore, sir, • was the reply. The captain was immediately informed of this, and as quickly came upon deck, when • Turn the hands up, make all sail in chase, • was given to the officer, from whom it instantly reached the Boatswain, whose shrill pipe, accompanied by the thundering voices of his mates, forthwith proclaimed to those who were in the most remote parts of the ship that there was something to be done that day of a very different nature from an attendance to the admonitions of our most excellent Chaplain.

In five minutes every preparation for church had vanished; the pulpit, which was rigged under the half-deck, had disappeared, and the materials of which it was composed (chests, shot-lockers &c.,) returned to their wonted places, and we were on the other tack, with every stitch of canvas spread, in order to prevent the stranger from getting in-shore, which we all perceived would be most difficult, if not impossible, as he was standing on with all sail set, and was not many miles from the land.

Every face on board now beamed with excitement; some of the guns were run aft to trim the ship, and, when all sail was made, the men were sent below, and ordered to keep very still and quiet on the lower-deck, as we always found this mode of trimming the ship with the living moveable ballast added much to her speed: in the meantime the breeze increased, and we were going six or seven knots through the water, and overhauling the chase fast.

Our life at this period was such a continued scene of activity and fighting that scarcely a day passed without our having an affair of some kind or other with the enemy, either with some of their gun-boats or the numerous armed trabaculos which were employed in the coasting trade. This being kept constantly on the alert, had almost made us regret the interruption which had taken place in our day of rest; but it was momentary, and the feeling of annoyance of having our Sunday broken in upon had given way to that delightful and soul-stirring excitement which, to the British seaman, is

ever attendant upon the chase of an enemy—for such we now made the strange sail out—and every countenance glowed with delight as she was clearly discerned to be a very large armed brig.

The breeze continued, and every moment brought with it the increasing hope that we should either cut her off, or at least bring her under our guns before she could get far enough in-shore to receive any protection from the numerous batteries with which this part of the coast abounded. The enemy, aware of our intentions, and finding he could not cross us out of shot, had no chance of escape but by bearing away, and was thus obliged to run from that part where he would have been most effectually protected; could he have reached it. By this manœuvre he succeeded in getting out of the range of our guns; but it obliged him to run in shore at a point where his only protection was a very old tower, mounted with four guns. Our chagrin, on finding he had so far escaped us, was soon dispelled, by hearing the Boatwain pipe, "All hands bring ship to anchor;" which assured us it was not the intention of our gallant Captain to allow him to remain quiet, although he had run into shoalwater, where the ship could not follow him.

It was manifest, from the determined look and manner of our Commander, to which we were all so well accustomed, that he had resolved at all risks to bring the enemy from his anchorage, and thus to prove to him that no superiority of numbers, or advantage of position, could daunt men who were daily accustomed to face danger, and to despise it.

In ten minutes the boats were hoisted out, manned, and armed, and all those destined for the attack sheered off, amidst the huzzas of those who were necessarily left on board, and who, from the distance, were to witness this desperate boarding match. As the boats neared our opponent, it was evident that no means of resistance had been neglected—boarding-netts were traced up fore and aft, while a cheval-de-frise composed of boarding-pikes, ran all round the brig, about three feet from the water, which rendered our chance of getting on board almost desperate; and we now perceived the soldiers

in the old tower loading their guns, and preparing to do their part towards our destruction.

The boats were nearly within pistol-shot before the enemy opened upon us, and the silence that prevailed on both sides at this time was awful. Just at the moment when his inaction left us in doubt as to his intention, his broadside, by means of a spring on the cable, was brought to bear, and a most murderous discharge of round, grape, and canister gave fearful proof to our gallant fellows that they had an enemy to deal with who was deficient neither in ability nor courage. The effect of this first discharge was appalling, and made sad havoc among us, causing a confusion and a momentary resting on the oars; but it was only momentary.—a wild, a fearful burst of defiance immediately succeeded this dreadful check, and one of those soul-thrilling hurrahs, which only those who have heard them can understand, broke from every boat at once, as, with body bent, eye fixed, and every muscle strained to its utmost bearing, the men, now desperate, replied to the cheering voice of our well-tried First Lieutenant, as he repeated in tones of the most determined coolness, 'Give way, my lads, for the honour of the old ship give way, before the sascads can get another slap at us.

In two minutes more we were alongside; and our tars, infuriated by the slaughter of their comrades, became like enraged tigers, demolished the cheval-de-frise, cut through the boarding netting, and carried everything before them. The enemy disputed every inch of the deck, but were ultimately cut down, or driven overboard; and a small ensign, belonging to one of the boats (which a Midshipman had wrapped round him, in the full persuasion and determination that he should have an opportunity of hoisting it) displayed at the peak, was a signal to those who had unwillingly remained on board the frigate, that British valour had, as usual, been crowned with complete success, and that their comrades were masters of the brig.

The vessel thus fairly in our possession, the tower began to blaze away at us, which being seen from the ship, the signal was made 'to land and storm battery.' To effect this, all the seamen who could be spared were placed under the

command of the Second Lieutenant, who was ordered to land to the right, while the marines were sent to disembark about a mile to the left, and the two parties were to effect a junction in rear of the tower, and endeavour to storm it from that point. This manoeuvre had the desired effect: The officer commanding, seeing he was likely to be hemmed in, both right and left, while the ship was in the mean time warping in to take him in front, bethought him that "discretion was the better part of valour," and beat his retreat so very opportunely, that neither the blue jackets nor the marines could bring him to the charge; and, upon meeting, the two parties proceeded to the fort, which they found completely deserted, and its late occupiers were seen, and saluted from their own guns, before they got clear of the olive groves to the right. Upon entering the old tower, we found it was furnished with four 12 pounders, and, besides other arms and ammunition, contained twelve barrels of powder, so that it might have made a much better defence than it did.

We were just beginning to take measures to spike the guns, and carry off the powder, when a signal from the ship informed us the enemy were approaching in great force, and ordered us to blow up the fort and embark as quickly as possible. To effect this, all the powder was placed in the lower part of the building, the guns dismounted, which, together, with their carriages, stores, and every heavy material we could get, were placed upon it in order to create a greater resistance, and do the work, more effectually. These preparations being made, and completed as quickly as possible, the seamen were sent down from the hill on which the fort stood to the boats which had been brought to the foot of it. The Second Lieutenant and the writer of this alone remained for the purpose of giving the coup de grace to the fort. For this purpose we had a sausage or canvas hose, about eight yards long, filled with powder, and a port-fire at the end of it, calculated to burn half a minute, which would have given us ample time to have got clear of the crown of the hill before the explosion should take place.

My companion, who was also my commanding officer, de-

terminated on firing the train himself. When every thing, therefore, was in perfect readiness, I moved off towards the brow of the hill, expecting the Second Lieutenant would immediately follow me, as he had nothing to do but apply the match which he had already lighted in his hand. Just before beginning to descend, I turned to see if he was near me, and at that instant a most awful explosion took place, by which I was knocked down, and rendered completely senseless. On partially recovering from the stupor occasioned by this dreadful fall, I found myself covered with blood, and most severely bruised and lacerated. With regaining my senses came a confused recollection of my companion, tower, blowing up, &c.; and, on looking towards where the old fort had stood, not a vestige of it was remaining, so completely had the work of demolition been accomplished. I crawled towards the spot with a fearful apprehension for the fate of my comrade, which was too truly verified, for I found him lying on his face, bathed in blood, as I was myself, but, alas! without any power of moving. He was dead: every vestige of life had fled. The concussion had been so violent, that every blood-vessel in his body appeared to have burst. I managed to get again to the brow of the hill, within hail of the boats, and having got some of the men up, the body of my late gallant companion was carried to the beach, and we had just time to shove off, and get clear out of reach of musketry, when the enemy made his appearance, in overwhelming force, on the heights we had just quitted. In sorrow and sadness we pulled off to the ship, which had in the mean time stood out with our hard-earned and dearly-bought prize in tow. She had cost us some gallant spirits, and had made sad havoc among one of the finest and bravest crews our Navy ever boasted.

Among the numerous instances of gallantry on that day was one of heroic courage and coolness, on the part of a foretopman, that deserves to be noticed. While pulling up to the attack, and when the murderous fire, to which I have before alluded, assailed us, he was struck by grape, which smashed and shattered his left arm so dreadfully, that it was left dang-

ling by a piece of the skin, which alone prevented it from dropping off. With the utmost sang froid, he laid the mutilated arm on the gunwale of the boat, and, drawing his cutlass, severed the useless limb from his body. He was one of the first on board the enemy; but, before any of us had leisure to think of him, his gallant spirit had fled for ever. He bled to death, and was found on the deck of the brig, where he had jumped on board, with the lanyard of his cutlass between his teeth, while using his right arm for mounting the vessel's side.

After hoisting the boats in, we made sail with our prize; and at six the same evening, the hands were turned up for Funeral Service, when more than one heroic spirit was consigned to the watery deep. Among them was our late gallant Second Lieutenant, one of the most promising officers in the service, who, had he lived, would have won for himself never fading laurels.

There is something most peculiarly impressive and sad in the Burial Service at sea. The corpse, sewed up in a hammock, in which are put several very heavy shot, as well to secure its sinking as to prevent its afterwards rising, is laid upon a grating, covered with the union jack, which serves for a pall. The grating is placed just upon a balance at the the gangway, and two Quartermasters, one on each side, stand ready to give it a launch. As the Captain proceeds with the service, a death-like silence is preserved, which, when he comes to the words "We commit his body to the deep," is broken by the last cold plunge. A seaman's corpse has found a seaman's grave, and all is over:

As we moved slowly and silently from the gangway; where we had seen the remains of our dear departed messmate committed to the briny waves, the most unthinking and giddy among us was forcibly impressed with the awful truth, that in the midst of life we are in death.

When we met at mess that evening, one was wanting. The light-hearted, the merry, the gallant F., the life and soul of the mess, had departed; and it was long, long, ere the day of the Church and the Chase was forgotten.

(UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL.)

## MISCELLANEA.

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**STAGE SWEEPINGS.**—It was some years ago the fashion to attribute bulls to Sinclair, in consequence of his having once made a singular perversion of the text in *Rob Roy*. The language is, 'Rashleigh is my cousin; but, for what reason I am unable to divine, he is my bitterest enemy.' Sinclair said, 'Rashleigh is my cousin, but for what reason I am unable to divine.' The jokes he endured on this account made him nervous and uncertain, and in *Guy Mannering*, when Dinmont says he sees 'two lights dancing bonnily yon,' instead of replying 'Two! I see but one, and that seems pretty steady,' he said 'Two! I see but a *couple*, and they are pretty steady.' On the first night of the *Hunchback*, Abbott, from over-anxiety, said, in the last scene, 'I'll marry no *man* but my cousin Ellen.' His brethren joked and warned him against repeating it, and hardly a night passed that he did not consequently incur the danger of saying the same thing.

**THE POETICAL CHARACTER.**—Poetry forms its professors to no definite human character. Like horses trained to play tricks, they can put themselves into all sorts of strange and surprising postures—but they are generally useless on the road.

**A DRAMATIC COUPLE.**—Mr. and Mrs. J——, in the Glasgow company, lived unfortunately very much after the fashion in which Mr. and Mrs. Milton, Dr. and Mrs. Sherlock, and many other great personages are said to have existed; with the exception that Mr. J—— adopted the permission accorded by Judge Buller, and generally silenced Mrs. J—— by the

*argumentum baculinum.* One evening, after certain fustigatory performances at home, Mr. and Mrs. J—— performed the Duke and Duchess in Tobin's *Honeymoon*; in one of the scenes of which Juliana has to say that she presumes, if she disobeys his orders, he will beat her; to which the Duke replies—

•I'll talk to you; but I'll not beat you.  
He that lays his hand upon a woman,  
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,  
Whom 'twere gross flattery to call a coward.

Mr. J—— had scarcely begun this commonplace claptrap, when his spouse, dismissing the recollection of her scenic character, and smarting with her wrongs, darted a look at him, accompanied by an undercurrent of exclamation thus—

*Mr. J. as Duke.*—He that lays his hand upon a woman—  
[*Mrs. J.* gives an indescribable glance, and exclaims—Ugh! You brute!]  
*Mr. J.* (proceeding)—*Save when she richly deserves it—is a wretch,  
Whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward.*

ANCIENT RAILROADS.—It is generally supposed that the Greeks, amid all their advances in abstract science, were comparatively backward in some of the most important practical arts of civilized life, more especially in all that relates to interior communication by means of roads, bridges, &c. There are, however, many strong evidences, both of a practical and a speculative nature, that under all these disadvantages this branch of infernal economy was, according to the use and fashion of the age, carried, even at the remotest period of antiquity, to a much higher degree of perfection in Greece than has usually been supposed. Travellers have long been in the habit of remarking the frequent occurrence of wheel-ruts in every part of that country, often in the remotest and least frequented mountain passes, where a horse or mule can now with difficulty find a track. The term *rut* must not here be understood in the sense of a hole or inequality worn by long use and neglect in a level road, but of a groove or channel purposely scooped out at distances adapted to the ordinary span of a carriage, for the purpose of steadying and directing the course of the wheels, and lightening the weight of the



draught, on rocky or precipitous ground, in the same manner as the sockets of our railroads. Some of these tracts of stone railway, for such they may in fact be called, are in a good state of preservation, chiefly where excavated in stratum of solid rock. Where the nature of the soil was not equally favourable, the level was probably obtained by the addition of flags filling up the inequalities. It seems now to be generally admitted by persons who have turned their attention to the subject, that this was the principle on which the ancient Greek carriage-roads were constructed on ground of this nature. — *Mure's Tour in Greece.*

TORTOISES AND MEN. — "What a charming excursion! How delightful it is to be thus elevated!" said a tortoise, as an eagle was flying up with it into the air; the infatuated reptile never suspecting that it was thus raised aloft only for the purpose of having its shell more effectually broken by being dashed down again.

Thus sometimes are men treated by Fortune, when she wants to break the pride that encases them.

Tolluntur in altum  
Ut lapsu graviore ruant.

Extinguished almost as soon as distinguished, they go up like the rocket with a great noise, make a brilliant display when they have attained their elevation, and then come down like the dismantled stick.

OBSEVANCE OF THE SABBATH. — Sir Walter Scott says in his "Autobiography," "The discipline of the Presbyterian sabbath was severely strict, and I think injudiciously so. Although Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' Gesner's 'Death of Abel,' Rowe's 'Letters,' and one or two other books which, for that reason, I still have a favour for, were admitted to relieve the gloom of one dull sermon succeeding to another, there was far too much tedium annexed to the duties of the day, and in the end it did none of us any good."

Poor Sir Walter! if it did no good even to him, what harm may it not have done to others! and what would he have said had he lived on to the present times, when the well-

meaning but mistaken Agnewites, and the advocates for the better observance of the sabbath, would even interdict all locomotion on that day, and realize as far as possible, the *dictum* of the Caliph Omar, that in order to deserve heaven we must make earth a hell. The latter part of the clause they will go far to effect, if their puritanism is to become the law of the land. It is difficult to say which predominates — the cruelty or the selfishness of these proposed restrictions, when we recollect that they emanate from parties who have six days in the week for their amusement, and that their rigour falls exclusively upon the humbler classes, who have but one for the purposes of innocent and healthful recreation.

The Niger expedition, in which the captain of one of the vessels exposed his crew to pestilence and death, rather than heave his anchor on a Sunday, shows the ruthless excess to which this fanaticism may be pushed, under a mistaken sense of duty. And all this for a sabbath of man's ordaining, while we leave that ordained of God to the observance of the Jews!

It used to be held that he who gives to the poor lends to the Lord; but our Cantwells seem to imagine that what they *take from* the poor they give to the Lord, an opinion equally unworthy of a good man, and derogatory to a benignant deity. But it is necessary, say the ascetics, to counteract the effect of certain Sunday papers and infidel writers. Counteract! why they are promoting the cause of these men, by pelting them with a bomarang, which recoils and breaks the head of the thrower. Both asailant and repellant may as well give up this most unholy holy War.

Peace, idiots! peace, and both have done,  
 Each kiss his empty brother;  
 Religion scorns a foe like one,  
 And dreads a friend like t'other.

ART AND NATURE. — Instead of being antithetical terms as is generally imagined, these two words express one and the same idea, although it may assume different developements and varying phases, as it presents itself to our minds through a

divine or human medium, a fact which would appear less startling if we duly perpended the profound and comprehensive lines of Pope—

All nature is but Art unknown to thee,  
All chance, direction which thou canst not see,  
All discord, harmony not understood,  
All partial evil, universal good.

Art, in fact, is man's nature ; nature is God's art ; human nature the noblest specimen of God's art ; and the noblest masterpieces made by man are but the works of his Maker at second-hand—humanified emanations of the Divinity receiving ever-changing modifications from the different moulds through which they are transmitted. This is the view which sublimises and hallows while it identifies both Nature and Art. Nature, by converting the whole earth into a laboratory, an *atelier*, a study, a picture-gallery of the heavenly chymist, sculptor, author, painter ; art, by making those earthly artists the operatives, the foremen, the amanuenses, the delegates, the secondaries of the great First Cause.

True it is, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that many of these gifts are perverted from the high and holy purposes of the donor ; but there can be no use without the power of abuse ; no human free will without the possibility of contravening the divine will : an inherent defect in the nature of man's art, which it is beyond the art of Nature to control, for it would be a contradiction in terms to suppose the coexistence of ability for wrong and impeccability. Happy the artist who has always considered himself the accountable steward of his intellectual or manual gifts—who has felt that his talents had their duties as well as their rights—who admitting with Dryden, that

'Tis the most painful proof the world's accurs'd,  
That the best things abused become the worst,

has made, according to his means and measure, a faithful application of the gifts entrusted to him.

From this line of duty in the higher ranks of art there will be found few deviations, for the *enthusiasm* of genius is literally a sense of the God within us ; and the best—perhaps

the only true evidence of this sense is the purity of the purposes to which we apply it. To give a licentious direction to a heaven-bestowed gift is the worst species of sacrilege: but this, we repeat, is of rare occurrence except among the petty fry of art. The *Dü majores*, the most eminently endowed, will generally be found not only the most irreprouchable, but the most modest—rather penetrated with gratitude for what they have received from the Creator, than proud of what they can impart to their fellow-creatures. Thus ministering to the holy purposes of nature, the genuine artist will contemplate the blaze of his reputation but as a moral halo which should sanctify while it irradiates his path.



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**SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD:**

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

(Continued from page 48.)

CHAPTER XIV.

Poor Miss Crane!

The failure of her first little culinary experiment reduced her again to despair. If there be not already a Statue of Disappointment, she would have served for its model. It would have melted an Iron Master to have seen her with her eyes fixed intently on the unfortunate cup of paste, as if asking herself, mentally, was it possible that what she had prepared with such pains for the refreshment of a sick parent, was only fit for what? Why, for the false tin stomach of a healthy bill-sticker!

Dearly as she rated her professional accomplishments and acquirements, I verily believe that at that cruel moment she would have given up all her consummate skill in Fancy Work, to have known how to make a basin of gruel! Proud as she was of her embroidery, she would have exchanged her cunning in it for that of the plainest cook;—for oh! of what avail her Tent Stitch, Chain Stitch, German Stitch, or Satin Stitch

to relieve or soothe a suffering father, afflicted with back stitch, front stitch, side stitch, and cross stitch into the bargain?

Nay, of what use was her solider knowledge?—for example, in History, Geography, Botany, Conchology, Geology, and Astronomy? Of what effect was it that she knew the scientific name for coal and slate,—or what comfort that she could tell him how many stars there are in Cassiopeia's Chair, whilst he was twisting with agony on a hard wooden one?

•It's no use *talking!*• exclaimed Miss Ruth, *after a long silence*, •we must have medical advice!•

But how to obtain it? To call in even an apothecary, one must call in his own language, and the two sisters between them did not possess German enough, High or Low, to call for a Doctor's boy. The hint, however, was not lost on the Reverend T. C., who, with a perversity not unusual, seemed to think that he could diminish his own sufferings by inflicting pain on those about him. Accordingly he no sooner overheard the wish for a Doctor, than with renewed moanings and contortions, he muttered the name of a drug that he felt sure would relieve him. But the physic was as difficult to procure as the physician. In vain Miss Ruth turned, in succession, to the Host, the Hostess, the Maid, the Waiter, and Hans the Coachman, and to each, separately, repeated the word •Ru-bub.• The Host, the Hostess, the Maid, the Waiter, and Hans the Coachman, only shook their heads in concert, and uttered in chorus the old •forstend nicht.•

•Oh, I *do* wish,• exclaimed Miss Crane, with a tone and a gesture of the keenest self-reproach; •how I *do* wish that I had brought Buchan's Domestic Medicine abroad with me, instead of Thomson's Seasons!•

•And of what use would that have been without the medicine-chest?• asked Miss Ruth; •for I don't pretend to write prescriptions in German.•

•That's very true,• said Miss Crane, with a long deep sigh—whilst the sick man, from pain or wilfulness, Heaven alone knew which—gave a groan, so terrific that it startled even the phlegmatic Germans.

"My papa! my papa! my papa!" shrieked the agitated governess; and with some confused notions of a fainting-fit—  
 fast he had closed his eyes,—and still conscious of a cup in her hand, although not of its contents, she chucked the paste—that twice unfortunate paste!—into the face of her beloved parent!

## CHAPTER IV.

"And serve him right too!" cries the little smart bantam-like woman already introduced to the Courteous Reader. "An old good-for-nothing! to sham worse than he was, and play on the tender feelings of two affectionate daughters! I'd have pasted him myself if he had been fifty fathers! Not that I think a bit the better of that Miss Crane, who after all, did not do it on purpose. She's as great a gawky as ever. To think with all her schooling she couldn't get a doctor fetched for the old gentleman!"

"But, my dear madam, she was ignorant of the language."

"Ignorant of fiddlesticks! How do the deaf and dumb people do? If she couldn't talk to the Germans she might have made signs."

"Impossible! Pray remember that Miss Crane was a schoolmistress, and of the *ancien régime*, in whose code all face-making, posturing, and gesticulations, were high crimes and misdemeanors. Many a little Miss Gubbins or Miss Wiggins she had punished with an extra task, if not with the rod itself, for nodding, winking, or talking with their fingers; and is it likely that she would personally have had recourse to signs and signals for which she had punished her pupils with such severity? Do you think that with her rigid notions of propriety, and her figure, she would ever have stooped to what she would have called buffoonery?"

"Why to be sure, if you haven't high-coloured her picture: she is starched and frumpish enough, and only fit for a place among the wax work!"

"And besides, supposing physiognomical expression as well as gesticulation to be included in sign-making, this Silent Art requires study and practice, and a peculiar talent! Pray did you ever see Grimaldi?"

What, Joey? Did I ever see Lannon? Did I ever go to the Wells?

O rare Joe Grimaldi! Great as was my admiration of the genius of that inimitable clown, never, never did it rise to its true pitch till I had been cast all abroad in a foreign country without any knowledge of its language! To the richness of his fun—to his wonderful agility—to his unique singing and his grotesque dancing, I perhaps had done ample justice—but never, till I had broken down in fifty pantomimical attempts of my own—nay, in twice fifty experiments in dumb show—did I properly appreciate his extraordinary power of making himself understood without being on speaking terms with his company. His performance was never, like mine, an Acted Riddle. A living Telegraph, he never failed in conveying his intelligence, but signalled it with such distinctness, that his meaning was visible to the dullest capacity.

And your own attempts in the line, sir?

Utter failures. Often and often have I gone through as many physical manœuvres as the Englishman in Rabelais, who argued by signs; but constantly without explaining my meaning, and consequently without obtaining my object. From all which, my dear madam, I have derived this moral, that he who visits a foreign country without knowing the language, ought to be prepared beforehand, either to act like a Clown, or to look like a Fool.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

It was a goodnatured act of honest Hans the coachman—and especially after the treatment of his Schnapps—but seeing the Englishers at a dead lock, and partly guessing at the cause of their distress—he quietly went to the stable, saddled one of his own horses, and rode off in quest of a medical man. Luckily he soon met with the personage he wanted, whom with great satisfaction he ushered into the little, dim, dirty parlour at the Black Eagle, and introduced, as well as he could, to the Foreigners in Distress.

Now the Physician who regularly visited at Lebanon House,



was, of course, one of the Old School; and in correctness of costume and professional formality was scarcely inferior to the immaculate lady who presided over that establishment. There was no mistaking him; like some modern practitioners, for a merchant, or a man about town. He was as carefully made up as a prescription—and between the customary sables, and a Chesterfieldian courtesy, appeared as a Doctor of the old school always used to do—like—a piece of sticking-plaster—black, polished, and healing.

Judge then, of the horror and amazement of the Schoolmistress, when she saw before her a great clumsy-built M. D. enveloped in a huge gray cloak, with a cape that fell below his elbows, and his head covered with what she had always understood was a jockey-cap!

«Gracious Heaven!—why, he's a horse-doctor!»

«Doctor?—ja wohl,» said Hans, with a score of affirmative little nods; and then he added the professional grade of the party, which happened to be one of a most uncouth sound to an English ear.

«Ruth, what's a medicine rat?»

«Lord knows,» answered Miss Ruth, «the language is as barbarous as the people!»

In the mean time the Medicin Rath threw off his huge cloak and displayed a costume equally at variance with Miss Crane's notions of the proper uniform of his order. No black coat, no black smalls, no black silk stockings—why, any undertaker in London would have looked more like a doctor! His coat was a bright brown frock, his waistcoat as gay and variegated as her own favourite paterre of larkspurs, and his trousers of plum-colour! Of her own accord she would not have called him in—who would?—to a juvenile chicken-pock or a nettlerash—and there he was to treat full grown spasms in an adult!

«Je suis medecin, monsieur, à votre service,» said the stranger, in French more guttural than nasal, and with a bow to the sick gentleman.

«Mais docteur,» hastily interposed Miss Ruth, «vous êtes un docteur à cheval.»

This translation of 'horse-doctor' being perfectly unintelligible to the German, he again addressed himself to his patient, and proceeded to feel the pulse.

'Papa is subject to spasms in his chest,' explained Miss Crane.

'Pshaw—nonsense!' whined the Reverend T. C., 'they're in my stomach.'

'They're in his stomach,' repeated Miss Crane, delicately laying her own hand, by way of explanation, on her sternum.

'Monsieur à mangé du diner?' inquired the Doctor.

'Only a little beef,' said Miss Crane, who understood French but did not speak it.

'Seulement un petit bœuf,' translated Miss Ruth, who spoke French but did not understand it.

'Oui—c'est une indigestion, sans doute,' said the Doctor.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

Hark!—

'It's shameful! abominable! atrocious!' It's a spit on all the schoolmistresses—a wicked libel on the whole profession!'

'But my dear Mrs.—'

'Don't 'dear' me, sir! I consider myself personally insulted, 'manger un petty boof! As if a governess couldn't speak better French than that! Why, it means eating a little bullock!'

'Precisely. *Bœuf*, singular, masculine, a bullock or ox.'

'Ridiculous! And from one of the heads of a seminary! Why, sir, not to speak of myself or the teachers, I have a pupil at Prospect House, and only twelve years of age, who speaks French like a native.'

'Of where, madam?'

'Of where, sir?—why of all France to be sure, and Paris in particular!'

'And with the true accent?'

'Yes, sir, with all the accents—sharp, grave, and circum-bendibus—I should have said circumflex, but you have put me in a fluster. French! why it's the corner-stone of female

education. It's universal, sir, from her ladyship down to her cook. We could neither dress ourselves nor our dinner without it! And that the Miss Cranes know French I am morally certain, for I have seen it in their Prospectus."

"No doubt of it, madam. But you are of course aware that there are two sorts—French French and English French—and which are as different in quality as the foreign cogniac and the British Brandy."

"I know nothing about ardent spirits, sir. And as to the French language, I am acquainted with only one sort, and that is what is taught at Prospect House,—at three guineas a quarter."

"And do all your young ladies, ma'am, turn out such proficient in the language as the little prodigy you have just mentioned?"

"Proficient, sir?—they can't help it in my establishment. Let me see—there's Chambaud on Mondays—Wanostrocht on Wednesdays—Telemaque on Fridays, and the French mark every day in the week."

Madam, I have no doubt of the excellence of your system. Nevertheless it is quite true that the younger Miss Crane made use of the very phrase which I have quoted. And what is more, when the doctor called the next morning on his patient he was treated with quite as bad language. For example, when he inquired after her papa—

"Il est très mauvais," replied Miss Ruth with a desponding shake of her head. "Il a avalé son médecin,—et il n'est pas mieux."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

To return to the sick chamber.

Imagine the Rev. T. C. still sitting and moaning in his uneasy chair, the disconsolate Miss Crane helplessly watching the parental grimaces, and the perplexed Miss Ruth standing in a brown study, with her eyes intently fixed on a sort of overgrown child's crib, which occupied one dark corner of the dingy apartment.

"It's very well," she muttered to herself, "for a foreign doctor to say *laissez le coucher*, but where is he to *coucher*? Not surely in that little crib of a thing, which will only add the cramp in his poor legs to the spasms in his poor stomach! The Mother of Invention was however at her elbow, to suggest an expedient, and in a trice the bedding was dragged from the bedstead and spread upon the floor. During this manœuvre Miss Crane of course only looked on; she had never in her life made a bed, even in the regular way, and the tussling of a shakedown on the bare boards was far too Margery Dawish an operation for her precise nature to be concerned in. Moreover her thoughts were fully occupied by a question infallibly associated with a strange bed, namely, whether it had been aired. A speculation which had already occurred to her sister, but whose more practical mind was busy in contriving how to get at the warming-pan. But in vain she asked for it by name of every German, male or female, in the room, and as vainly she sought for the utensil in the inn kitchen, and quite as vainly might she have hunted for it throughout the village, seeing that no such article had ever been met with by the oldest inhabitant. As a last resource she caught up a walking-stick, and thrusting one end under the blanket, endeavoured pantomimically to imitate a chambermaid in the act of warming a bed. But alas! she took nothing by her motion,—the Germans only turned towards each other, and shrugging their shoulders and grinning, remarked in their own tongue, "What droll people they were those Englishers!"

The sensitive imagination of Miss Crane had in the interim conjured up new and more delicate difficulties and necessities, amongst which the services of a chamberlain were not the least urgent. "Who was to put her papa to bed? Who was to undress him?" But from this perplexity she was unexpectedly delivered by that humble friend in need, honest Hans, who no sooner saw the bed free from the walking-stick, than without any bidding, and in spite of the resistance of the patient, he fairly stripped him to his shirt, and then

taking him up in his arms, like a baby, deposited him, willy nilly, in the nest that had been prepared for him.

The females, during the first of these operations, retired to the kitchen—but not without a certain order in their going. Miss Crane went off simultaneously with the coat,—her sister with the waistcoat, and the hostess and the maid with the smallclothes and the shoes and stockings. And when, after a due and decent interval, the two governesses returned to the sick chamber,—for both had resolved on sitting up with the invalid—lo! there lay the reverend T. C., regularly littered down by the coachman with a truss of clean straw to eke out the bedding,—no longer writhing or moaning—but between surprise and anger as still and silent as if his groans had been astonished away like the ‘hiccups!’

You may take a horse to the water, however, but you cannot make him drink,—and even thus, the sick man, though bedded perforce, refused obstinately to go to sleep.

‘Et monsieur a bien dormi?’ inquired the German doctor the next morning.

‘Pas un—’ began Miss Crane, but she ran aground for the next word, and was obliged to appeal to the linguist of Lebanon House.

‘Ruth—what’s a wink?’

‘I don’t know,’ replied Miss Ruth, who was absorbed in some active process. ‘Do it with your eye.’

The idea of winking at a strange gentleman was however so obnoxious to all the Schoolmistress’s notions of propriety that she at once resigned the explanation to her sister, who accordingly informed the physician that her ‘pauvre père n’a-voit pas dormi un morceau toute la nuit longue.’

#### CHAPTER XIX.

‘Stop, sir! Pray change the subject. By your leave we have had quite enough of bad French.’

As you please, madam—and as the greatest change I can devise, you shall now have a little bad English. Please, then to lend your attention to Monsieur De Bourg—the subject of his discourse ought indeed to be of some interest to you, name—

ly, the education of your own sex in your own country.

• Well, sir, and what does he say of it? •

Listen, and you shall hear. Proceed, Monsieur.

• Sare, I shall tell you my impressions when I am come first from Paris to London. De English Ladies, I say to myself, must be de most best educate women in de whole world. Dere is schools for dem every wheres—in a hole and in a corner. Let me take some walks in de Fauxbourgs, and what do I see all round myself? When I look dis way I see on a white house's front a large bord wid some gilded letters, which say Seminary for Young Ladies. When I look dat way, at a big red house, I see anoder bord which say Establishment for Young Ladies by Miss Someones. And when I look up at a little house, at a little window, over a barber-shop, I read on a paper Ladies School. Den I see Prospect House, and Grove House, and de Manor House—so many I cannot call dem names, and also all schools for de young females. Day School besides. And in my walks, always. I meet some Schools of Young Ladies, eight, nine, ten times in one day, making dere promenades, two and two-and two. Den I come home to my lodging's door, and below de knocker I see one letter—I open it, and I find a Prospectus of a Lady School. By and bye I say to my land-lady where is your oldest of daughters, which used to bring to me my breakfast, and she tell me she is gone out a governess. Next she notice me I must quit my appartement. What for I say. What have I done? Do I not pay you all right like a weekly man of honour? O certainly, mounseer, she say, you are a gentleman quite, and no mistakes—but I wants my whele of my house to myself for to set him up for a Lady School. No-ting but Lady Schools!—and de widow of de butcher have one more over de street. Bless my soul and my body, I say to myself, dere must be nobody born'd in London except leetle girls! •

#### CHAPTER XX.

There is a certain poor word in the English language which of late years has been exceedingly ill-used—and, it must be said by those who ought to have known better.

To the disgrace of our colleges, the word in question was first perverted from its real significance at the very head-quarters of learning. The initiated indeed are aware of its local sense,—but who knows what cost and inconvenience the duplicity of the term may have caused to the more ignorant members of the community? Just imagine, for instance, a plain, downright Englishman who calls a spade a spade,—induced perhaps by the facilities of the railroads—making a summer holiday and repairing to Cambridge or Oxford, maybe with his whole family, to see he does not exactly know what—whether a Collection of Pictures, Wax-Work, Wild Beasts, Wild Indians, a Fat Ox, or a Fat Child—but at any rate an *«Exhibition!»*

More recently, the members of the faculty have taken it into their heads to misuse the unfortunate word, and by help of its misapplication are continually promising to the ear what the druggists really perform to the eye—namely, to *«exhibit»* their medicines. If the Doctors talked of hiding them, the phrase would be more germane to the act: for it would be difficult to conceal a little Pulv.Rhei—Magnes, sulphat.—or tinct. jalapæ, more effectually than by throwing it into a man's or woman's stomach. And pity it is that the term has not amongst medical men a more literal significance: for it is certain that in many diseases, and especially of the hypochondriac class—it is certain, I say, that if the practitioner actually made *«a show»* of his *material* the patient would recover at the mere sight of the *«Exhibition.»*

This was precisely the case with the Rev. T. C. Had he fallen into the hands of a Homœopathist with his infinitesimal doses, only fit to be exhibited like the infinitesimal insects through a solar microscope, his recovery would have been hopeless. But his better fortune provided otherwise. The German Medicin Rath, who prescribed for him, was in theory diametrically opposed to Hahnemann, and in his tactics he followed Napoleon, whose leading principle was to bring masses of all arms, horse, foot, and artillery, to bear on a given point. In accordance with this system, he therefore prescribed so liberally that the following articles were in a very short time comprised in his *«Exhibition:»*

A series of powders, to be taken every two hours.

A set of draughts, to wash down the powders.

A box of pills.

A bag full of certain herbs for fomentations.

A large blister, to be put between the shoulders.

Twenty leeches, to be applied to the stomach.

As *Macheath* sings, "a terrible show!"—but the doctor, in common with his countrymen, entertained some rather exaggerated notions as to English habits, and our general addiction to high feeding and fast living—an impression that materially aggravated the treatment.

"He *must* be a horse doctor!" thought Miss Crane, as she looked over the above articles—at any rate she resolved—as if governed by the proportion of four legs to two—that her parent should only take one half of each dose that was ordered. But even these reduced quantities were too much for the Reverend T. C.,—the first instalment he swallowed—the second he smelt, and the third he merely looked at. To tell the truth, he was fast transforming from a *Malade Imaginaire* into a *Malade Malgré Lui*. In short, the cure proceeded with the rapidity of a *Hohenlohe* miracle—a result the doctor did not fail to attribute to the energy of his measures, at the same time resolving that the next English patient he might catch should be subjected to the same decisive treatment. Heaven keep the half, three-quarters, and whole lengths of my dear countrymen and countrywomen from his Exhibitions!

His third visit to the Englisher at the Adler was his last. He found the Convalescent in his travelling dress,—Miss Ruth engaged in packing—and the Schoolmistress writing the letter which was to prepare Miss Parfitt for the speedy return of the family party to Lebanon House. It was of course a busy time; and the Medicin Rath speedily took his fees and his leave.

There remained only the account to settle with the landlord of the Adler; and as English families rarely stopped at that wretched inn, the amount of the bill was quite as extraordinary. Never was there such a realization of the "large reckoning in a little room."

"Well, I must say," murmured the Schoolmistress, as the



coach rumbled off towards home, « I do wish we had reached Gotha that I might have got my shades of wool. »

« Humph! » grunted the Rev. T. C., still sore from the recent disbursement, « they went out for Wool, and they returned shorn. »

(NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.)

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## THE NATURAL IN ART.

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On the discussions of art there is no greater obstacle to the setting forth principles, than the unsettled terms « nature » and « natural. » They are indeed the limits of art, beyond which there can be no legitimate exercise ; but the boundaries remove themselves out of sight, or contract themselves within the smallest space, according to the fancy, perhaps we should say the genius, of the disputants. To those of the contracting system, the art is considered as nearly entirely imitative of external visible nature, with a power (scarcely of creating) of combining, of putting together things that are, exactly and in no other way than as they may be, and have been, though not so seen, perhaps, at the moment of any incident to be represented. Others, again, by nature, admit whatever the mind, in its most sane, healthy, imaginative, comprehensive state, can conceive. As we believe the latter is the highest and best sense in which nature, as applied to art, is to be understood, so do we believe it is the most creative ; it is the truest, because, with regard to its general reception, it carries with it a spell not to be denied, enforcing a general credence, if not conviction. In the best and healthiest state of the most discursive imagination, there is an intuitive knowledge, instantly forming a judgment and decision, as to that particle of the natural, in even the least imaginative minds, which will unite

itself, as by a chemical affinity and attraction, to the natural portion in the created and fanciful, and by that amalgamation make all be, or at least appear, as natural. The true creator never loses sight of this—the judgment is ever with him: he decides by it, and this judgment, presiding over creative power, constitutes genius. Genius, then, or art—for consummate art is genius—not only has the power of creating a world for itself, but of creating in the minds of spectators and hearers a belief in its existence. It is very strange that this should be so generally felt; and it can scarcely be unacknowledged with regard to poetry, particularly the drama, and yet be denied in reference to the art of painting. Because painting is the visible art, it must, with some, be merely the imitation of things seen; whereas poetry and music are, in the same sense, imitative as painting, and in no other—unless, indeed, we speak of the lowest kind of painting, that deadweight fastened to art by an indissoluble chain, but which was never intended to keep it from rising. It should rather be the ballast, to keep steady the aeronaut in his upward course. Let us exemplify the power of genius by its effects in poetry, and then let the fair inference be drawn, *«Ut poesis pictura,»* as well as *«Ut pictura poesis.»* Let there be to both arts the *«Quidlibet audendi æqua potestas.»* Try the power by Shakspeare's most imaginative plays—the *«Tempest»* and *«Midsummer Night's Dream.»* In both these plays we have a new creation—new beings such as none ever saw, and such as none ever believed to exist until they saw these plays acted, or read them. We say such as none ever believed to exist, because we must not deceive ourselves, and take advantage of the wonderful power of that belief created in us by the poet, to fancy we have imagined such beings. We never did—the exact creations of Shakspeare, *his* Caliban and *his* fairies, had no prototypes in our belief; but we have naturally a vague particle of belief, which instantly seizes upon and appropriates the creation. There is nothing more natural than the fear and feeling of the preternatural. Shakspeare worked upon this nature, and spun and wove from the tangled, unformed materials in the human bosom, the fairest and most hideous creatures—not sim-

ply the two, the fairest and foulest, but many and infinitely varied in their characters. Caliban and Puck are not less distinct than Ariel, and Oberon, and Titania. And how different are their provinces!—how unlike their powers over the elements, the air, the earth, and the sea? Now where, in external nature, do we get all this? It is purely creation, and shows the illimitable province of art. The world, then, from which art is to *make* its pictures, is not only the external visible world of nature, but the world of imaginative nature, a portion of which is inherent in all mankind, and which makes them love and fear, in cases of their own predilection or terror, a little beyond reason, but not a little beyond truth, for the very nature is truth. If it be in the nature of our minds that thought should travel and shift its ground, with instant and wonderful rapidity, from east to west, and yet then not be bounded by the limits of the world, may not art in this imitate nature, or rather take advantage of this ubiquity of fancy's nature, and, with nice arrangement and rapid delusion, hurry us over space and time, and place us when and where it pleases, without violence, as the drama does in its shifting scenes, and as Shakspeare has done in his *Winter's Tale*? Be it well or ill done, is the only question. If with a judgment and power, it is the work of genius; lacking that judgment, we make a mock of and deride the attempt, and point to it as a palpable cheat. In the theatre we hiss the poor actor—we should condemn the author. Is not Burns's *Tam O'Shanter* a pure creation? Here, too, we have fairy creatures of another *kith and kin*; and do not let any one fancy that, before reading Burns, he has had any knowledge of them. The poet spun them out of that common material which was in his and every one's mind; and as the thread is drawn out in the poet's mind, so, by his electric power, is it drawn out in all, and the same forms created, and being created thus within every mind, it is felt and acknowledged to be natural. And in this of Burns, there is another natural instinct called into play—the humorous; so that, however dressed or undressed in its vagaries, the phantasma is still natural, still in itself a truth. The forms

• of things unknown — unknown till called into existence from the dormant materials of general nature, by the head of genius — thereby acquire henceforth a local habitation and a name. And thus it is that genius confers an everlasting benefit upon mankind, present and to come, continually enriching it, creating treasures for every one's enjoyment — doing that out of the mind which cannot be done out of the material world, adding to that which was ; for, if with matter, there is not since the creation of the world one atom more than there was at first, it is the very contrary with the world of thought, of intellectual invention, of mind, which is continually enlarging, multiplying itself, becoming more. Nay, in the art of painting it takes possession of matter, gives to it thought, and makes a new thing of it. That it may not appear we are arguing without an adversary, it may be as well here to give some account of a discussion we had with a professed lover of the natural, and which originated in a conversation on « schools of design. » We will put it in the form of a dialogue, if not according to the exact words, correct as to the substance of what was said. We will designate our opponent NATURALIST, ourselves IDEALIST : —

NAT. The advantages of studying from nature alone ; will be manifest in the truth that will be in every department of art. In our ornamental manufactures, you will see nothing represented that is not.

ID. And that you consider a great advantage ; and are you not confounding two things a little incompatible with each other — art and manufacture ?

NAT. No, I consider them one ; there may be higher excellences in some departments of art than others, but I consider ornamental manufactures a department of art ; and it is because you have seen such bad things in patterns, that you would separate them. Art altogether arises out of the love of ornament.

ID. Yes ; and, like a magnificent river, may rise from a very insignificant source. You may sport and play at the fountain-head what petty gambols you please ; kick it with your feet and splash it with your hands, like wanton children ;

—but further on it will become deep and resistless, and though people build their pleasant villas upon its banks, they do so not without a fear of its power, and carefully fence themselves against its inundations. So art, if you will still call it so, while it is confined to the narrow and shallow ornament, is a thing of mere sport, may have rules of its own play; but when this art in its progress enters upon the territories of thought, of mind, it takes another name and character—it is genius—is grand and fearful, of every beauty. It commands—but we shall get out of our depth. Sufficient difference is shown to justify us in separating them: so that, when we speak of art, we will only speak of it, as the higher quality, wherein it is invariably in the province of mind.

NAT. I will not quarrel with your distinction, if you will make the exact study of nature the necessary foundation of both.

IDR. If we can first agree what is nature. I fear, in your sense of it, we shall not agree; for I think you are adverse to the representation of any thing and every thing in higher art and design in manufactures, that has not the exact delineation and character of some visible, palpable thing.

NAT. Yes, I have an aversion to vagaries—my sense of truth is shocked.

IDR. Your sense of truth need not be shocked. You have limited yourself to a particular truth, and finding not that, look not for the truth that may be.

NAT. I do not understand you.

IDR. Well, then, put it thus: we do not always think in syllogisms. Fancy hurries away the mind frequently, so that we cannot connect thought with thought; we run into unrestricted «vagaries» as you term them, and refresh ourselves in the freedom of undefining idleness. This is a character of our minds; and in art, whatever accords with that is a truth; force upon that mood an exact similitude, and in your attempt to establish perhaps the minor truth, you have destroyed the greater. Let us exemplify it by the vagueness of some *ad libitum* movements in music, that delight from the very scope they give to this idle indulgence. The artist, the musician,

may, even the manufacturer of ornamental design, that shall succeed in drawing you into this vein, does so by touching a chord of truth existent within you—of nature, if you please; for in the sense we now speak of truth, it is one with nature.

NAT. There may be something in your view, but it is new to me, and I must consider it. I fear it will not bear the test of strict examination. Your argument would, I suspect, admit impossibilities as legitimate subjects of art.

LOB. I do not see why art should not employ itself about impossibilities, if there be the genius to make them credible. For genius has

«Exhausted worlds, and then created new.»

NAT. That is the creation I fear: surely where there is so much of beauty in the world that is, an inexhaustible source, would it not be better first to work in that mine?

LOB. It is very good to do so, I will not say it is better, if you mean to confine the operator to that mine; every mine should be worked, and some workmen have an irresistible impulse to try new, and if they dig out treasures we ought to be satisfied.

NAT. You are losing the thread of the discussion. Now, look at that frame to your pier-glass, it has been offending me this hour, and attracts my attention to its absurdity. This is, I believe, of the taste that is attempted to be revived, the ornamental of the time of Louis the XIV. Can any thing be more silly deformity? You have flowing lines that, as far as I can judge, mean nothing, for they are neither stem, leafage, nor feather; and how ridiculously is the upper involution terminated in what is meant, I suppose, to be a dragon's head, with the dress of a fury! Yet never was there, never could there be such a creature, or part of a creature. You will not pretend to call this abortive absurdity a truth?

LOB. Yes, I do --- the sort of truth just referred to. It is the very unlikeness makes the vagary; the impossible metamorphosis, with its easy flowing infinity of lines, that draw

away the strict judgment into a maze of wonder, from which it cannot and would not escape; this impossible, which is made half credible in the dream-like condition it engenders, I would term the 'magic of ornament;' and indeed, in my pleasure, I am almost disposed to retract the distinction I have made between art and design in manufacture; at least, it draws me away further from your view of exact representation. How could you alter it? imagine instead of it a sheep, for it is its opposite, a cow, and if you please, the maid milking it, carved according to most exact life; you might admire the thing, but it would be turned out of this room.

NAT. And why, for I really think it would be an alteration for the better?

IDE. The why is, that I do not want the fatigue of comparison with the reality, where ornament, not picture, is intended; and while in this room I would shut out the farm-yard and all its pigs and sheep, delvers and diggers.

NAT. Now you turn from sober argument to wit, and throw an air of vulgarity into the representation, that need not be a part of it. Why not represent things in themselves more elegant; flowers, for instance, and fruit: you know the value of Gibbon's carving?

IDE. Gibbon's work is beautiful indeed, and he knew well how to manage his lights and shadows, to give boldness and delicacy too where required: you have brought a giant in that line of art to combat for you; but I will pit the dragonet against him; and in all that ideality, I can fancy that though he cuts off one head, another will peep out from some of the involutions of lines, and soon thrust out the perfect head, and hiss *secundem artem*. Besides, the whole thing is delightfully fantastic, and the depths and hollows and mazes of the lines are all of ornamental magic, to be converted *ad libitum* to any magical meaning: and, strange to say, fancy will do what comparison will not, and invest with life, understanding, and meaning, and purpose, those, to your view, unmeaning lines, more readily than the nicer judgment will admit those living qualities in things meant to be exact similitudes. We are ready to deny what is arrogantly assumed. Are those

pictures like the lions?" said the boy to the showman. "Like!" quoth he, "so much so, that you would not know one from the other." "Then," said the boy, "I will save my money." He had nothing left him to wonder at. Had the dragon been really like any thing, we should never wonder; now, you may look yourself into a maze of wild metamorphosis, and find truth and impossibility linked together to give you pleasure.

NAT. You really magnify the ornamental greatly—you surprise me; I should have thought you would have reserved all your ideality for the higher art—picture; but now, I find that, if imagination be the test of genius, there must be more of it in ornamental design.

IDE. No, by no means, I do not even intimate so much. Pictures must have distinct, more defined objects; their ideality is of a precise purpose, and must be united at the same time more closely to the exactness of nature, while they have an aim above it. Design in ornamental is best where little is done; in picture, where much. The mind must be in the picture—in the other, the mind is in yourself—if mind it should be called,—rather say fancy, which the character of ornament surely enables you to indulge in.

NAT. Now, then, I am glad to find you are coming round to my opinion. In art, then, in picture, you will at least call the artist to a strict account of the natural in his works—you will make him study nature, and nature alone, in all forms, particularly the human figure, the most beautiful of forms. Let us confine ourselves to picture, I will consider "schools of design" for our manufactures at another time. Let us have exact drawing from real things, and exact colouring too, perfect nature in the arts, meaning picture-painting; for where, as you say; there must be a more definite object, there must be nothing but precise truth.

IDE. But you forget this was agreed, if you would define precise truth correctly, and thus it is we argue in a circle; for as I expected, or as such was my meaning, precise truth may be more than the first visible and obvious truth. Exemplify it thus by a truly ideal painter in one respect, and not



at all so in another—Rembrandt. Often, in telling his story, his object is mystery, his figures may be ill-drawn, ill-conceived; no matter, he wishes not to draw you to them as to beautiful objects, but they tell as parts to throw into light and shade, and on which to vary his colour, so that you think not of them, but of the mystery—that is his object, he is *true* to that. His work, therefore, establishes the truth of mystery, to which he has occupied the minor truths—minor with him with regard to his object, though every thing in another painter of another aim. So you will see here, by your precise truth, perhaps you did not mean to include this ideal truth.

NAT. But do you not think Rembrandt's pictures would be better, if, in addition, there was the beautiful and correct drawing of the figure?

IDE. I fear to incur the charge of inculcating bad taste, but if compelled to decide, I must say—no. Perfect music may not be without a sacrifice to discord. A Venus and Apollo in their utmost beauty would offend in one of Rembrandt's deep mysteries—they would divide his subject. Where they are, they must have absolute dominion.

NAT. Well, there may be something in that—but you are flying from the purpose. I am not of a new opinion—the controversy is an old one, The Caracci first set up the school of naturalists. They saw in nature all that was wanted in art.

IDE. In obvious nature, did they? They presumed to do so, but in their better works stepped beyond the limits they professed to confine themselves within; and their predilection has even made their high fame and name of uncertain duration. The fame of the Caracci is not rising. But were not Correggio and Raffaello naturalists? Certainly they were, and idealists too—the great painter must be both; but I doubt if you do not, in referring to that controversy, somewhat leave your own ground. You widen the discussion. You forget, too, that your Caracci painted tritons, and sea-gods, and wood nymphs, dryads and hama-dryads, which they did not find in their academies—and, where they made them too human, they

lacked genius, and where shackled. The fact is, the art is universal; too wide is the field for these limits. We agree perfectly, if you assert that nature should be studied intensely, and with utmost accuracy; but when nature's forms leave you, that is external, shrink not from the ideal daring.

Nat. It is not that nature's forms leave you, but you leave them; and the examples you give, though from the naturalists the Caracci, are to my view absurdities. Who ever saw, or in a sane state imagined, tritons and mermaids, and *id genus omne*?—the impossibility of their existence is shocking. There cannot be, physically, anatomically, such a being as half-man half-fish: our actual knowledge rises up against the fabrication, and proclaims the cheat.

Ide. Not so fast—you assume too much; who ever saw is one thing, but who ever, in a sane state, imagined is another thing. I well tell you the sanest who imagined he saw

«A mermaid on a dolphin's back.»

Nay, the all-sane Shakspeare not only imagined he saw, but called the testimony of another sense; he heard her

«Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.»

You must not pass over the last line, the idea beyond the visible nature, giving, endowing with the anatomy of brain, and feeling, and sense of civility too, that which hath none. Nay more, the very stars are mad to hear the music—

«And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.»

So that you perceive that not only did Shakspeare imagine the mermaid, but gave the sea and the stars life, and understanding, and delight to hear her. I see you yield—be sure that, if you bring poetry into the argument, you are lost; for the art is poetry, only for words it uses forms and colours.

Nat. No, not quite the same—words hurry over the absurdities, but painting fixes them.

Ide. Painting only fixes what it selects, so that it must bear the blame, or assume the merit.

NAT. Even in poetry does not Horace decry the practice of imagining impossible conjunctions?

IDK. Certainly he does not—he only condemns the incongruous in character—the tigers and lambs—*not ut placidis coeant immitia*. The monster he called his friends to deride, was indeed an absurd jumble of odds and ends, that never could be imagined to be one being. The horse's neck, and the woman's head, and what beside?

NAT. You will not defend a Centaur, that worst of impossibilities; would any painter of sense now-a-days perpetrate such a subject?

IDK. Why not? I have seen a very beautiful picture, by Rubens, of the Centaur Nessus—the wounded Nessus; nor did Rubens think it a vile perpetration to paint the half-bull half-fish monster, rushing from the sea to destroy the chaste Hippolytus; nor do I think you would, upon reflection, disdain the beast; but Centaurs surely are a poetical conception, and of admitted, recognised fable.

NAT. Poetry run mad, and painting too, that adopts the fable. Do let me show you the absurdity. Here is a creature with two stomachs, the human and equine, and one mouth to maintain them both—the one body lives on hay, the other on flesh, and there cannot be, physically speaking, any union or communication between them. Is it possible to look at a picture of a Centaur, and not see and laugh at the folly or ignorance of the artist?

IDK. Well, you have put a very strong case—you have put the dissection of your own natural in a very striking, startling way; but if, notwithstanding that, I can make out a case for the Centaurs, the greater will be the triumph of art.

NAT. Admitted.

IDK. We hear a great deal of ignorance—it may be asked if knowledge, too, does not produce its morbid disease; and, be not offended, it may happen that your imagination is infected by it; and as one in the jaundice sees all things of one hue, so one under the knowledge of disease, may see, by too scrutinizing a view, through the beauty-covering to the

bones and sinews, and anatomize a Venus. It has been said, happy is he that does not know he has a stomach; we may say, doubly unhappy is he who, in looking at a picture of a Centaur, should discover that he has two. You are disenchanted by your knowledge, it has deadened your imagination. You would be incredulous of any fruit but pippins, in the fabulous Hesperides. You would bark in return at all Cerberus's heads, and pass on, never believing that you would meet the ghost of Achilles in the Elysian fields, and converse with him on glory. The waking dream of poetry must not be for you. You must always pass condemnation on our best poets and painters, if you cannot so master your mind as to throw it into a belief. What to you would be Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne, and the young Satyr-god dragging the captured head? What Raffaele's Archangel treading upon the Great Enemy? Would you not see the impossibility of make and muscle to support his wings, as you do that of the two-bodied Centaur? Poor Ovid! and all the poets and painters that have followed him, you would burn all their metamorphoses. The beautiful Circe, too, you will not acknowledge a swine of her making. You can pass with an unpalpitating heart between Scylla and Charybdis. But you are not to be envied. The fact is, in the better half of poetry we are not called upon to know but to believe—to believe even against knowledge; a belief that borrows more from our feelings, and perhaps our better ones, than from our understandings. You cannot love truly with this ever-vigilant, prying knowledge, for to do so you must take something for granted, and borrow a few fascinations from imagination. So, my good friend, if you go on at this rate, you will strip yourself bare indeed; you will have no confidence in hidden virtues. Go not to a theatre, for if the fit lasts, you will see nothing but the actors; you will not shed a tear over Lear and Cordelia, for you will know they are but mimes. Nay, you must hourly call yourself to task for the very language you use, lest you deal in hyperbole, in trope and figure. Now tell me, is not all this abandonment against your nature? you have really not considered the subject sufficiently. Are you prepared to

give up all that is shown; from the drift of your arguments, you must give up? Knowledge makes even charity cold; you had better give your pence to a good actor than discover every cheat. But be consistent; burn every work of imagination that demands of you a prior belief, (and you shall have a small library,) or admit even Centaurs within the pale of credibility.

NAT. You have lectured me finely, and have said as much for your Centaurs as can be said.

IDEA. By no means. There is much more to be said—the better half is unsaid; for even courts of justice bow to precedent—there is authority in their favour. Do you really forget the great statuary—the noble battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs? even, you see, in hard solid marble has the great idea been perpetuated. But I will give you an example in painting. Let us look for Lucian's description of the copy of a picture by Zeuxis, which he saw at Athens, of a female Centaur. Here it is.

NAT. And, with the original, hand down the translation. Franklin's, I see?

IDEA. I shall read it.

NAT. By all means.

IDEA. Thus, then, saith Lucian:—I will tell you a story of Zeuxis. That famous painter seldom chose to handle trite and common subjects, such as heroes, gods, and battles; but always endeavoured to strike out something new, and exerted all his art and skill upon it. Among other things he painted a female Centaur, with two young ones. There is an exact copy of it now at Athens; the original was said to have been sent into Italy by Sylla, the Roman general, and lost at sea with the whole cargo, somewhere, I believe, near Malta. The copy, however, I have seen, and will describe to you; not that I pretend to be a judge of pictures, but because when I saw it, in a painter's collection there, it made a strong impression on me, and I perfectly recollect every part of it. The Centaur is lying down on a smooth turf; that part which represents a mare is stretched on the ground, with the hind feet extended backwards; the fore feet not reaching out as

if she lay on her side, but one of them as kneeling, with the hoof bent under, the other raised up, and trampling on the grass, like a horse prepared to leap. She holds one of the young ones in her arms, and suckles it like a child at her woman's breast, and the other at her dugs like a colt. In the further part of the picture is seen a male Centaur, as watching from a place of observation, supposed to be the father, showing a lion's cub, which he lifts up as if to frighten the young ones in sport. With regard to correctness in drawing, the colouring, light and shade, symmetry, proportion, and other beauties of this picture, as I am not a sufficient judge of the art, I leave it to painters; whose business it is to explain and illustrate them. What I principally admire in Zeuxis, is his showing so much variety, and all the riches of his art, in the management of one subject, representing a man so fierce and terrible, the hair so nobly disheveled, rough and flowing over the shoulders where it joins the horse, and the countenance, though smiling, amazingly wild and savage. The female Centaur is a most beautiful mare of Thessalian breed, such as had been never ridden or tamed. All the upper part resembling a very handsome woman, except the ears, which are like a satyr's: that part of the figure, where the body of the woman joins to that of the horse, incorporating as it were insensibly, and by slow degrees, so that you can scarce mark the transition, *deceiving the sight most agreeably*. The ferocity that appears in the young ones, is moreover admirably expressed; as well as the childish innocence in their countenances when they look towards the young lion, clinging at the same time to the breast, and getting as close as possible to their mother. Does not this description reconcile you to the Centaurs even more than the Phrygian marbles? How admirably does Lucian criticise the picture, feeling every beauty! The Hippo-Centaur, looking on at his infants, and holding up the lion's cub to frighten them. The look, all wild and savage, of the laughing mountain man-beast. How well the man is defined, and the brute! How beautiful the female, and how well the human body blends with that of the horse. Lucian, and of course Zeuxis, you perceive, saw, as well as

you and all other naturalists, the impossibility of the junction of the two bodies, and directs your attention to the wonderful art with which you are cheated into a belief of it. Lucian claims as a merit what you would make an objection. How nicely he notices, particularly as being most wonderful in effect, the expression of the infants at the breast, still feeding, childish at the lion's cub, which the father is holding up to terrify them, and to observe the effects. Does not all this variety, the infants, and the incident of the lion's cub, avert your attention from any impossibility?—and how artfully managed? Zeuxis, Lucian tells us, was disgusted that the novelty of the subject only was admired, and not his mode of treating it. The mud, the dirt, of the art they only admire. All else but the novelty did Zeuxis in vain; yet not in vain, for you are judges of painting, and see every thing with a knowledge of art, provided it be worthy an exhibition. —

NAT. The description is at any rate beautiful, and I know you will take advantage of that admission, and say the description is the picture; so I must yield myself up, at least for the present, to believe any thing to be natural.

LOZ. That is more than I ask;—but come, Lucian had a sane judgment, loved pictures, and has given descriptions of a few—shall we look into them?—you will be called to believe more impossibilities. We will take his dialogue of Zephyrus and Notus—his picture; and Paul Veronese never painted better. • *Zephyrus*. Europa wandered to the sea-shore, to divert herself with her companions, when Jupiter, putting on the form of a bull, came and sported with them. Most beautiful did he appear, for he was milk-white, his countenance mild and gentle, and his horns turned back in the most graceful manner; he leaped and played about the shore, and lowed so delightfully, that Europa ventured to get upon him. Jupiter immediately ran off with her as fast as possible into the sea, and swam away. She was frightened out of her wits; with one hand laid hold of his horn that she might not fall off, and with the other took up her robes that were tossed about by the wind. • *Notus*. It must have been a charming sight, Zephyrus, to see Jupiter swimming and carrying his beloved. •

• *Zephyrus*. But what followed was still more delightful. The sea became placid, and, lulled as it were into tranquillity, resembled a smooth and unruffled plain; we, as silent spectators only, accompanied them. The loves, hovering round them, and sometimes just touching the waves with their feet, bore lighted torches, and sung hymeneals. The nereids, half-naked, rising from the water, rode on the backs of dolphins, and joined in the chorus of applause. The tritons and sea nymphs, all that the element could produce of grace or beauty, sported and sung around. Neptune himself, ascending his chariot with Amphitrite, led the way rejoicing, and was bridesman to his happy brother. Above all, two tritons carrying *Venus* reclining in her shell, and scattering flowers of every kind in the way before the bride: thus they proceeded from Phœnicia quite to Crete. When they arrived at the island, Jupiter appeared no longer in the form of a bull; but, in his own, taking *Europa* by the hand, led her blushing and with downcast eyes into the Dictæan cave. We returned to the sea; and, according to our several departments, moved the waves of it. • *Notus*. Happy, thrice happy art thou, *Zephyrus*, to have seen such a sight, whilst I was employed in looking at griffins, elephants, and blacks. Here are pictures that many have been painted after this description, in words and colours, and not the least worthy the fascinating *Ariosto*. There is, by-the-by, a pretty little Greek idyll taken from this tale of *Europa*, that *Gibson* the sculptor would make much of. It is of *Cupid* turned ploughman, and, while sowing, he sees and knows *Jupiter* in his bull form, looks back and threatens him, that if he doesn't mind what he is about, he will put his neck in the yoke. Is not this a subject for sculpture, the god-bull, what a form—and the arch-god love? • But you remember *Lucian's* picture of *Luna* and *Endymion*, in the dialogue between *Venus* and *Luna*. The Greek is all gentleness of most moonlight sleep, and silver-shaded light.

• You think *Endymion* then, said *Venus*, beautiful?

• *Luna*—To me, I confess he appears charming, especially when, throwing his garment on the rock, he goes to sleep, his arrows in his left hand, that seem drooping from him,



and his right supporting his head, and giving new lustre to his beautiful face. His breath, as he sleeps, is sweeter than ambrosia. Then come I down, as softly as possible, and treading on my tip-toes that I may not wake and disturb him! You know the rest, in short, I am dying for love of him. The latter part, in particular, is vilely translated. The Greek has the very softness and caution of the gentlest footing. Albano painted this, and sweetly! It was soft moonlight, and sleep, and love, and Dian's beauty.

NAT. But this is Lucian's picture of words, not his description of a picture actually painted.

ION. True—and if you are not tired of Lucian, we will turn to his description of a picture, which he says he saw in Italy. The picture is by Ætion—the marriage of Roxana and Alexander. Raffaello was so pleased with this description, that he painted a picture of it, which was hung in his own room. The only alteration made by Raffaello being, that he transferred the scene from an inner chamber to a camp.

Such was the perfection of the picture, that Proxenidas, the chief judge, was charmed with it to such a degree, that he gave Ætion, who was a stranger, his daughter in marriage!

The scene, says Lucian, is a handsome inner chamber, with a nuptial bed in it, on which Roxana, a most beautiful virgin, is reclining, with her eyes fixed on the ground, as ashamed of looking up to Alexander, who stands by her. She is attended by several smiling cupids, one of whom is behind, lifting up her veil, and discovering her beauties to the bridegroom; whilst another, in the character of a slave, pulls off her slipper, that she may lie down; another lays hold on Alexander's robe, and seems drawing him, with all his strength, towards the bride. He has a garland in his hand, which he offers to her. Hephestion stands close to him with a torch in his hand, and leaning on a beautiful youth, whom I take to be Hymen, though there is no name inscribed over him. In another part of the picture are a number of cupids sporting with Alexander's armour, two of them—like porters sweating under a burthen—carrying a spear, with two more at a little distance, one lying upon his shield, and borne like a

king in triumph, by several who take hold of the handles of it, whilst the other gets into his coat-of-mail, and conceals himself, as if with a design to frighten the rest if they come that way; nor are these sports without design, as the artist meant by them to point out the hero's passion for war, and to show that how much soever he might be in love with Roxana, he had not forgot his arms. The picture, it may be observed, had something nuptial in it, which might recommend Ætion to the daughter of Proxénidas, as the marriage of Alexander was a type of his own, and the hero, whose wedding was represented, a kind of bridesman to the painter, who went away equally happy. This of Franklin's is not the most elegant translation; but does it serve to reconcile you to the machinery of cupids, which, unless you have advanced, are a step or two beyond your limits of the natural?

NAT. I see you are determined to decide for me; but has not this same Lucian a description of a portrait, and a defence of the flattery, in which there is no such cupid machinery?

IND. The Portrait, which is so much a work for the painter that the translator humbly inscribed the translation to his friend the great portrait painter of England, Sir Joshua Reynolds. But are you quite correct as to the machinery? It is not a description, but directions how to paint it; and all art, all beauty, all wisdom, gods, goddesses, the most noted philosophers, and most fascinating of woman kind, are called upon to contribute, even Dædalus and his wings, which, by-the-by, offers the translator an opportunity of a far grosser flattery than could be charged against his original; and is certainly a specimen of the bathos. Thus, in a note on Dædalus's wings, he says:—This is to the last degree elegant: the whole description is, indeed, inimitable. It is perhaps impossible for an English reader at the present juncture, to read the latter part of it without applying it to the best of women, our own amiable and beneficent Queen Charlotte. The passage that called out this nonsense runs, and thus she also gains universal admiration, for all wish those wings may ever remain unhurt which scatter blessings on every side of them; and by this, you, my friend Naturalist, will learn

two things—that *The Portrait* does refer to things a little out of your nature, and that flattery will never want an avenue to enter in at. And you may perhaps add, that what was impossible for an English reader at one juncture, is very possible at another; and thus you may be led to question some other of your impossibilities.

NAT. You certainly do not consider any conceptions good and worthy of representation, but those of a sound mind. For that, sanity, is necessary to a genius. Yet you must admit—for, as a strong case, I return to the Centaurs—that the conception of these monsters arose from terror, which is not the same state of the mind. It is a state in which we see things not as they are. The enemy that first made their appearance descending from the hills on horseback, in the terror caused by the strangeness of the object, were taken, man and horse, for one creature. Here fear set aside reason; and it is surely doubly absurd to perpetuate, when reason returns, what could only be conceived in the absence of reason.

LEX. Well, we will say that terror was the parent of the idea; but I cannot admit that terror is not a sane state of the mind; it is the very condition of human nature to be subject to terror—moreover, it is enough for my purpose in the argument to show that it is natural. To express the ideas that the mind naturally under any circumstances conceives, is legitimate to the province of poetry and painting. Nor are you prepared to say that the mind in a state not sane, may not conceive ideas grand and beautiful, and such as might find a ready reception in all minds, and create for themselves a sufficient belief. But mark how some action given to the creature, shall bring forward the power and grandeur of it, so as at once to take out of you the conceit of your knowledge, that the creature never could be. You see it has life and motion, and you question no farther.

Ceu duo Nubigenæ cum vertice montis ab alto  
 Descendunt Centauri; Homolem Othrynque nivalem  
 Linquentes cursum rapido: dat euntibus ingens  
 Sylva locum, lætæque cellæ Vagula fragore.—*Virgil*  
 Here you see two horned creatures, from the brow of

a lofty hill, descend. You know not what—you wonder, are amazed—are prepared for something extra-human, and the next word tells you they are Centaurs. Then you see them in their rapid course—too rapid to allow you to scrutinize their forms—quitting Homole and the snowy Othrys, they enter the woods, the woods give way as they pass, and you hear nothing but the crash of branch and leafage. Away they fly. The vision has passed; but the remembrance of it never; and will you coolly turn round, and swear you could have seen nothing for the creatures must have had each two stomachs, and think it an impossibility? We are all apt to yield a more ready belief to fancy, than you give even yourself the credit for doing. It is natural—we begin it with infancy, and if we lose the power, it is only in a morbid state of knowledge. Some are fearful we shall believe too much in works of fancy—you too little for enjoyment. Bottom thought that Snug, the joiner, should show half his face through his lion's mane, and advertise himself to the ladies as a man, as other men are, for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living. After all, it is better to give a little credit to fancy, one's own or of others, than to stick and flounder in the mire of what we choose to term realities. It is a pleasant refuge, sometimes, from the damp dispiriting streets and alleys, and vexatious business of every-day life, to go off with fancy to the woods and wilds, to the sea and to the rivers, that are not within geographical limit, to see the pastimes of Silenus and his satyrs, wood nymphs and water nymphs, to hear, as Wordsworth says in one of his sonnets, old Triton wind his wreathed horn, and see Brôteus coming from the sea and gathering his phœbe around him. Keep your fancy healthy whatever you do, and do not take every waking dream for a symptom of disease. We are, as I think Wordsworth says, too much of the world, and the world is too much with us. Come and race with that wild Bacchanle, that on a Centaur's back is goading him on with a thyrsus. Do you doubt its reality, because you see it is a copy from a picture from Pompeii or Herculaneum? Then you will be happier in your dreams if you can keep up the

chase, and even when you wake, believe it to be one of the truths of nature. 'For so to interpose a little ease, let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.'

NAT. Farewell then, you have more than half brought on somnambulism, for I feel myself sleepy.

(BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

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## JOHN BULL IN TARTARY. (')

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HAJJI BABA,' 'ZOHRA,' ETC.

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In various parts of Tartary are to be found small Khans and Chieftains, who, though nominally under the dominion of the kings of Persia or Bokhara, are in fact independent chiefs. Their seclusion from the world renders them totally ignorant of what is doing in it beyond their own immediate dependence; despotic in their sway, the principal object of their lives is plunder and man-stealing.

It was in the courtyard of the habitation of one of these chiefs, situated in a small fortified village, that, in the early dawn of a spring morning, two individuals met: the one a Persian Mirza or man of the pen, Timour by name; the other, Omar, was a tall, heavy man, and appeared just come off a journey, armed at all points.

Timour, with surprise in his countenance, greeted the other, saying, 'Omar Aga, welcome! your place has been empty. What news?'

'Well found, O mirza!—what news do you ask? Here are strange things come to pass. We have seen marvellous things!

(') The following tale was suggested by reading Lieut. Burnes' Travels in Bokhara.  
VOL. III.

we have taken many prisoners ; amongst them one such as has never before been seen in Tartary. We were on the very verge of the desert, posted behind that hill with which you are acquainted, commanding the road from Meshed, when we saw, in the very first 'call of the morning,' a cloud of dust, and heard the camel-bells. 'Here is the caravan,' said we as we seized our lances, and we immediately prepared to attack. Our chief rode on a-head, and having reconnoitred, came back, exclaiming, '*Bismillah!* in the name of the Prophet, let us kill.'

• Well, we attacked, and exclaiming, '*Yallah!*' fell upon them like the arrow from the bow. We were all lions. I was a male lion ; by your soul I was wonderful. Very soon everything fled from before us; the camels only remained, and one man—man shall I call him? one of the strangest-looking beings, with clothes fitting tight to his body, a black thing like a cauldron on his head, with a white face and smooth chin ; and there he stood, sword in hand, ready to bid defiance to our whole company. He spoke a stranger jargon ; crying out, 'Dam ! dam ! off ! off !' and so fierce did he look, that we did not like to approach him like other men ; when, little by little, we surrounded him, and falling upon him, bound his hands, and seized upon everything he had. *Mas-hallah!* how we did beat him !

• *Ajaib!* wonderful ! said Timour. • Who and what is he ?

Omar answered, • What know I? Some say he is a Frank, — one of the nation without faith, and worthy of death ; others, that he is a magician going to Hind, coming from the pilgrimage at Badkoo. •

• Does he talk our language? • inquired the mirza.

• Yes, a little ; like a calf beginning to low, • said Omar. • You have heard of the Siamorg, the great bird of the mountain ; you have heard of Eblis, or the Devil ; you have heard of the beast with a cow's head and a fish's tail ; well, he is a thousand times more extraordinary than all these. •

• Does he wear a beard like us? • said the mirza.

«A beard he does wear, indeed,» said Omar; «but, then, it is not on his chin,—it is on the top of his head.»

«Allah! Allah!» exclaimed Timour, «that must be a lie!»

«As you live, and by your soul, I swear that I do not lie. He has eyes, nose, and mouth, like ourselves, it is true; but what can I say about the other parts of his body? He is so tightly-buttoned up, and fitted in, that he looks as if he had no skin; he took one skin off his hands, and might have taken off a second for what I know.»

«Is he a mussulman?» said Timour.

«What can I say?» rejoined the other; «he never thinks of washing, or saying his prayers.»

«Strange!» exclaimed the scribe. «Had he any gold about him? Was it taken from him?»

«Gold! what say you?» cried Omar. «He had plenty; we stripped him in an instant as clean as my head; he wore a girdle full of gold; he had many things, which have all been secured for the Khan. But, see here,» pulling out from his breast a golden locket, containing hair, suspended to a piece of riband, — «see here; I took this to myself, for I had the stripping of him. What can this be? there is hair—old hair withinside.»

«It must be the hairs of one of his saints,» said Timour, with great gravity, inspecting the trinket for several minutes. «So these infidels have saints, have they! I will defile the graves of such saints. But, where have you put him, Omar Aga?»

«He is confined hard by in the castle, well guarded.»

The mirza, brim-full of this news, hurried off to the Vizier, his master; whilst Omar Aga, overpowered by the fatigue of long journey, was glad to retire to his *obah*.<sup>(1)</sup>

The unfortunate Frengi, or European, the subject of this conversation, was an English gentleman, who had determined to travel to India overland, and was one of that sturdy race, who, in defiance of the experience of others, are resolved not to depart one iota from their usual modes of life as to dress,

(1) A Tartar or Turcoman camp is called the *obah*.

equipage, and hours ; avowing that all precaution was beneath the character he bore, and that all submission to native customs was sheer prejudice. He had succeeded in reaching Meshed, the sacred, in safety, and it was not till the fatal moment of the attack of the Turcomans, that he felt how great had been his imprudence and folly ; for, ere he could look around and determine what to do, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of a ruthless band of savages, his servants fled, and his baggage dispersed to the four winds of heaven.

The scene which presented itself at the castle-gate in the morning, after the return of the Tartars from their excursion, was full of interest. About three hundred men, dusty, way-worn, armed with sword, lance, bows and arrows, and some with fire-arms, were seated or standing about in groups ; their horses equally jaded, whilst a collection of wretched-looking Persians, chained and bound, who, in addition to the Englishman, had been made prisoners, were huddled together in a body, all awaiting the inspection of the great Khan or Chief. The hour for this ceremony was now fast approaching, and the Yesaouls, or heralds, were busily preparing for his reception. At one end of the court was the hall of audience, a room supported in front by two wooden pillars, carpeted with rude felts ; in the corner of which was spread a tiger's skin, marking the post of honour, the place where the chieftain was to be seated. Everything that surrounded him wore a beggarly appearance. The house was built of sun-burnt bricks whitewashed, the courtyard unpaved, with here and there a few stunted bushes ; his attendants were clothed in coarse brown cloth and sheep-skins, and the surrounding country appeared a desert ; still he was one of those of whom it has been said, that after he had eaten his dinner, and washed his hands, a herald was sent to proclaim, " Now that the King of Kings is satisfied, the rest of the monarchs of the earth are at liberty to sit down to their meals."

At length the cry of "*Khan geldy!*" (the Khan is come) was heard, and soon all the dignitaries were at their posts. The chief himself then made his appearance : a square high-



shouldered man, with the true Tartar face, flat forehead, high and broad cheek-bones, small eyes, running up obliquely into the side of his head; a thin peaked chin, from which sprouted a very scanty beard. His countenance was fierce, and wore an ominous bad look. His principal distinction, in point of dress, was an enormous pair of boots with high heels, drawn up above his knees; and, as he walked, or rather tottered, towards his seat, (without thinking of taking them off, as is usual,) he sat down upon the tiger's skins,—no bad emblem, be it said, of himself. The vizier having announced the return of the marauders, and given an explicit and numerical detail of the prisoners they had made, the captain, accompanied by Omar Aga, the second in command, came forward, and heard their Chief say, « *Aferin! Aferin!* well done! O commander of a hundred!—And you, his *Naib*, or deputy, you have rendered good service. Your faces are white: you have come back with fair countenances. »

Among those who stood before the Chief must not be forgotten a *Khojah*, or priest, a man of great influence, and an *Aksakal*, or white beard, the principal elder of the tribe, who were appealed to for their opinions on all occasions of difficulty.

As soon as the Persian prisoners had been inspected and dismissed, with the greatest part of the marauders, the Vizier announced the capture of a new species of man, « One, » he said, « whom Allah had made, no doubt, for a very good purpose; but that he, for one, could not tell wherefore,—none such having ever been seen in Tartary before. Upon this, the Englishman was brought forward, until he stood immediately facing the Khan; his hands in his coat-pockets; his head erect; and his hat independently fixed on one side. As soon as the Chief perceived him, he exclaimed—

« What is that? Is it a man? »

« As I am your sacrifice, » said the vizier, « it is a Frank—one of those who live further than the end of the world—beyond the Russ. »

The Chief, now raising his voice, said to the Englishman, « You, who are you? Can you speak? »

« I am an Englishman—an *Ingliz*, » said the prisoner.

After a pause, the Chief said to his prisoner, "Have you got a country?"—"I have," said the other.

"What, — with trees, and houses, and men and women in it."

"Yes," said the Englishman, "we have got all that."

"Have you a government?"—"Yes, a government too."

"Does a king reign over you?"—"No, a queen—a woman."

Upon which the Chief, turning to his vizier, said, "Lies! lies!"

"I say no lies," said the Englishman.

"What do you eat in your country?"

"We eat beef, mutton, bread, and vegetables," said the prisoner.

"Do you eat *pillao*, and drink camel's milk?"

"No," said the other.

"It is plain they are beasts," said the Chief to his vizier.

"Do you smoke the *kalian*?"—"No, replied the Englishman.

"Beasts again," said the Chief. "Have you melons like ours?"

"No."

"Have you any horses in your country?"—"I believe we have!" said the Englishman.

"Have you any camels?"—"No," said the other.

"Beasts again," responded the Chief.

"Do you eat of the unclean beast—the hog?"

"We do," said the Englishman, nothing daunted.

"Beasts worthy of death! Eh! what say you?" said he, turning towards his priest.

"Curses be on all infidels! Curses on all the unclean of the earth!" said the priest. "Worthy of instant death!"

After a long pause, the Chief addressed the Englishman again:—

"Have you but little cloth in your country?"

"Plenty," said the prisoner.

"Then why do you make your clothes so tight?"

"It is the custom," said the prisoner.

"Have you no beards in your country?"

"We have, but we cut them off."

«Do you believe in our holy Prophet, upon whom be peace and blessing?»——«We do not,» said the Englishman, bravely.

«Curses be on the infidel!» said the priest, blowing over each shoulder to keep off impurity.

«Wherefore did you travel hitherward?» said the Chief.

«I am going to India.»

«Does a woman govern Hind too?»——«She does,» said the Englishman.

«*Yalan!* lies!» exclaimed the Chief.

«What! the country conquered by Nadir, owned by Shah Jehan, governed by the daughter of a Frengi infidel!» exclaimed Timour the scribe, no longer able to contain his astonishment. «That cannot be. He is the grand-father of lies!»

«He lies! he lies! he lies!» was exclaimed by all around.

«Perhaps they are magicians, these Franks; *Allah bilir*, God only knows,» said the Chief, extremely puzzled what to make of his prisoner, and not knowing exactly how to dispose of him to his own advantage. He was about dismissing him from his presence, when the Englishman, lifting up his voice, said, «Let me ask, O Khan, wherefore have you made me prisoner, and stolen my goods from me? I have done nothing against you. My country is not at war with yours. This is not right. You must allow me to depart, and restore my property.»

The Chief, as well as the vizier and others of his court, were startled at this speech, and a long pause ensued, when the Chief said, «*Bakalum* — we will see. You will receive good treatment. We will send you fruit, camel's milk, and a lamb with a fat tail. Go, and make your mind easy.»

The Chief would have broken up the assembly; but his curiosity to inspect what had been taken from the Frank being too intense to be postponed, the various articles were brought in, and displayed before him and his court. First were exhibited the articles found on his person,—a watch, a knife, sketch-book, a pocket-compass, pencils, and other small things often found in a gentleman's pockets. They seemed to know the use of the watch, although the article before them,

compared to the ponderous ones used and prized by the people of the East, was so small, that they despised it as a child's toy. What attracted their principal attention was the sketch-book, where they found a great variety of drawings, — portraits of men and women, of horses, and things illustrative of the East. They laughed maliciously at the portraits of Persians.

• See! • said one, • see! here is a lying *Kizzil bash* — red head. May his house be ruined. Look at his curls! *Aman! Aman!* wonderful things are here! • — • As I live, • said another, • here is our Omar Aga! See, his little eyes! See, his cap! — that is his very cap. This man must be a magician! Allah! Allah! And a horse! — look at this horse! See, the bridle, the stirrups, the saddle, and the saddle-cloth! He is a *Shaitan* — a devil! •

Thus did they wonder at and criticise everything that came before them, until the heavier part of the plunder was brought forth and exhibited. The camel, which carried the canteen and the bedding, had fallen a prey to the marauders; but the remainder of the baggage had escaped. The canteen, after many awkward attempts, having been opened, every article which it contained, one by one, was displayed before the Chief, who, together with his surrounding courtiers, in utter ignorance of the use of the things which it contained, turned them over and over, like a company of happy monkeys frolicking amongst cocoa-nuts. They all looked about for something to taste. One lout gulped down a draught of ketchup from the cruets; another appealed to his prophet in lamentation, after having filled his mouth with cayenne pepper; and a third, having tossed off a whole bottle of ink, was seen shortly after, with bitter curses, throwing off black streams from his stomach. Such varieties of excitement had never before been witnessed in Tartary. But the thing which, above all others, attracted their attention, and baffled their powers of comprehension, was the patent brass travelling bedstead. When taken out of its case, it lay before them in disjointed parcels, exciting their cupidity by the brilliancy of its polish, and flattering the rapacious old Chief, that he was the possessor

of so many bars of solid gold. When they attempted to put it together, to discover what might be its use, a most extraordinary scene took place, — some pulling one thing, some another; at one time setting the machinery up perpendicularly, at another horizontally.

• Where is the Frank? • at length roared out the much-bepuzzled Chief. The Englishman, having been brought in all haste, was soon entreated to satisfy their curiosity. He did not hesitate to do so, seeing that he might be benefited by civility; and he accordingly put his bed together, placing the curtains over it, and spreading the hair-mattress in its appointed place. The bed was adopted as the future throne of the Chief, upon which he was immediately seated and enshrined; and, by way of completing the farce, the blankets were transformed into cloaks, one of which soon graced the person of the Khan, whilst the counterpane was carried before him by his groom as a saddle-housing.

The excitement having ceased, the Chief became anxious to settle the destination of his prisoner.

• What is an Ingliz good for? • inquired the Chief. • Can he tend camels? Can he look after sheep? Can he weave tents or make carpets? Can he ride, go on a *chappao*, wield a lance, kill, slay, and bind a prisoner? Can he sow and reap? Who knows what he may be good for? Speak—tell me, you Timour, who have seen the world. •

• If you will allow your slave to speak, • said Timour the scribe, • I will make a representation of such things as I have heard in Persia. These Ingliz are men that possess bits of the world in every portion of it, — north, east, west, or south, there they are, buying, selling, fighting, praying, improving, destroying, — in short, they are to be found in everybody's business; so much so, that when an Englishman appears, one must say *Penah be Khoda!* — trust in God! But what I have heard them to be mostly famous for, is broad cloth and penknives; they can all make broad-cloth and penknives; of that I am certain; they can also make chintz, and white pots, pans, and plates; therefore, if my humble advice be followed, your slave would say, let him make cloth. •

• You have not said ill, • said the Chief, • by my head, you have not said ill—*bakalum!*—let us see. Now, khojah, now, O priest! tell me your opinion. •

• May I be your sacrifice, • said the holy man, • my word can only be given in conformity with the injunctions of the blessed Koran. The infidel has confessed that he believes not in our holy prophet, therefore, what is left for him but death—*Katl! Katl!*—let him die, that is my word. • The Chief listened with attention to the words of his counsellors, and when they had done speaking there ensued a pause; but it was evident that his heart was set upon broad cloth. He, therefore, said • All you have said is good—God be praised. He may be a magician, he may be worthy of death, and he may have the evil eye; but if he makes cloth, he is the man for us. We require cloth—I want a cloak—the troops want clothes—and we shall all be benefited; therefore, let us instantly order him to begin. You, O Timour, you will immediately undertake that service. Go—I have said. •

Timour, the scribe, made a low inclination of the body, said, • Upon my eyes be it, • and left the presence. He went straight to where the Englishman was confined, and informed him of the decree that had gone forth concerning him.

The Englishman stood in utter surprise. • Cloth! • he exclaimed. • What makes you think I can make cloth? I am a man of the pen—a traveller—one who goes about seeing things. I wear cloth, but I do not make it. •

• What news is this? Are you run mad? • said the mirza. • Do you wish to be treated like a slave? Do you wish to die? You must begin this very moment. •

• What dirt do you eat? • said the Englishman. • Am I a silkworm or a spider, that I can at a moment's notice sit down and spin from my body and make cloth, as they make silk or web? Such a thing has never been seen. Go tell the Khan that I have no objection to make cloth, if he provide me with wool from his flocks, a spinning machine, and a loom in which I can weave it; when all is prepared, I will with pleasure make as much cloth as you like. • Timour looked

disappointed ; but went his way to represent the state of the case to the Chief.

• You have eaten dirt, mirza, » said the Chief. • Wherefore did you say that the Ingliz can make cloth without materials, when, if we had all the Frank requires, we could make it as well as they ? It is plain that he is a man like another. We must send him to the *obah*, and make him do good service. Let him feed the dogs, and churn the butter. He must make *roghun* (preserved butter), and earn his maintenance. »

Upon this, the vizier was ordered to send the miserable man to the nearest *obah*, there to be set to work in some of the various employments to which slaves were usually appointed.

The Englishman was conducted to a large encampment, the tents of which consisted of a framework of the bee-hive form, covered over with thick felts, variously ornamented about the doorway with tassels and embroidery. These, collected in considerable numbers, pitched without a plan, contained a large community, whose principal occupation consisted in taking care of their horses, looking to their arms, and lounging about in idle state, whilst the domestic concerns, and all the various details of the sheep and cattle tending, and their produce, devolved upon the women.

The whole encampment turned out to gaze at the stranger, particularly the women, who, with faces unveiled (for such is the Tartar custom), flocked, with looks of curiosity and interest, to take a minute survey of him. The dogs of the *obah*, which were numerous and fierce, darted upon him with savage fury, and would have torn him to pieces had he not been protected ; but, what was his dismay when he was informed, that his duties for the future were to look after these very dogs, to feed them, and to be ever on the alert at night, when they were more than usually clamorous and violent !

His life passed on in dull uniformity, looking after the dogs, occasionally varied by shaking the skins in which the milk was enclosed to make butter.

One day he perceived that a great sensation of distress and uneasiness was pervading the camp, and discovered that there was sickness in the case. A maiden, the most beautiful, and

the most beloved of her friends and her parents, lay desperately ill. She was the niece of the chief, daughter of the very head man of the *obah* of which he himself was the slave. He saw that the poor folks were in the uttermost distress. Every charm and spell that could be invoked had been put into requisition. At length, as a last resource, it occurred to the Chief and his family that the Frank, who belonged to a nation always famous in Asia for their knowledge of medicine, might suggest some remedy; and Timour, the scribe, was ordered to question him. He found the prisoner quite at home among his dogs, having acquired such an ascendancy over them, that they sank at his feet the moment he gave them the signal to be quiet. The wily Persian approached him with a cringing aspect, and made demonstrations of friendship, which were quite at variance with the treatment he had received.

The Englishman could scarcely contain his indignation at the duplicity of the Persian, but thought it right to restrain his feelings, and answered him with the usual forms of speech.

"May your shadow never be less," said he drily. "What news is there?"—"The Chief has commanded me to say," answered the mirza, "that Franks are good men: that the Ingliz, in particular, are good men: men of understanding, of wit, of accomplishment; the lords of science and learning, knowers of things, and ready of service, good servants, and layers down of life."

"May your shadow never be less," again said the Englishman, with a smile.

"He told me—go to the Englishman; tell him we feel great friendship and condescension for him," he said; "I am not a man like other men, who say, and do not; I am going to do. I will send fruit, camel's milk, lamb, and melons, every day, if necessary."

"There is no harm in that," said the Englishman.

"He says, moreover, that all Franks have a knowledge of medicine, that with that eye of theirs they can look straight into the heart, and see whether it aches or not; that with a



word, or a glance, or a little bit of white dirt, they cure the most violent disorder. It is so?" said the mirza.

"What can I say?" said the other. "It has never come to my knowledge that it is so."

"Now," continued the mirza, with a most insinuating look, "it has so fallen out, that in this very *obah* there is a weak one, a maiden, one whom the Chief loves, a virgin fairer than the moon, the delight of her parents, who is sick—dying—will die, if you do not help her. She has nothing left but Allah and you. Now the Chief says to you, 'O Ingliz! go and cure.' And, if you do cure her, anything that you desire is yours! Do you require my *musnud*?—it is yours. Do you wish for my beard?—it is yours; have you set eyes on my favorite horse?—take it, and welcome! Speak! let me take back your answer, but do not say no."

The Englishman, who already felt much concern for the poor people, seeing how great was their distress, was not slow in giving his answer. He said, "He would do his best; but that his success depended mainly upon finding certain medicines and other objects contained in his canteen-case, of which he had been despoiled."

With this answer, Timour hurried back to the Chief, who forthwith gave orders that the Englishman should have free access to his canteen, and take therefrom anything he might desire. Upon opening it, he first seized upon his pocket-compass and a map, necessary, as he assured the mirza, who accompanied him, to make astronomical observations, preparatory to his visit to the patient. He then sought out for the medicines, which he found untouched. He also took possession of a box containing *lucifers*, or instantaneous lights, which, he affirmed, were infallible nostrums; and thus equipped, he was conducted to the bed of the sick maiden. He found the tent in which she lay filled with women, creating a temperature by their presence that of itself would produce illness. On a couch spread on the floor, upraised by large pillows, lay the most graceful form of a young female, with a flush of fever on her face, which, although possessing the characteristics of the Tartar countenance, was full of charm,

and exhibited so much patience, gentleness, and resignation, that it excited at once the whole sympathy of the Englishman. After feeling the pulse, his first order was for every one instantly to leave the tent, and thus admit fresh air; an order which he was obliged to enforce almost by dint of stick; so strongly opposed were the old Tartar grayheads to this new doctrine,—for they looked upon fresh air and death as synonymous. He then administered some of those preparatory remedies, known to every one who ever has had a finger-ache in England; and straightway took his leave, ordering such simple drinks as had a diluent and refreshing effect.

After this act, he found that his own situation was much improved in the *obah*; and he had the satisfaction to find that his first essay as a doctor proved eminently successful. Upon his second visit he found his patient considerably relieved, though still suffering from fever. Following up his treatment, with other measures equally successful, he was charmed to find in a few days, that he had been able to dispel the fever, and that his patient was restored to life and her parents. Roshunek, for that was her name, was, indeed, when in health, a creature capable of inspiring the tenderest sentiments in many a heart besides that of a Tartar or Turcoman. She was a true child of nature, a flower of the desert, a creature little known in the artificial atmosphere of civilized life. She was without guile, and, strange to say in a land of falsehood and deceit, as true as the sun.

The Chief, in the meanwhile, was struck with admiration at the talents displayed by the English prisoner as a doctor, and he soon determined that so great a prize should not be lost to him. With the advice of his vizier, and other courtiers, it was resolved that he should be released from his menial situation, and everything done to attach him to his tribe. To that effect, he was first honoured by a *kalaat*, or dress of honour, accompanied by the present of a horse; he next was to be presented with a wife, and installed in a tent, with proper attendants to wait upon him. These resolves were duly communicated to him, and he was invited to an interview with the Chief himself, who, with his own lips, was to

confirm the extent of the happiness about to be conferred upon him.

• You are welcome, • said the Chief. • *Mashallah!* you have made your face white,—that is what I call being a man. You are become one of us. Everything shall be provided for you. You have saved our child. We are not beasts, without feeling. Make your soul easy. • The Englishman answered, • May your shadow never be less! I have but one desire, which is, to return to my own country. Take all I have, and I will pay still more; but let me go. •

• What words are these? • said the Chief. • Is there anything you lack? Are you not to have a wife? Are you not to live in a tent? Are horses not to be had? Lambs will be killed every day. Every day *pillao*. What can you want more? We are your friends. •

• May your shadow never be less! • again said the Englishman. • I have said; what more can I say? • Upon this he took his leave, and was conducted with increased distinction to a handsome tent, well-carpeted, fitted up expressly for his home, and where as good a dinner as could be procured in Tartary was served up to him and other guests, he being treated as king of the feast..

It was soon known throughout the *obah*, and, indeed, throughout the neighbouring encampments, that the Chief was about to bestow a wife upon the Frank doctor. The priest expostulated, and said death was too good for the despiser of their prophet, and the unbeliever of their sacred word. All opposition, however, broke down before the acknowledged benefit of possessing a man among them who could cure all disorders. But the women could place no bounds to their indignation; for one of them was to be sacrificed to public expediency; and the question arose who was to be the victim? It was unanimously agreed that he should be put off with some old dame, who could not be mated in any other manner. Amidst all this ferment, one heart pined in retirement; the owner of that heart was ready to abandon every prospect in life, provided she might become the privileged partner of him whom every other woman appeared so anxious to reject.

The Englishman was still permitted to visit his patient; and, there being no restriction of veil, as in other parts of Asia; to prevent his gazing on her face, he was not long in discovering the secret which filled her breast. His first sensation upon this discovery was deep regret. How could he encourage the love of one who might pay for it with her life? The very suggestion of such a possibility was appalling. Still, how inconsistent is the mind of man under the pressure of temptation! what his good sense condemned, his heart cherished. He daily saw the Tartar maiden; he was witness to the unaffected workings of her affections; she had no disguise; her sentiments were those of innocence and purity; her beauty was far too dangerous to be gazed upon with impunity; and with his best exertions he could not dispel a constant desire and longing to be in her company, enjoying the pleasure of feeling himself beloved. After vainly endeavouring to shun her presence, he found himself by her side, uttering vows of the most ardent passion, and receiving the expression of her eternal affection in return.

But he was not long left in the possession of his elysium. Soon after he had received the vows of eternal love from his beloved Roshunek, he was informed by Timour, that on that very day he was to prepare himself to receive the wife which the Chief, in his extreme condescension, had allotted to him; and scarcely had the words been spoken ere a female on horseback, veiled, and attended by two women attendants, stood at the door of his tent, and prepared to dismount. His habitual courtesy of manner did not allow him to be rude,—and he was, therefore obliged to conceal the intensity of his displeasure,—this moderation having been interpreted favourably, the lady without more ado, proceeded to unveil, and to take possession of her new habitation. In so doing she disclosed to the astounded Englishman the face and form of an old hag,—hard-featured, weather-beaten, and repulsive. He then began to exclaim in right earnest, —“This cannot be! What is this? Am I a dog, that you give me a wife at a moment’s notice?—one I never saw before. I want no wife, I wish to live alone. Take back your tent, and your presents. Let me be a slave again.”

“But recollect the Chief—the Khan,” said Timour; “he must be obeyed.”

“I will not obey,” said the Englishman, fumbling in his breast for something hidden. “I can do strange things if you oppress me to excess. I am not a man like other men: if once I fire up, Allah have mercy upon you! Now beware! Stand out of my way! Here I go! I am on fire!” Upon which, slyly making use of his instantaneous lights, he set fire to several of the matches at once, and produced such a flash, and a blaze, and so sulphureous a scent, that Timour bounded out of the tent, roaring out to the utmost extent of his lungs, followed by the woman, who ran away, and never again appeared. Such a disturbance ensued in the camp after this occurrence, that none would approach the Englishman’s tent. The fright with which he inspired the Persian mirza, was caught by all the Tartar men and women; and it was now a generally-received opinion that the Englishman was a fiery necromancer,—a man of explosions,—a demon,—one who could set fire to the earth, and swallow up all the Turcomans in his consuming smoke. The Chief, also, became alarmed, for in common with his countrymen, he was extremely credulous and open to superstition; consequently, he called a council to know what was to be done.

“We must have patience,” said the vizier, “perhaps, his fire will extinguish, and by good treatment he will be brought to reason. Should he require a wife, such a man will get one from the stars, or, perhaps, from the moon; if not, he blows her out of his tent, as he did his last. We must do everything but let him go. It is plain he is a great good, or a great evil.”

The Khan then announced, that “In order to appease his wrath, he would go in form to visit him, propitiating him first by a present;” an intention which was lauded by every one, excepting by the priest, who, in a whisper, attended by a horizontal motion of his hand, did not cease to say “*Katl! Katl!—kill! kill!*”

The Chief and his followers were evidently ill at ease in the tent of the prisoner, particularly Timour, the scribe, who,

twitching his nose about all the while, was convinced that he smelt sulphur, and stood uneasily in his place, like one on the crater of a volcano, expecting an eruption. After the usual compliments had passed, the Khan began a course of flattery, which was taken up by the vizier, and continued by Timour.

• It is plain, • said he, • that Franks are a nation unlike other nations; that all their men are wise,—or, if they have fools, they stay at home, whilst the wise ones travel. See our friend here, whoever saw such sense; such science. Not requiring a wife, he straightway expelled her: we also are not without sense, for seeing that he does not want a wife, we have withdrawn her; he is at liberty to act as he pleases; he is our friend; he has cured our child; we are his servants; his sense is our sense; his science is our science; his friends are our friends; and his enemies are our enemies. •

The Englishman answered,—Yes, certainly, • and • upon my eyes. • Having said these words, he continued, • Speak, O Khan! chief of these men, speak! am I at liberty to go? •

The Chief upon this appeal to himself, half alarmed, and half uncertain what to do, spoke largely of *shesaket* and friendship, and generalised upon the social affections, but avoided giving a decided answer; when the Englishman, in undisguised language, announced to him all sorts of misfortunes—the burning of his tents, the laying waste of his fields, and the destruction by fire (of which he was the master) of everything that crossed his path. • To such language and such threats, confirmatory, as they were, of the account given by Timour of his capacity to put them into execution, they could give no other answer than that of consent, so reluctantly yielded, however, as to show the prisoner that the promise would be evaded in every possible manner.

In the meanwhile the gentle, though ardent Roshunek, who had almost died of grief on hearing of the wife who had been proposed to her beloved, became overjoyed when she was told of the decisive manner in which she had been rejected. The next meeting between the lovers, which took place by moonlight on that same night, went far to produce resolutions decisive of their fate.

A slope in the landscape, upon which the *obah* was situated, led to a bank where the soft gleams of the moon loved to repose. From an elevation near this spot might be seen the whole of the Turcoman encampment,—tent rising over tent in various succession, intermingled with cattle,—and the accessories belonging to a wandering community; the whole commanded by the abrupt and conical hill, upon which was situated the village-fort, where resided the Khan. By the mysterious light of the moon these objects were softened down, into an undefined mass of deep shadows and looming forms,—all save the buildings, whose sharp and angular lines cutting the sky abruptly, acquired a size and importance, to which they were not entitled. In front and far away, even to the banks of the solitary Caspian, was spread an immense, and apparently interminable plain, the horizon of which was lost in vapour. It was a sublime object, filling the mind with ideas of vastness, and carrying it onwards with increasing awe to regions unknown. The rare and occasional sounds striking the ear during the solemnity of the night told the hearer that, however indistinct the landscape appeared before him, yet that, in fact, it teemed with population. Ever and anon the drowsy tinkle of a camel's bell was heard, caused by that solemn and passive animal rousing himself into momentary action; but few and rare were the sounds proceeding from man himself.

The lovers met at the above-mentioned spot; and, after their first ebullitions, Roshunek said, 'Tell me truly, for my head is bewildered by the thousand things I hear in our *obah* of you and your nation,—first tell me, what I dread to hear, how many wives have you in your own country, and how many slaves?'

'Do not believe a word save what you hear from me, Roshunek,' said the Englishman. 'First, to ease your mind, let me assure you that I have no wife; and that, even were I married, it would be to one wife only. To have more than one is with us punishable by law.'

'O my soul! O happiness! Yours is the country for me,' exclaimed Roshunek. 'I should poison any woman who dared

to love you. We are Tartars, and a Tartar maiden is taught to hate and poison. But you have said nothing about the slaves."

"Slaves are totally forbidden," said her lover. "Dear Roshunek, you have little to apprehend on the score of rivalry."

"Can this be true?" exclaimed the astonished maiden in rapture. "Where are your virtues, and where our impurities! O my soul, and lord of my heart! I will go whither you go; for I feel you are true. You saved my body from death,—you shall now save my soul. But tell me once more, will you continue to love me; or, loving me whilst I am young, will you not reject me when old, leave me to be poisoned by your women; or compel me to marry one of your men slaves?"

The Englishman smiled, and said, "Even were I so base as to act thus, our law would protect you until the very hour of your death."

"Cannot you, then, beat me, pluck my hair, and set other women to beat me?" said Roshunek.

"No, no, my love; you will find all things different in my country," said the Englishman.

"Oh, my soul! yours is the country for me. But let me ask one more question," she continued. "Do your women labour as we do? Do they load and unload the baggage and tents on a march? Do they spin goat's hair when they are at rest? Can they make bread, and understand the qualities of butter?"

"Our women," said the Englishman, "do not labour as yours do."

"Can they shave a camel?" inquired the maiden, with eagerness.

"I fear they cannot even do that," said her lover.

"They can't ride as we can," said the maiden: "in that we are unrivalled, I am sure. Ah, could I but show you how I can ride!" Having struck upon this subject, Roshunek, who, although far from having made up her mind to leave her parents, and follow her lover to England, yet, with that confidence which the uprightness of his conduct had in-



spired, addressed him with increased ardour, and unfolded to him all the secrets of her heart. "You cannot upbraid me, I am sure," she said; "if, impelled by the longings of my heart, I tell you what perhaps you do not know, that it is a custom among us Tartars, when our parents are inexorable, that we are then at liberty to act for ourselves. We take the first opportunity of flying to the next *obah*, the lover on horseback, the maiden behind him, and, when that is the case, our parents must yield their consent. Why should we not, O my soul, do the same?"

"Let me speak to you openly," said the Englishman; "I must not deceive you. You must know my final determination, Roshunek. I cannot abide here any longer: I must immediately return to my own country, or die in the attempt. If you love me, you must help me. This is the first test I require of your affection; the next is, that you do not refuse to accompany me."

The love-sick maiden looked wildly into his eyes as he made this declaration. She knew not what to say; but, after many heart-sinkings, could only stammer out professions of eternal attachment, with assurances that nothing should ever separate them. Long did they converse upon this all-absorbing subject, and at length it was resolved that Roshunek, whose sway was unlimited throughout the camp, should contrive to gain possession of her uncle the Chief's favourite horse, whose powers of speed and endurance of fatigue were greater than those of any other in Turkistan; that on a certain night they should depart, and taking flight, direct their steps towards Meshed, where, once within its walls, they would consider themselves safe.

On the night when the above-mentioned project was to be put into execution, Roshunek had so managed matters, that the horse in question was tethered in a piece of pasture-ground adjacent to the *obah*; there her lover was to proceed with saddle and bridle, and every proper equipment; and there they were to meet, mount, and depart. She glided from her tent with beating heart and faltering steps, considering how desperate was the undertaking in which she, an inexperienced

girl, was about to engage, delivering up herself to a man of a different nation, and an infidel to her faith;—but love, all-powerful love, was there, ready to account for every difficulty, and never did that passion rage in a more powerful manner than in the heart of the Tartar maiden. She came—they met—they repeated their vows—he placed her behind him, and straightway they shaped their course for the high road leading to the sacred city. His success was without a check; and he entered the gate of Meshed, with an exclamation of thanksgiving. In accordance with the wishes of his lovely bride, he sent back the horse by a trusty messenger, bearing letters and presents, which they imagined would mitigate the pain caused by Roshumek's flight.

What took place among the Tartars upon finding their prey was gone, we must leave to our reader's imagination. When they discovered, in addition, that the Chief's horse, the pride of Turkistan, the one famous beast, the winner of every prize, the hero of every chappao, was absent, a general cry of «To horse! to horse!» was heard to ring throughout the camp, and every man's foot was soon in his stirrup, with orders to scour the country round even into the very heart of Persia, until the animal should once more neigh in the stables of the Khan.

## THE SONG OF THIRTY YEARS.

BY WILLIAM A. SHAND, M. A.

### PART I.

Showeth how a girl was consoled for the loss of Beauty, Romance,  
and the general stock in trade of sweet sixteen; and how Time  
laughed thereat.

That Time's a knave is an ancient saw,  
But true as a prophet's spell—  
To cheat each dupe and to break each Law  
The old rogue loveth well:  
Of Fate he leadeth the threads along,  
And wieldeth the ruthless shears—  
And chaunteth the while a dirge-like song  
Whose burthen is "Thirty years."

A maiden is gliding through the dance—  
With roses her brow is bound—  
Oh! joy ne'er shone in a brighter glance,  
Or moved in a gayer round—  
Ho! Music—Lights—in a maze of mirth  
The fleet hours speed away—  
In every note hath a new charm birth,  
To turn the night to day.  
But list awhile to the alien notes—  
That dark eye swims in tears,  
And a shadow above her gladness floats,  
A vision of "Thirty years."

"Ho! ho!" saith Time with a croaking laugh,  
"The darkling race goes fast."  
"Now—now—it is thine *Hope's* bowl to quaff,  
"But *Mine* to drain at last."  
"Though stately measures above thee din,  
"And garlands are on the wall,

«My song hath an under-strain within,  
 «To deaden thy footstep's fall.  
 «A kingly wizard—fair girl—is Time—  
 «Each shining flower he sears—  
 «And peals on high like a death-bell's chime  
 «His chorus of «Thirty years.»

Right well doth the ancient deer foretell—  
 The thirty years are fled—  
 No more doth that early music swell—  
 These glorious wreaths are dead.  
 That dreamy form as glad of yore  
 As the morris of twinkling fays:  
 We ask in vain on the festal floor,  
 In the dancers' circling maze.  
 She cometh still—but no eye is bent  
 Her faded bloom to seek—  
 The wand of the prophetess is rent—  
 When Time hath blanched her cheek.  
 She stands alone like an ancient creed  
 Beside its fallen shrine—  
 No Lyrst to tune the votive reed,  
 No Priest to pour the wine—  
 Away with an idle dream, like this—  
 Hold!—«Murder will—be out,»  
 No mourner is she o'er vanished bliss.  
 But a matron plump and stout.  
 That bluff old soldier is her Lord—  
 These are her daughters four—  
 And of sons, each true as his own good sword  
 She hath full half-a-score.  
 Of old with a faltering voice she spoke  
 Of sentiment and rills,  
 And moralized on a blasted oak,  
 Or a knot of Daffodils.  
 But now she hath conned a wiser lore  
 And learnt a newer passion—  
 For at fifty Rhyme is an odious bore,  
 And flowers are out of fashion:  
 Oh *then*—Good Lord—*how* her brain would teem  
 With nightingales and trees,  
 And omens in each starlight gleam,  
 And sighs on every breeze.  
 By turns her dream was of nature's truths  
 And music on the waters—  
 'T is of «glory» now for these stalwart youths  
 And of rent-rolls for her daughters.

No longer the grim old tyrant's voice  
 With a shuddering start she hears,  
 But wisely avers that for «Her and Hers»  
 «Tis well after Thirty years.

## PART II.

Showeth the History of a young Poet, and how he foiled the knavery  
 of Time by prematurely bidding Good-b'ye to him:

With folded arms a Poet stood  
 On a river's winding bank—  
 With a watchful ear he seemed to hear  
 The boughs as they rose and sank,  
 Scarce twenty summers upon his head  
 Their shadowy hand had laid,  
 To carve their lines on his snowy brow  
 Or darken his dreams with shade.  
 And songs—oh glorious songs were his—  
 Such as Endymion heard—  
 When the voice of Dian the moonlight air  
 O'er slumbering Latmos stirred—  
 A gift divine was the Poet-youth's—  
 Green tree and flower and sky  
 With the oriel hues of phantasy  
 To gladden and glorify.  
 The drooping bloom on the river-bank  
 To him was a wood-nymph's cell—  
 The wandering hum of the loitering bee  
 A fairy's silver bell—  
 The lark that choired in middle air  
 At heaven's own portal hung—  
 The stillly tone of the woodland fount  
 From a Naiad's reed was flung;  
 And not an autumn leaf could fade,  
 Or a minster-spire ascend,

That did not to his musings lone  
 A holy meaning lend.  
 The Poet-youth! what pageants now  
 Before his fancy shine?  
 Say dreameth he of the Baron's hall,  
 And the banquet's purple wine?  
 Or come the visions of elder days  
 Once more before his eye—  
 With shimmering shrines in forest-nooks  
 And pale girls watching by?  
 In vain the Faun with brimming gourd  
 May chaunt the Macnad hymn—  
 And the dreamy myth o'er its censers watch  
 In the temple's twilight dim—  
 On other themes doth the Poet muse  
 Than Faun or Antique Fane—  
 The green earth in this hour of peace  
 Awakes a nobler strain.  
 «Oh Lord of Love,» he murmurs low,  
 «How bountiful thou art—  
 «Through all thy world in joy outbreathes  
 «The universal heart.  
 «As tranquil is this valley now—  
 «As still these clustering trees  
 «As the thin smoke that climbeth up  
 «From yonder villages,  
 «Above—around—the soul directs  
 «Its visionary flight—  
 «The very air sighs like a prayer  
 «Of sainted Eremite.  
 «How calm! the little shepherd-girl  
 «That sitteth by the brook  
 «By turns to pluck the water-cress  
 «And con her «sacred book,»  
 «A very Image is of Rest—  
 «An Emblem sanctified—  
 «As though good Angels, as of old,  
 «Were watching by her side.  
 «Enough to fill the yearning heart  
 With Thanks-giving is here,  
 «When with so deep a benison  
 «High heaven to earth draws near.»  
 «Ho! Ho!», quoth Time «'t is wondrous well  
 «Sir Poet! but years steal past;  
 «And the colours that flush thy heart to-day  
 «Shall wither and drop at last.

• The spell—that in the desert limns  
   • Thy phantom Oases,  
 • And bringeth near to thy weary ear  
   • The murmur of birds and trees—  
 • Will pass away, like the false Mirage  
   • That mocks the Arab's haste,  
   • Nor leave a trace of its magic hand  
   • On the world's unbroken waste.  
 • On Fairy isles—in stately piles  
   • 'Tis the Poet's lot to feast,  
 • And the golden altar where he kneels  
   • Lacks not or foe or Priest.  
 • A noble steed is Pegasus,  
   • Who needs nor groom nor oats;  
 • And the elfin pages of Fancy seek  
   • At his hand no tinselled coats,  
 • And the fertile realm of cloud she tills  
   • Craves not or plough or steers—  
 • But a sterner fate shall track thy path  
   • In the flight of •Thirty years. •

• Too well doth the ancient seer foretell—  
   Not ten brief years are fled—  
 But the poet's strain is heard no more—  
   In shadows lies his head.  
 With fearless hand the shield he smote  
   At the Temple-gate of Fame—  
 And the echoes rang from the inmost shrine  
   At the youthful stranger's game.  
 But the cold *world* scorned his gentle voice  
   And his dreamy song belied—  
 He brake the lyre of his boyhood's day  
   And bowed to earth and died. (')

(') John Keats.

**SEPHARDIM ;**  
**OR**  
**THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.**

**BY JAMES FINN.**

Sephardim is the title of an interesting and unpretending volume on the history of the Jews in Spain and Portugal, from their first appearance in the Peninsula to their expulsion from it by the most Catholic sovereigns of Castile and Aragon. It traces their various fortunes under the generally tolerant sway of the Roman empire, their depressed and perilous existence under the Gothic monarchy, their free and prosperous condition in the brilliant era of the Arabs, and their renewed sufferings and final banishment when the Peninsula was again brought under one government and one faith. It exhibits them under the opposite aspects of agriculturists and merchants, as the rulers of their own communities, or the ministers of state and finance to their Christian or Moorish masters; at one time resuming, under the protection of the crescent, their oriental splendour and stateliness; at another, under the oppression of the cross, as the servants of servants, or veiling their ineradicable Hebraism beneath the strange guise of monks, bishops, or inquisitors. It displays their singular proficiency in some departments of science and literature, and their equally singular rejection of other elements of European civilization. Recent events have once more



drawn attention to the Hebrew people both in Europe and Asia, and we shall perhaps lay before many of our readers both new and interesting matter by a brief survey of some portions of the annals of the Sephardim.

The history of modern Europe, indeed, during the dark and mediæval periods, is incomplete without occasional notices of a race, which, from its wide dispersion and the tenacity of its national ties, was for many ages a principal channel of commercial and diplomatic communication from the Atlantic to the Euphrates. But the historians of modern Judaism usually combine the records of the Sephardim, or Spanish and Portuguese Jews, with those of the Ashkenazim, or Jews of Germany, Britain and Poland. It is obvious, however, that both in his social relations and intellectual character, the Hebrew of Granada in the twelfth, and of Castile in the fourteenth century, differed materially from his countrymen and contemporaries in the half-civilized or wholly barbarous regions of central and northern Europe. The Arab claimed—and the Hebrew admitted the claim—a common descent through Ishmael from Abraham the father of the faithful. The unitarian creed and simple ritual of Islam offended the prejudices of the Jew much less than the Catholic and image-worship of the mediæval church. In his oriental habits, his Semitic dialect, and in many of the principles of the Koran, the Mohammed accorded with the Hebrew, and from gratitude or policy the western caliphs were mostly lenient rulers, and frequently bountiful patrons of the Sephardim. The physical circumstances also of soil, climate, and population in Spain were favourable to the development of the Hebrew character. The Keltic and Phœnician elements that in the south of the Peninsula modified the temper and institutions of the Gothic settlers, had no distant affinity with a people whom a hard destiny alone severed from the East. In the Moorish capitals Granada, Seville and Toledo, the exiles beheld a lively image of the populous towns which were once spread over their native Palestine; and the Mediterranean, the high-road of their active traffic, preserved and renovated their oriental associa-

tions, by affording an easy intercourse with their brethren in Bagdad and Cairo.

It is needless to dwell on the opposite picture of the trembling and servile Jew of northern Europe. Barabbas, Shylock and Isaac of York are faithful impersonations of the Ashkenazim; nor is there a more remarkable contrast in the history of social life, than that between the slavish and vindictive usurer or leech of Frankfort or London and his contemporaries at Cordova, Joseph Ben Ephraim the treasurer, and Samuel Ben Waker the physician, of Alonso VIII. It is among the Sephardim, under the Arabian dynasty in Spain, that we discover the genuine lineaments of the Hebrew exile; and the contrast is heightened by the iron age of oppression from which he emerged; and to which he returned respectively under his Gothic and Catholic rulers.

The author of 'Sephardim' has drawn his narrative from a variety of chronicles. His 'Notices of Jewish Literature and Rabbinical Biography' are mainly taken from the 'Bibliotheca Magna Rabbinica' of Fr. Bartoloeio, and the 'Dizionario Storico degli Autori Ebrei' of de Rossi; and his view of 'Talmudic Judaism is considerably influenced by a recent work called 'The Old Paths,' by Dr. M'Caul. His work does not aspire to a higher rank than that of compilation; but Mr. Fian has not sufficiently apprised his readers of the insecure ground of some of his authorities, especially of Mariana, to whom he frequently gives, as at p. 66, rather easy credence; and his mode of reference is provokingly lax and indefinite. Should 'Sephardim' reach a second edition, we recommend a careful revision of the notes, an enlargement of the appendix, and a retrenchment of certain exuberancies of diction. While however we mark these defects, we gladly bear testimony to the candid and enlightened spirit of the volume before us, and cordially assent to its frequent denunciations of the wickedness and impolicy of intolerance.

The first settlement of the Jews in the Peninsula is involved in doubt, and still more obscured by fable.—The identity of Tarshish with Tartessus—of which the author might have derived further evidence from the commentators on Herodotus

—and the well-known alliance between the princes of Tyre and the great Hebrew monarchs David and Solomon, make it probable that the Jews visited the shores of the Atlantic as early as the ninth century before our era. The legends however which make the Phœnician emporia in Spain tributary to Solomon and which placed in Saguntum the tomb of his chancellor Adoniram, originated probably in the desire of the Spanish Jews to date their immigration before the advent of the Messiah, and thus imply to their Christian persecutors their innocence of his crucifixion. But dismissing, as incapable of historical proof, although not altogether void of probability, the establishment of the Jews in Spain prior to the destruction of Jerusalem, we assume the edict of Antoninus as the first trustworthy evidence of their settlement in the far West. The Spanish provinces were long the most peaceful section of the Roman empire, and during an interval of nearly three centuries we are ignorant of the fortunes of their Hebrew population; yet from their known habits, wherever peace and protection were afforded them, we may infer the general expansion and prosperity of their communities. Their skill in agriculture, their enterprize in commerce, found ample scope and favourable circumstances in the plains of Andalusia and the fairy fields of the Minho, and in the numerous ports from Barcelona to the Tagus. And if the Spanish Hebrews of the second and third centuries attained less splendour under the proconsuls than under the caliphs, they were at least permitted to accumulate and enjoy their wealth, and follow and promulgate the precepts of their law and the doctrines of their Rabbis.

In the same year, A.D. 324, in which Constantine the Great summoned the Council of Nice to determine the belief of Christendom, a council was held at Illiberis—Elvira—in Spain, to discuss the religious affairs of the Iberian provinces. The canons of the occidental bishops are interesting in many historical points of view, but for our present purpose merely from such of their regulations as affected the Jews. They show the community against which they were directed to have been populous and flourishing, and in habits of social

intercourse with both their Christian and Pagan neighbours. They forbid intermarriage of Catholics with schismatics and *Jews*; and, in defiance of the more liberal precept of St. Paul, interdict the faithful, whether lay or clerical, from *taking food with the circumcised*. The 4th canon, however, is the most curious; by it *landholders are admonished not to suffer the fruits which they receive from God to be blessed by the Jews*; and it adds this singular reason, *lest our benediction be rendered invalid and unprofitable*. The Jews seem to have been the principal cultivators of the soil; and wherever they have been allowed to follow their native bent, agriculture, as in Palestine, rather than commerce or brokerage, has been their favourite occupation. The people probably cherished a superstitious veneration for the rabbinical benediction, even as down to a late period of the empire the Italian cultivators employed the old Oscan forms of blessing and deprecation to secure from blight and evil influences the springing ear and the standing crop. Mr. Finn has copied one of these rabbinical litanies, in which a great variety of grain and fruits is commended to the divine protection, and which shows an elaborate system of farming and horticulture. It is uncertain how far these unsocial decrees of the Council of Illiberis were acted upon, or whether they originated in general prejudice or individual bigotry: but they may be regarded as the first steps in the career of persecution, in which Spain eventually outstripped the rest of Europe.

In the middle of the fourth century the long repose of the Spanish provinces was broken by the northern invaders, who under various denominations of Suevi, Alani, Vandals and Wisi-Goths, desolated the Peninsula from the Pyrenees to the straits. The particular sufferings of the Hebrew population are unknown. Yet since no change could take place without materially affecting them both as traders and agriculturists, they had doubtless their full share of a visitation second only to Judæa's ruin, and whose events Procopius declines to record, that he may not furnish examples of inhumanity to future ages.

The Wisi-Goths remained lords of the Peninsula, and soon

after the establishment of their kingdom we find the Jews again numerous and flourishing. Their superior civilization may have won the respect, their pliancy under oppression have softened the rigour, of their new masters, while the necessity of repairing their own ravages probably recommended to the barbarians a people who could most readily restore the fertility of the soil, and the trade of the coasts and rivers. And so long as the court of Toledo and the mass of the Spanish Goths adhered to the Arian form of Christianity, the Jews, whose national prejudices were less offensive to the heretics than to the orthodox, found apparently both protection and favour; but when the virulent struggle of the Catholics and Arians ended in the triumph of Catholicism and the elevation of Recared to the throne, the disciples of Moses became the object of bitter hostility to the now orthodox court and people. From the third to the sixteenth Council of Toledo, a series of searching, accumulative, and remorseless edicts completed the degradation of the Hebrew exiles, and were requited by the aid which, in the eighth century, the oppressed afforded the Saracen invaders in their rapid overthrow of the Gothic empire and church.

The 14th and 22nd canons of the third Council of Toledo more especially relate to the Jews. By the latter—with which the 9th canon of the nearly contemporary Council of Narbonne agreed—they were forbidden to bear their dead to the grave with psalms or funeral cries, or beatings of the breast; and by the former, to have Christian wives or concubines, that is, wives of a secondary grade, or to purchase Christian slaves for their own use. And it is further memorable for its invasion of the rights, as the law then was, of property. For whereas by his own law, which had not been repealed by the law of the land, the Jew was bound to circumcise his slave as well as his own son, the canon enacted that the act of circumcision should at once restore the slave to his freedom and the church. Yet these, the earliest aggressions in Spain upon the emoluments, property, and family ties of the Jews, were less momentous in their results than the following declarations of the same Council:—

„Whosoever despises the creed of the *Nicene Council*, let him be anathema.” And „Whosoever is not, and shall not be content with this faith, let him be *anathema maranatha* unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Here was a corner-stone laid for the Inquisition!

„Could the Hebrew Spaniards,” Mr. Finn remarks, „have foreseen, even in a comparatively small degree, to what extent their fellow-men would thereafter work out these anathemas with their own hands upon all their victims, every Jew between the Pyrenees and the Western Ocean would that day have bowed his head with the utterance of one long and mournful groan.”

The effect of these canons was apparent about twenty years later; for, at first, they do not seem to have come into operation, and from a letter of Pope Gregory the great, the Jews appear to have purchased a suspension of them. But, on the accession of Sisebut, various circumstances combined to enforce their strict observance. Sisebut, a vigorous and ambitious usurper, was in some measure indebted to the clergy for his crown, and he repaid his obligation by reviving the edicts of Recared. In the *Fuero largo* is preserved a proclamation of this monarch, making it imperative on all Jews to receive baptism themselves, and to send their children and slaves to be baptised within the space of one year from the issue of the decree. Baptism by a Christian priest, of course involved the renunciation of the whole Jewish system and its peculiar symbols and ceremonies, and thus violently subverted the entire social life of a people whose most indifferent actions bore the impress of its law or its traditions. The penalties of non-compliance were scourging, exile and confiscation, and so rigorously were they exacted, that 90,000 Jews are said to have been converted, and Sisebut acquired the title of „the most religious prince.” Yet, as Mr. Finn justly remarks, historians are insincere in throwing the odium upon „the king”; the transaction was that of the *churah*. For, with all Sisebut’s presumptuous violence, neither the monarch nor his soldiers could administer the rite of baptism, and no Gothic king was ever so much of a despot as to trench upon the offices of the church.

No contemporary account exists of this compulsory con-

version. The number of the converts and the terms of the edict may therefore justify some suspicions. Yet the following passage from the Jewish chronicle, 'the sceptre of Judah,' although written many centuries afterwards, is so curious in itself, and so illustrative of the style of Hebrew annals, that we say it without apology before our readers.

On the publication of the edict—

'the Jews assembled from every city within the capital, where, fasting and afflicting themselves, they uttered loud wailings and cries. The Christians inquired the meaning of this; and when informed, they bade them submit to the king's command. . . . They answered: 'The precept of circumcision is the hinge of all our law; he asks but one compliance, but we know that he requires the whole; and it is better for us all to die than to omit the slightest of our precepts, lest we pluck up the hinge of all our religion.'

'They then approached the king, and showed how he had decreed the death of them all; for they would not transgress any precept of the law, much less that which is the hinge of all. The king replied: 'Ye wretched and foolish people! it is by God's ordinance that ye are groaning in affliction; the realm shall speedily be freed from that obstinacy by which ye are hastening your own ruin, aiming to usurp and retain by force the dominion of this land. I swear, that unless ye accept Christ's baptism, ye will drive me to enforce your abandonment of all the law of Moses.' The Jews supplicated the nobles, presenting gold and silver, that they would induce the king to leave them their religion, though he should deprive them of all their wealth, which he might employ in war. The king added: 'In that case I could not uphold my character for piety among my fellow-kings. They would suppose that I only made this decree as a means of extortion from my Jews, and not from the urgent necessity of baptism: besides, I do not constrain these wretches of the law to embrace our faith for the sake of their riches, so much as from the consideration that they would do the same to us, were they to become our masters.'

'Then answered Robert the Wise: 'O King, our master Moses and his minister Joshua urged no people to receive the Hebrew law, but only the seven precepts of Noah, which precepts had been delivered by Adam the first man. And whenever Joshua besieged a city, he first proclaimed thus: Whosoever will make peace, let him do so; but let him observe the seven precepts of Noah: if not, let him quit the city; or if he will fight, let him come down and try the contest.'

'The king rejoined: 'Joshua acted as he pleased, and so will I. I will select from his three conditions that which best suits my

design; viz. that instead of the seven precepts of Noah which Joshua obtruded on the profane heathen, ye shall receive the Christian baptism. One of the learned Jews, then said: 'It is written in our law, that Israel formerly despised the great gift of God, the land flowing with milk and honey;—I ask, O King, what should be the penalty of those who despise the gift of God?' The king replied, 'That too is wisely stated in your law; the loss of what they despise.' The speaker continued: 'See then, O King, to what thou hast said. Thou hast offered us in baptism a life everlasting: be then the penalty for its neglect the loss of that blessing.' But the King answered, 'Compulsion is unjust in matters concerning the body, and that goodly land related to the body; but in things spiritual it is proper, just as a child is coerced in its learning.'

Sisebut however seems to have been dissatisfied with a merely verbal reply to this fair alternative of the learned Hebrews, for he

instantly commanded all the principal Jews to be put in chains, and they passed in darkness a life more wretched than death. Many synagogues in Spain, overborne by cruel persecution, renounced the law of Moses. When the king died, and there was freedom to leave the country, many sought and found securer settlements for their religion, but many sought and found not.

The Catholic historians are, in general, transported with delight at the great piety of Sisebut. Mariana, however, questions the competency of the king to intermeddle in matters of religion and spiritual government, and adds pathetically, 'Yet, alas! the self-will and obstinacy of princes are very great, and frequently are bishops obliged to dissemble in what they cannot remedy.'

It is gratifying to find, even in that age of fanatical casuistry, one voice raised in behalf of common sense, if not of toleration. Isidore of Seville—a name justly endeared to the philologist by his 'Origines,' and to the philosopher by his attempts to keep alive, amid the darkness that surrounded him, the waning light of science—protested in his 'Chronicle of the Goths' against this royal method of conversion. 'Sisebut,' he says, 'had a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge, for he forcibly compelled those whom he should rather have persuaded by argument of the faith.' Isidore, indeed, was not altogether without his misgivings as to the



proper mode of dealing with a race so refractory as the Jews. His protest was not made in Sisebut's lifetime; and in one passage he speaks with something like exultation at the success of the edict in winning sheep for the fold. He was however, as Mr. Finn concludes, "on the whole an estimable character;" and we do not like him the worse for the following specimen of his ingenuity as a commentator. On Leviticus xi. 2. he observes,—

"Whatsoever parteth the hoof, and is cloven-footed, and cheweth the cud, among the beasts, that shall ye eat." Thus the Jews *misinterpret*, indeed, the words of the law, but *part not the hoof*, since they do not receive two testaments, nor take for bases of faith the Father and the Son: *therefore they are unclean.*"

Our limits will not allow us to follow Mr. Finn through his examination of the acts of the successive Councils of Toledo from the 4th to the 17th. A brief summary of these accumulative edicts will however illustrate the state of the Spanish Jews from the year 633 to the Mohammedan invasion in 710 A.D. The influence of Isidore is perhaps to be traced in the 57th canon of the fourth Council of Toledo. The "holy Synod," it says, "has resolved to compel no one hereafter to accept our faith;" since "persons are not saved without consent, but willingly, that the attribute of justice may be kept secure." Yet with singular inconsistency the Council likewise decreed that "those already forced into Christianity in the time of the most religious prince Sisebut must be constrained to adhere to the church, lest the name of God be blasphemed, and the faith which they have assumed be accounted worthless and despicable." The gleam of mercy and reason that appeared in the 57th canon was speedily obscured. The sixth Council of Toledo indignantly disclaimed the tolerant spirit of its predecessor; it declared that,—

"By inspiration of the Most High God, our most excellent and Christian prince, inflamed with ardour for the faith, together with the clergy of his kingdom, has resolved to eradicate to the uttermost the prevarication and superstition of the Jews, *not suffering the residence of any one in the land who is not a Catholic.*"

In the preamble to this canon, which anticipated by more than eight centuries the "most Catholic sovereigns" of Castile

and Arragon in their famous decree of March 1492, it is announced that «the inflexible perfidy of the Jews comes at length to be subdued by piety and the divine grace;» and in its 'Codicil' it is enacted that every king on his accession should swear to execute these laws, and that every sovereign should be 'anathema' who neglected this indispensable part of his royal duty. The eighth Council is principally memorable for the curious address of the Jews to king Reccesuinth, to which its enactments gave rise. They were threatened with inquiry into their opinions, usages, lives and conversation; and they anticipated the royal or ecclesiastical commissioners by a voluntary resignation of their national customs and law. The only indulgence they requested, after consenting to abjure the Passover, the Sabbath and circumcision, was exemption from «swine's flesh,» a diet they describe as revolting, and «impossible to disguise by cookery.» After such liberal concessions even the bishops of the seventh century appear to have relented, and «with one consent decreed twelve canons» by which the Jews were bound to «truly keep and sincerely embrace all the articles and usages of the Christian religion,» but were licensed to abstain from pork. The submission of the Jews appears to have laid asleep for a time the vigilance of the church; for in the interval between the reign of Reccesuinth and the accession of Ervig in 681, they openly professed their religion, held public offices, purchased slaves even of the clergy, and, it is added, were sufficiently zealous or prosperous to practise a species of retaliation by making converts to Judaism. The twelfth and sixteenth Councils, however, atoned for any past negligence of the spiritual powers. There is indeed some ambiguity in the terms of their enactments; they may apply to all Jews, but seem especially directed against conformists to the church. Taking for their basis the renunciation of the Jews themselves in their address to Reccesuinth in 653, the canons of 684 revived all former prohibitions with a mitigated penalty; but the mitigation was not in mercy. The preamble complained that the Jews, «by their execrable perfidiousness,» had eluded all former laws, and attributed the failure of these statutes to their

undistinguishing severity in enacting death in all cases. This the twelfth Toledan Council pronounced to be "contrary to the Holy Scriptures," and it substituted scourging, chains, exile and confiscation. But the most remarkable feature of these new enactments was their complete and ingenious intrusion into every circumstance of the ceremonial and social life of the Jew. The peculiar Jewish festivals were abolished: baptism was made imperative on all masters of families, and on every member of their households, whether children or servants. The circumcision of a child was punished, on a male offender by mutilation, on a female by the loss of her nose, and the seizure of her property. The ordinary penalties of stripes, imprisonment, forfeiture of property to the lord of the soil, and banishment, were pronounced upon a long catalogue of Jewish crimes,—upon marriages within the sixth degree of relationship, no less than upon blaspheming the name of Christ or the Trinity, and rejecting the sacrament. No Jew could travel from one town or province to another without reporting himself to the bishop or judge of the place. They were forced to eat, drink, and communicate with Christians, nor could they stir without a certificate of good behaviour and a passport. And, that no motive for connivance nor any practicable outlet for transgressors might be left, it was decreed that the spiritual person who took a bribe to relax his vigilance was to be degraded and excommunicated, and in certain cases burnt; and that the whole office of distinguishing Jews belongs to the priests alone. Our readers will hardly thank us for any further detail of these Toledan canons; yet their dreary uniformity is somewhat relieved by the reflection that their number and repetition betray their imperfect execution. The Councils might enact; but the people, except in seasons of excitement and alarm, would tardily and reluctantly second their decrees. Wealth, notwithstanding the stringency of the penalties, would purchase concealment and connivance; and expediency sometimes supply the place of humanity. Egica, Elvig's successor, found it necessary to relax the laws so far as to allow baptized Jews the full privileges of citizens; and the next monarch, Witiza, connived at the return of the

exiles in such numbers, that a few years afterwards the Arabs found Granada a Jewish town; an impossible circumstance," Mr. Finn observes, "if the late canons of Toledo had been perseveringly enforced."

The people thus oppressed were the descendants of the Macabean armies, and the countrymen of Josephus. In the sixth century the Jews of Naples were distinguished for their obstinate resistance to Belisarius, when their national religion was not called in question. But the Spanish Jews had lost the use, and even the remembrance of arms; and in a land abounding with mountain-passes, and celebrated in all ages for the fierceness and obstinacy of its *guerrilla* wars, 100,000 men bowed their necks unresistingly to the oppressor. Yet if the Jews awaken our surprise or contempt at their want of valour, their fortitude in suffering and fidelity to their law must command our respect. It was, at least, as great an act of faith and courage to reject baptism, when offered by a barbarian in iron armour accompanied by his priests, as to refuse at the tribunal of a Roman præconsul to cast incense upon the altar of Jupiter.

The Toledan councils had exhausted every art of persecution, and consummated their work by an edict consigning the Jews to total slavery, and separating Jewish children of seven years old and upwards from all residence or association with their parents; when, in the year 710 A.D., the Mohammedans entered Spain, and speedily proclaimed, from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees, the toleration of all religions. The share which the Jewish converts or exiles took in the rapid overthrow of the Gothic monarchy is unknown; but the decrees which compelled them to renounce their faith or their country placed within their reach the opportunity of revenge. In every place of their dispersion they were essentially an oriental people, and readily fraternized with the eastern warriors who now swarmed on the opposite shores of Africa. The party divisions of the Gothic court and nobles, the strength of the Spanish cities, especially the sea-ports where the Jews as merchants and brokers were numerous, were accurately reported to the invaders; and Roderic Ximenes, a chronicler

and archbishop of the thirteenth century, expressly attributes the conquest of Toledo, Granada and Cordova to the active hostility or the secret treason of their Hebrew population.

«It was a strange providence,» Mr. Finn remarks, «which thus reunited the West with the East, after so long a cessation of familiar intercourse; and to the Jew the deliverance was inestimable. He was at once set on an equality with his ancient oppressor, having full license to pursue his own occupations, with the franchise of the Mediterranean insured to him by the Mohammedan conquests. Thus the interchange, through Jewish hands, of Egyptian and Syrian produce for that of Spain and Mauritania, became rapidly more extensive than any previous age had witnessed. \* \* \* »

«But, above all, his religion was protected. The synagogues had their trumpets blown at the new year; \* \* \* the oral law was no longer proscribed; the children were circumcised with rejoicing; the Sabbaths were sanctified; and each household could celebrate its annual banquet of liberty at the Passover. There was, moreover, that high enjoyment which is contained in the release from dissembling, and from the vicious tendency of self-depreciation. \* \* \* »

«And, together with religious toleration, there was within their reach a diffusion of the elegant arts and literature. Add to these oriental customs, dresses, and dialects, the very presence of which must, at all times, make a Jew feel doubly that he is a Jew, by creating impressions which harmonize with his own peculiarities, and enhance the effect of his religion and language. There was, moreover, the brotherly congeniality which he might feel for the Arab, inasmuch as both were sons of Abraham; both held to the covenant of circumcision, as from divine precept; and both were remarkable for a zealous abhorrence of aught that could infringe on the pure unity of the object of worship. The Moslem proclaimed, 'There is no God but God;' and the Hebrew rejoined, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one.'»

The general features of the Arab dynasty in Spain are well known; we shall therefore pass over this portion of Mr. Finn's volume, and avail ourselves of the interval of protection and prosperity enjoyed by the Jews under the Western Caliphates to take a rapid survey of the literature and social condition of this singular people at a period when their industrial and intellectual qualities were allowed a free and natural development.

From a period that almost antedates chronology itself, the Jews had possessed an order of learned men and a literature

in *number* and in *bulk* only exceeded by the learned and the labours of associated Christendom. "Every one," says the Talmud, "that is bound to learn is bound also to teach," and the schools both of the East and West attest, by their innumerable rabbis and volumes, the fidelity with which the precept was obeyed. The history of the Talmud and the biography of Hebrew-Spanish literature are treated at some length by Mr. Finn, and to his pages we must refer for many curious anecdotes, and for the singular forms under which the Hebrew intellect manifested itself. More important will it be to mark some of the causes which hindered Jewish literature from becoming, among other elements of mediæval cultivation not less grotesque and fanciful than itself, a constituent of the imaginative or discursive mind of modern Europe.

The first, and perhaps the principal cause of separation between the Hebrew and the European mind will be found in the oriental genius of the Sephardim. Acute, suggestive and pliant in whatever related to the practical business of life, the Jews possessed the stubborn and impenetrable temper of the Asiatics in their intellectual pursuits. Believing themselves still subject to a peculiar dispensation, they restricted all knowledge to the Scriptures, the traditions of the elders and the decisions of the schools, and rejected as an alien and impure instrument the empiric and discursive spirit which the Greeks had transmitted to the Teutonic races of Europe. Their system of instruction was based on the patriarchal reverence for age, on the idea of a theocracy or special divine government, and on the preponderance which all orientals assign to speculative over ratiocinative studies. It was didactic from father to son, from teacher to pupil; and thus partaking of the nature of oral teaching, it was necessarily conveyed in the form of proverbs, adages and aphorisms. In consonance with the same ideas, they held that whatever the earlier sages had delivered on morals, on mind, or religious worship, was necessarily the best; and, to borrow an image from a lively writer, "their Janus was one-faced," looking always with reverted eyes. The sciences in which they excelled—grammar, including criticism and philology, physics, especially astronomy

and the art of medicine—are those in which the human mind is most patient of rule and precedent, and to which accordingly, nearly every eastern nation has made some pretence. But in their nice discrimination of the properties and powers of their own language, the Jews seldom passed into the wider circle of the kindred Semitic dialects; in their physics they made no advances beyond the rude and corrupt system of Ptolemy and the Chaldean observatories; and in medicine, however skilful in acquiring and applying what was known, they claim no discoveries either in anatomy or nosology. The Alexandrian Philo imbibed and reflected the doctrines of Plato and the later academies so successfully, that his Platonism passed into a proverb. But the favourite ethnic author of the Western Jews was Aristotle, whose scientific formulæ, when diverted (as they were equally by the schoolmen, the Arabs and the Jews,) from their original design of methodizing the conceptions of the intellect, have always proved formidable impediments to the growth of knowledge and the education of the mind. Yet even Aristotle was read by them generally in the version of his Arabian commentators; and so chary were the Jews of directly acknowledging their obligations to Gentile philosophy, that the founder of the Peripatetics was said to have derived his wisdom from a high-priest of Jerusalem, or even to have been of the family of Koliah and the tribe of Benjamin. Among a people whose national life had lost its continuity, and whose exile was marked by «monotony of suffering,» a national historian or an epic poet could not be expected to arise. Lyric poetry they cultivated more successfully, for short emotional compositions are the natural utterance of an oppressed and scattered race; and although they never attained to the sublime purity of their original psalmists and prophets, the introduction of metrical laws and the example of their Arabian rulers gave a new impulse to Hebrew song. In physical science the Jews came into more immediate contact with the rest of Europe than in any other department of their various learning and literature. They held the principal chairs in the Mohammedan colleges of Cordova and Seville, and they taught the geometry, the algebra, the logic

• and the chemistry of Spain in the universities of Oxford and Paris, while Christian students from all parts of Europe repaired to Andalusia for such instruction. »

• In astronomy, » Mr. Finn observes, « they were the teachers of the Moors. When the Gaonim left the Euphrates for the Guadalquivir, or Moses Bar-Maimon removed thence to Cairo, each of these Jews had as bright a firmament to survey as had their prophet Daniel in Babylon, where he was 'master of the astrologues and Chaldeans,' with the tower of Nimrod for his observatory. »

It appears from this rapid outline of their intellectual pursuits, that, from the tenth to the thirteenth century, the Jews divided with the Arabs the praise of being the most erudite and cultivated people between the Atlantic and the Euphrates; yet even at the most flourishing epoch of their mental development, the causes which ultimately separated the Hebrew from the European mind are evident. Their learning was encyclopedic, not progressive. They amassed, they methodized, they refined the ethical and physical treasures of the past, but they opened no new fountains of intellectual wealth. Their literature was a carefully cherished exotic, their science a venerable tradition: their inventive genius was enthralled by formal systems, their discursive activity repressed by religious scruples. The ancestral jealousy of Rabbiniism was feebly combated by the individual freedom of a Maimonides or an Abn-Esra, and Jewish literature forfeited its birthright of hope by its blind and bigoted fealty to antiquity.

In the following passage Mr. Finn has correctly delineated the general phenomena of Hebrew literature, and in it incidentally includes one of the causes of its remoteness from European sympathies, — the absence of a popular element of sport as the necessary correlate of its pervasive earnestness.

• Hebrew literature has at all times maintained a rigid gravity, as if the talent of language were a donation which involves too deep a responsibility in its use to be in anywise trifled with. Most Asiatic nations are sober in their discourse, but pre-eminently so the Jews: they were a serious people when at home, and their later writers have constantly abstained from topics which do not in their opinion lead to happiness here and hereafter. In this we see a wide contrast to the prevalent habits of Christendom. The Jews were ever



a reading and a writing people, but their books have no enervating tendency. Fairies, ghosts, genii, and that disregard of heavenly providence and suffering virtue which forms the staple of modern fiction, are all unknown within the pale of the Hebrew alphabet. True it is that grievous mistakes and follies have found their way into Jewish writings, but they were believed by their authors to be serious truth. When they trifled with the Bible they were gravely deluded, and when they touched upon unearthly contemplations their objects were burning seraphs and ministering angels.

The author of 'Sephardim' cites several examples of the laborious trifling and grave delusions of the Rabbis. But as Philo, by allegorical interpretations, attempted to reconcile the profane science of his own age with the Mosaic narrative of the Creation and Fall, so the modern Jews affirm that all such passages are to be understood figuratively. And when the Jews are peculiarly reproached with *trifling*, it should be remembered that their poets and rabbis of the middle ages were contemporary with the Scotists and Thomists, with the pseudo-platonism and peripateticism of Christendom. The subtle and interminable distinctions of the schoolmen are not less 'grave delusions' than the almost parallel 'decisions' of the Talmud; and volumes, once the text-books of Oxford and the Sorbonne, contain 'puerilities' as strange and pitiable as the legends and conversations of the 'Agadoth.' The essential difference between them is, that in the mediæval æra Christianity was commencing its mission of civilization, and the strange intellectual forms which then prevailed were merely instruments and preludes to higher manifestations of thought and art, and, as instruments, were thrown aside, so soon as their task of preparation was accomplished. In Judaism, on the contrary, they were final ends, and, self-centred and unproductive, they generated an enthusiasm of the most worthless character inflaming the fancy and exciting the understanding, at the expense of the nobler faculties of reason and imagination; and as, at various intervals, a Maimonides and a Mendelssohn have ineffectually endeavoured to snap the yoke of Rabbinism, so neither was it the 'profound,' the 'resolute,' and the 'seraphic' doctors who emancipated the European mind from a similar burden, but the municipal institutions,

the popular poetry, and the uncontrollable artistic feelings of Christendom which forced their way through the dense mists of scholasticism, and, taking for their exponents Savonarola or Luther, Dante or Michel Angelo, Petrarca or Raffaele, established the great bases of modern civilization. The following specimens of rabbinical trifling are taken from the 'Agadoth' and the 'Sceptre of Judah.' R. Siphre says—

«Once, when I was in a ship, we saw a fish with elegant horns, and upon them this inscription, 'I am a very small specimen of the creatures that inhabit the deep.' This fish measured three hundred leagues, but was swallowed up in one mouthful by the leviathan.»

«Bar Juchné is a bird whose extended wings invariably occasion total eclipses of the sun. Once a choice egg fell from her nest and destroyed three hundred and fifteen noble cedars and inundated sixty-nine populous villages.»

And this is a specimen of both text and comment :—

«There was a frog as large as sixty houses, but it was swallowed up by a serpent; this again was devoured by a crow, which flew up with it into a tree.» And again, «A piece of iron fell into the sea, and was seven years reaching the bottom. \* \* \* This fable of the frog denotes the science of natural history, which celebrates the divine workmanship with a loud and sonorous voice: the size of sixty houses is the sixty parts of nature: the serpent devouring the frog is astronomy, on account of its circles, &c.: the crow is theology, according to Canticles i. 5, 'I am black, but comely.' The fable of the iron falling into the sea denotes the human mind, which resembles iron in its capacity for sharpness: the seven years are the seven liberal sciences, which the most acute perception cannot sound in a whole life.»

Some parts of the 'Agadoth,' however, contain less puerile fictions, and admit of worthier comments.

«A man saw the sea with such monstrous billows, as to have intervals of three hundred miles. One wave,» it immediately follows, «raised its voice, and called to its companion, Hast thou left anything in the world which thou hast not overflowed? Come and let us destroy it. But it replied, Come and see the power of thy Lord, I could not overpass the sand one hair's-breadth; for it is written, 'Fear ye not me, saith the Lord? Will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea, by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it?'»

Moses Bar-Maimon, born at Cordova in 1131, called Rambam from the initials of his names, and Maimonides by the

Christians, was the greatest ornament of Jewish literature. Eichhorn assigns him the highest rank among the Rabbis, and Scaliger says of him, *Primus fuit inter Hebræos qui rugari desiit*. He was well versed, and wrote with equal facility in Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek and Arabic, and his writings, of which a list will be found in *'Sephardim*, embrace a singular variety of subjects. His admirers, especially among the later and more enlightened Jews, proclaimed him a second Moses; and some of the best productions of modern Hebrew scholars are comments upon the works of Bar-Maimon. Different portions of his writings have been translated by our own Hebraists, Pococke, Prideaux and Clavering, and he is the object of Selden's unreserved eulogy. The year of his death was long called by the Jews *lamentum lamentabile*; yet, while he lived, he was exposed to frequent persecution, and he was buried among strangers at Tiberias, or, according to another account, at Hebron. The cause of his quitting Spain is said however, by Abulfaragis and D'Herbelot, to have been an edict of the Almohad monarch Abdumumen, constraining all the Jews and Christians within his realm to embrace Mohammedism. Maimonides with the rest conformed externally, until he had disposed of his property and found means of flying to the court of Egypt. At Cairo, under the protection of his friend the Cadi Al-Phadel, he renounced Islamism, and opened a school for philosophy and Jewish law. The various employments of Maimonides illustrate the enterprising and intellectual character of a Jewish exile. He applied himself sedulously to the study of medicine, and at the same time maintained himself by the merchandise of jewels. When his patron became sovereign of Egypt, Maimonides was made court-physician, with an annual stipend. His reputation and busy life are thus described by himself in a letter to his friend the Rabbi Samuel Aben Tibbon:—

«I live in Egypt, at the distance of nearly two sabbath-days' journey from Al-Cairo, where the king resides. On him the duties of my appointment demand regular attendance every morning. If there be nothing required at court, I return home towards noon and almost famished for want of food. I find the approaches to my house thronged with both Jews and Gentiles, men of all ranks,

impatiently waiting my arrival. As soon as I have taken some refreshment I examine my patients, until I become so overpowered with the fatigue of speaking and prescribing, that my speech almost fails me before I conclude.

The elevation of Maimonides excited the envy of the Mohammedan learned, and a lawyer from Spain accused him as a relapsed convert from Islamism. The king however defended his favourite on the ground that a forced religion is no religion: and such was the reverence in which he was held even by those who accounted him an infidel, that the Mohammedans fasted and bewailed his loss, and in large crowds accompanied his bier for two days on its progress to the Holy Land.

The creed which Moses Bar-Maimon drew up for his countrymen, purified from the gross and burdensome articles of Rabbinism, is the work of a lofty and pious, yet calm and rational mind. It will be found in the volume before us as the appropriate conclusion to the chapters on the middle-age literature of the Sephardim. The writings however by which he has principally and permanently reformed their systems of instruction and belief, and which consequently drew upon him the severest censure and indignation, are the 'Moreh Nebuchim,' or Guide of the Perplexed, and the 'Iad-ha-hhazakah,' the Mighty Hand, — a complete Pandect of Judaic civil and common law. The former of these has alone obtained an European reputation. Its doctrines, says Mr. Finn, threw all the synagogues into consternation and division. Such an expurgation of Judaism from the legends of the Talmud, and such an effort to induce his countrymen to use the common sense of general mankind in connexion with revealed truth, could not fail to arouse the bigotry of the old school of the Rabbinists. At Montpellier it was burnt in the market-place; all who should read it were excommunicated, and an immediate anathema was levelled at its author. In Narbonne however, and in the French synagogues, the 'Moreh' found zealous supporters. The sentence of excommunication was retaliated, and after a schism of many years the authority of Bar-Maimon was generally acknowledged by the Sephar-

dim. • The reformation thus extended, • Mr. Finn concludes, • by Moses Bar-Maimon is practically felt to the present day. • Another such stride would emancipate the people from most • of the rabbinical shackles, by which free investigation is impeded or punished. •

Our limits will not permit us to enter upon another interesting portion of the annals of the Sephardim,—the extensive travels of the Jews in the middle ages, for which their active commerce and national affinities in all places of their dispersion afforded them unusual facilities. The name of Benjamin of Tudela is however in some degree European; and his 'Itinerary,' although in ill repute for the ignorance or carelessness of the author whenever he writes of the *Gentiles*, is singularly graphic and full on all points relating to the numbers, condition and customs of his own nation. The 'Itinerary' indeed, as a whole, is not more fabulous than the narratives of Sir John Mandeville, Rubruquis, or even Marco Polo. In it, as in them, many objects familiar to the modern traveller are related with the infantine wonder of inexperience, and many are purposely disguised or symbolized to elude the gaze of a semi-barbarous and bigoted age. Rabbi Benjamin's greatest defect is perhaps his national vanity. The further he advances from home the more wonderful are his reports of the numbers, the wealth and the dignity of the Jews. And these considerations have induced his Latin, French and English translators to believe that he never quitted Spain, but compiled all the travellers' tales he could meet with concerning other lands. • But, • as Mr. Finn remarks, • the 'Itinerary' would probably have met with a kinder reception, • even as a piece of curiosity, had not the relation of the state • and glory of the Prince of the Captivity at Bagdad provoked • the church to condemn it; • for all who have examined the book are willing to acknowledge, that many incidental allusions to ancient manners, and glimpses of true history, may be collected from it, though not forming the author's chief subject.

Rabbi Benjamin's account, in Mr. Finn's pages, of the Prince of the Captivity is too long for extraction, and does not im-

mediately relate to the Sephardim. The following specimens however may convey some idea of the worth and character of the 'Itinerary.'

«The mighty Rome, which is the metropolis of Edomites. About 200 Jews reside in this city, honourable men, who pay tribute to no power whatever. Several are in the service of Pope Alexander, who is a very great prince, and chief of the Edomitish religion. Here are to be met some very wise men, the principal of whom are, the great R. Daniel and R. Jehiel the Pope's minister, a handsome young man, wise and prudent, frequenting the palace as first steward, or manager of the pope's affairs. There is to be seen without Rome the palace of Titus, who was rejected by 300 senators for his disobedience, having spent three years more in the siege of Jerusalem than they had decreed for that purpose.»

The last sentence shows that Benjamin was no reader of Josephus; and the account he gives of the favour which his countrymen enjoyed with the Pope corresponds with a shrewd observation of Fuller's:—

«They (the Jews) are thick in the Pope's dominions, where they are kept as testimonies of the truth of the Scriptures, and foyl to Christianitie, but chiefly in pretense to convert them. But his Holinesse his converting facultie worketh the strongest at the greatest distance; for the Indians he turneth to his religion, and these Jews he converteth to his profit.»

The synagogues at Paris he cannot sufficiently commend:—

«Here are such disciples of wisdom as are nowhere else to be met with throughout the world, who give themselves up to the study of the law both day and night. They are hospitable to strangers, and behave as brethren to all their kindred and people.»

Germany does not greatly attract him:—

«This country is full of hills and mountains, in which all the Jewish congregations dwell towards the great river Rhine.»

The rabbi's notice of Jerusalem is curious and characteristic:

«Here is, moreover, that great high place called the sepulchre of the MAN, which is visited by all who are bound to do so.»

Passing over Mr. Finn's enumeration of the Jewish astronomers and physicians, who in the middle ages made the Spanish universities among the most celebrated in Europe, and attracted to their lecture-rooms crowds of both Gentile and Hebrew students, we must now return to the political

history of the Sephardim. The circumstances of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were generally favourable to the Jews. The Mohammedan dominion was on the wane, but the Christian rulers were not sufficiently established in the peninsula to listen obediently to the suggestions of ecclesiastical jealousy, and the Sephardim were serviceable to the state as ministers of finance, and from the vigour they imparted to foreign and domestic trade. The possession of Syria by the Turks and the Norman pirates in the Mediterranean had indeed seriously affected their distant commerce; while at home they were shackled by the restrictions of the Cortes,—who had made as little advance in the science of free-trade as the legislators of our own days,—by the increasing corporate privileges of the towns, and perhaps by the general progress and pressure of Christian civilization. Nevertheless the Sephardim enjoyed great privileges, and some peculiar to themselves: as ministers of finance, the currency was regulated and the rate of exchange in some measure determined by them. Although again thrown upon the resource of money-lending, usury was less dishonourable in Spain than elsewhere,<sup>m</sup> and interest was fixed and recoverable by law. They were general bankers, but Mr. Finn is mistaken in his supposition that they *invented* bills of exchange: these had long before been employed by the Carthaginians, and transmitted by them to the Greek brokers of the empire. The evidence of the Sephardim was received in courts of law: they were themselves exempt from imprisonment for debt, and held considerable landed property;—at one time, it is said, to the amount of a *third* of the Peninsula; and in the principal cities they exercised their own judicature, both in civil and criminal causes.

Still, in these centuries, and especially in the latter, Spain began to develop those peculiar social features, which were matured under the Austrian dynasty, and have left, in the principle of rigidly exclusive bigotry, an indelible impress on her national character. Three religions, whose mutual hostility was cherished rather than repressed by their casual affinities, struggled through many centuries within her bosom; and the various elements of her population,—the fierce and

susceptible Saracen, the grave and inflexible Goth, the alternately proud and passive Sephardim, — gave new intensity to her religious contests. As the Christian kingdoms gradually absorbed the Moorish provinces, the Moors themselves resumed much of their earlier fanaticism; and the Jews, who, as subjects to both, might respectively betray their immediate rulers, were by both regarded with increasing jealousy and alarm. The Crusades, familiarizing the European mind with the idea of military apostleship against *infidels*, though directed primarily against Islamism, could not fail to re-act unfavourably on Judaism; and both the Ashkenazim and Sephardim felt the presence of the «red-cross» harmless without the power of retaliating, like their Eastern brethren, the evils they endured. The terrible cry of «Hep,» the signal for the massacre of the Jews — supposed to be an abbreviation of «Hierosolyma est perdit» — was raised in the Spanish cities as well as on the banks of the Rhine. In February 1218 the Crusaders of the West, an immense host; were encamped in the royal parks on the banks of the Tagus.

«Conceiving that the first-fruits of their valour would be an acceptable offering to heaven, if waged upon the unarmed Jews, they proceeded most religiously to plunder that race of infidels. There was no massacre, for the nobles of Castile armed themselves to defend the synagogues; but the terror inspired in the victims was so great, as to cause the emigration of immense numbers.»

In the former half of the fourteenth century, says Mr. Finn, «a rabble crusade was preached among the shepherds in the South of France, by one Roar, likewise a shepherd, who gave out that he had received revelations from a dove, which changed itself into a beautiful virgin, charging him to extirpate the infidels, and, for a token, wrote the terms of his commission, or, as some said, the form of a cross, upon his arm. Thousands flocked to the novel champion, and proposed to march immediately on Granada. One however, more prudent than the rest, represented the difficulty of overcoming well-trained and well-armed warriors, or walled towns, with an undisciplined multitude in want of arms; and was of opinion the commission would at first be sufficiently obeyed by assaulting *the Jews*. His advice was adopted; and after a massacre of 120 synagogues in Languedoc, despite the royal proclamation, the arming of the barons, and the pope's excommunication, they crossed the Pyrenees into Arragon, but were repulsed by the king just in time to rescue the



city of Huesca. They marched into Navarre, entered Pamplona; but at Montreal, three leagues distant, were driven back by the Jews themselves.

The temporal powers on both these occasions maintained the laws, the rights of humanity and the public peace. But with the progress of Catholicism in the Peninsula, the spiritual powers asserted their privilege of enforcing orthodoxy; and the edicts and temper of the Toledan Councils revived. Bigotry was so congenial to the Spanish character, that Lope de Vega expressed the general feeling when he gave his poetical applause to the enactments of the Gothic synods:

Vedando el concilio Toledano  
Tomar el cetro al Re sin que primero  
Limpiase el verdadero  
Trigo con propria mano,  
De la cizana vil que le supprime  
La Santa Ley en la corona imprime.

And unfortunately for the Jews, the influence of the clergy with the rabble at command was set entirely and perseveringly against them. At the beginning of the thirteenth century the Hebrew colony in Toledo alone was 12,000 strong, and their wealth and intelligence were in proportion to the protection they had long enjoyed. Roderick, the archbishop of the city, was eminent for his popularity as a preacher and for his intrigues as a statesman. An indefatigable agitator for the Crusades, his frequent harangues were so many invectives against the Moors and the Jews, till, on one occasion, heading his flock, he rushed into the synagogues, routed the congregations, and pursued them to their houses for plunder. Since the time of Sisebut, indeed, papal authority and the general sentiment had discountenanced compulsory baptism; but besides the licence assumed by bishops and friars to pillage and murder recusants, civil restrictions and penalties were again multiplied. The laws affecting the marriage, property, and peculiar customs of the Sephardim were gradually revived, and the *«Siete Partidas»* of Alonzo X., passed between the years 1250 and 1280, added new circumstances of degradation. By the eleventh law of the sixth *«Partida»*, it was enacted that

«every Jewish man and woman shall wear some certain mark of distinction on the head, such as shall manifestly designate the different people; and for every appearance in public without it, the offender shall be fined ten maravedis of gold, and, in default of payment, shall receive one hundred lashes.»

In the middle ages Crusaders and Templars were known by their coloured crosses, as the monks and nuns by their peculiar habits :

«Still,» Mr. Finn adds, «to affix a mark upon any class of men *already hated*, was to expose them to certain destruction in a country like Spain, where the practice of private revenge has always been common, where the proclamations of kings are obeyed but at a short distance from their own immediate superintendence, and where popular outrages have rarely been checked by the national government.»

In 1335 the Council of Salamanca confirmed and extended the principle of the «Badge,» by ordaining that «henceforward the Jews of every town be enclosed within an appointed quarter called the *Jewry*.» At the same time it, perhaps providentially, directed that Jews should be inhibited from practising among Christians as physicians, «since their wickedness was such, that under the pretext of surgery and medicine, they craftily insinuated themselves, and did injury to faithful people.» Penal edicts and tumultuary violence, however, were not the only resources of the clergy in their domestic war with the infidels. The populace were kept in a ferment by the untiring propagation of falsehood to the detriment of the Jewish character. The sephardim, it was asserted, by their ingenuity in mechanical trades, were robbing the true church of their livelihood, and by their numbers and consumption of food enhanced its price to the injury of Christians. Monstrous fictions of diabolical malice and cruelty were circulated among all classes of society, and the more these legends were preached and believed, the more deep became the rancour of both narrator and hearer. A huge controversial book, entitled the «Fortress of the Faith» in the fifteenth century, teems with narrations, which, like similar stories propagated in northern and central Europe against the Ashkenazim, were calculated to excite horror and dread

of the Jews. The 'Prioresse's Tale' in Chaucer, the ballads of 'Sir Hew of Lincoln' and the 'Jew's Tochter,' the groundwork of Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,' and Shakspeare's 'Merchant of Venice,' find their counterparts in the 'Fortress of the Faith.' For a few years before and after 1400 A.D. a pestilence raged throughout Europe, so fearful in its phenomena and effects as to be commonly denominated 'the black death.' During the general panic a notion was rapidly propagated, that the mortality was caused by the Jews poisoning the springs and fountains. Some averred that they had *beheld* the Jews by moonlight muttering incantations, and casting deleterious drugs into the rivers and running streams. Thousands of lives were sacrificed to this rumour in Catalonia alone. The customary profanation of the eucharistical elements by the Jews, their sanguinary passovers celebrated with the blood of Christian children, their mockery of the most awful event of Christian history, are fables too well known to require notice, and were a repetition of the calumnies with which, centuries earlier, the various sects of Christendom had assailed one another, and which were originally invented by the pagan hierarchy and populace. We shall pass over this chapter of Mr. Finn's volume, because such accusations were not peculiar to the Spanish church. The Ashkenazim suffered equally with the Sephardim from the inflamed imaginations of the multitude and the active malevolence of the ecclesiastical orders. The following anecdotes are however sufficiently curious to extract, since they tend to show that the government was sometimes uninfected by the phrenzy that possessed its subjects in church and state.

«In the reign of one of the Alonzos, the crowd assembled with a complaint to the king, that they had discovered a dead Christian in a Jew's house, who had doubtless killed him for the sake of his blood to drink. But at length the king got them to acknowledge that they had placed the corpse there in order to raise an insurrection which might take vengeance for the death of Christ.»

«In the time of good king Alonzo the Great, some men reported that they had seen a Christian enter a Jew's house on the first day of Passover, and presently afterwards heard a cry for help. The magistrates sent to examine the place, but found no Christian there; they therefore blamed the people for bringing such idle tales before

them. Appeal was made to the king; he summoned the accused Jew, who denied all knowledge of the circumstance, and Alonzo was of opinion that the accusers were morally guilty of the murder, if there were any, for not having gone immediately to the rescue. The next day they returned with witnesses to swear to the allegations; so the king resolved to investigate it thoroughly. The Jew's name and residence were written down. The Christian's name was given as Pedro Guzman, and his features were described; the wife of the deceased was Beatrice, a servant to a certain bishop. When sent for she deposed that her husband was from home, having gone to make some enquiries of a Jew. The others declared that they had conversed with him; but the Jew coming home, took him into an inner room, and they presently heard his screams for help; that they leaped in at the window, but found not their friend in the house, only the floor was wet with blood. Then it was thought proper to apply the torture. The accused, after enduring great suffering, confessed that he had killed the man, and thrown him into the river. He was sentenced to be burnt alive; but just as the warrant was being read over, the aforesaid bishop chanced to enter, and he enquired into the business. But so far from Guzman having been killed on the first day of Passover, he had seen him alive yesterday in a suburban village. A party was sent to bring him forward, including one Jew, lest the others of the party should induce Guzman to abscond; and the man was produced alive. The king was surprised that the Jew should have criminated himself, so as to incur the penalty of death; but the latter declared that he had done so that an end might be made to the tortures, by which he was treated worse than a murderer."

Does not this story, coupled with the late frightful scenes at Damascus, lead one to exclaim, Verily there is nothing new under the sun!

The remaining pages of Mr. Finn's work will probably appear to our readers, should we have induced them to peruse it, the most interesting portion of the volume. They contain the history of the Sephardim in the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, when the Catholics, flushed with repeated triumphs over the Moors, and aided by the Inquisition, summed up the oppressions of centuries by the expulsion of the Jews from the Peninsula. But this period is fully and ably treated in other works of general access, and especially in Mr. Prescott's excellent history of those sovereigns. Our object in the foregoing pages has been rather to collect and illustrate the less known portions of the annals of the Sephardim as an instruc-

tive and not uninteresting department of mediæval history. It would be superfluous to insist upon the picture of intolerance it presents, or upon the lesson to be derived from it; and we may take leave of Mr. Finn with the remark, that to her two compulsory acts of bigotry—the expulsion of the Sephardim, and subsequently of the Moors—Spain is in no small degree indebted for the present decay of her inland trade, her industrial population, and for her general inferiority to the rest of Europe in the arts and enterprise that supply the wants of war and the blessings of peace.

(BRITISH AND FOREIGN REVIEW.)

### THE THAMES TUNNEL.

The Tunnel has now completely reached across the river—a distance of 200 feet—and the projector and engineer had the gratification, a short time since, of being the first who walked from bank to bank, to the shaft on the London side. Those shafts on both sides of the river, which are intended for foot passengers, are really grand things. They are a succession of staircases going round a vast circular excavation, between seventy and eighty feet deep; and when they shall be all-lighted with gas, will be among the most extraordinary parts of the whole structure. Even now they strongly realize the poetic conception of the descent into the caverns of the Egyptian mysteries; and the view of the interior, nearly a quarter of a mile in extent, lighted with a long succession of melancholy flames, would probably have suggested to a Greek the image of an entrance into Tartarus. But, in our days, the sublime is well exchanged for the practical, and this vast and formidable-looking cavern will be stripped of its poetic associations by the passage of carter and waggons, hales of goods and herds of bullocks. Still it will be almost impossible to divest ourselves of the recollections really attaching to this work. We have before us altogether a new attempt to

conquer nature — a great experiment to make rivers passable without boat or bridge — a new and capable contrivance for expediting the intercourse of mankind. The stone bridge, as well as that of boats, is always liable to accidents, and almost certain to be broken up in every instance of a flood. Besides this, the fixed bridge blocks up the navigation of the river for all vessels beyond the size of a barge or a small steam-boat. The expense of the stone bridge also is enormous. Waterloo Bridge cost upwards of a million — London Bridge about as much more — Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges, which were built at a cheaper rate and in cheaper times, so constantly demand repairs that they probably have cost more than either of the modern ones; but the Tunnel has the advantage of giving a passage from side to side of the Thames, where from the breadth of the river a stone bridge would have probably cost nearer two millions than one. And where no bridge could be thrown across without locking up the most important part of the Thames, that portion which may be called the great wet dock of London. Yet the expense of the whole has not amounted to more than L. 500,000; and even this is to be remembered as an expense greatly increased by the utter novelty of the experiment, by difficulties unforeseen in the management, by several irruptions of the river, by the dearth of workmen's wages, arising from the peculiar peril and singular nature of the labour connected with an undertaking carried on at all hours, and wholly by artificial light. All this, too, in constant hazard of an influx of the river, and the various difficulties belonging to working in a mine. The weight of a body of water above, acting alike during summer and winter, which at any moment might break in, and against whose incursions it was as necessary to fortify the outside of the tunnel as the interior, added greatly to the difficulties of the undertaking.

The original object of the tunnel was, to convey cattle, passengers, and general traffic from the rich counties on the Kent side to that great mercantile region of the metropolis — the London and East and West India Docks. How far this will be now effected, is a question which remains to be decided

by experience. There can be no doubt that if the traffic be not impeded by the fear of passing under the river, it must be immense. The convenience of escaping the long circuit up to London Bridge, which, from the various obstructions in the streets, and the general difficulty of passing through the most crowded portion of the city, must now occupy many hours, would obviously direct the whole current of the traffic into the Tunnel. Hitherto, no expedient has been adopted to shorten the passage of the traffic; and the contrivance by which 1200 clear feet are substituted for at least three miles of the most encumbered thoroughfares imaginable, must be adopted as a matter of palpable advantage. Still there may be difficulties in the way which practice only can exhibit. — But any fear of the structure itself we should regard as altogether visionary. The building of the Tunnel seems as solid as a rock. During the whole period from its commencement, we have not heard a single instance of its giving way, vast as the pressure was from above, and trying as were the damps, the ground springs, and the extreme difficulty of building under water. At this moment the roof is obviously as free from damp as the roof of St. Paul's! — and unless an earthquake should burst it, the whole fabric seems much more likely to last than were it exposed to the diversities of temperature, the heats and frost, above ground. The especial advantage of the system of the Tunnel is, that it can be adopted in any part of the course of a river, and even in its widest part, (for few European rivers exceed the breadth of the Thames at Rotherhithe, unless they where spread into marshes or lakes,) and yet offer no impediment to the navigation.

But we regard it as having a still higher character; we consider it as a noble and essential adjunct to the railway system, and to have come exactly at the proper period for completing a system which is now spreading over Europe, which is obviously meant as a great instrument of civilization, and which without it must suffer a full stop at the banks of every great river. For we cannot look to any resource in the clumsy, and always insecure contrivance of a bridge of boats or masonry, incurring great loss of time, requiring change of en-

gines and carriages, with a hundred other disadvantages; while, by a tunnel, the whole train might sweep along wholly unobstructed, and be many a league on its course before a traveller could have crossed by the bridge. We shall thus probably see the Rhine, the Danube, and the Rhone passed below their beds, if the Governments of their countries shall have the funds or the common sense to follow up their present projects for the rail-roads. Our impression decidedly is, that the tunnel is essential as a part of the railway. England has a right to pride herself alike on the scientific intrepidity and the palpable value of the undertaking to mankind. Beane has been knighted on the completion of his work. But his perseverance and talent deserve a more productive distinction. We hope that he will give us a history of this great, new, and decided triumph over nature.

(BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

## MISCELLANEA.

ANCIENT BRONZE.—Among the Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum there are several chisels, saws, and other tools, made of bronze; and also remains of granite sculptures, which, supposing them to have been executed with these tools, show that they must originally have been of a hardness and temper equal to that of our best modern tools of iron and steel. No Egyptian tool of iron has ever yet been found; nor is there any trace of this metal having been used for such purposes in the days of the pyramids. A small bronze knife, found at Thebes, was, after being buried for at least 2,000 years, of so good an edge, that it was used for a pen-knife several months after its exhumation. How the Egyptians contrived to obtain bronze of so superior a quality is now unknown; it is one of the lost arts, the re-discovery of which, (chiefly, however, on account of the rust-proof property of this compound metal,) would be worth a diadem.



**ERICKSON'S STEAM FIRE-ENGINE REVIVED IN AMERICA.**—When I left New-York, it was rumoured that the several insurance companies of that city had determined to have fires put out thereafter by steam.—They were having built a powerful steam fire-engine, to cost 6,000 D. It was building on a plan of Erickson's, the inventor of the transversal screw-paddle for steam-ships. The engine was to weigh a little more than two tons, to have the power of 120 men, and to throw upwards of 30,000 pounds of water per minute, to the height of above 100 feet. His power, and the quantity of water to be greatly increased over that which I have stated. It was to be called the Exterminator. Able engineers are of opinion that it will perform the work of at least six of our best engines, and it will have the advantage of a power that will never be worn out by fatigue. The bore to which the hose will be attached is *fifteen inches and three-quarters* in circumference, and the mouth of the pipe will be much less, giving a great impetus to the volume of water, and throwing it to a greater distance than our best engines. It is so constructed, that, should it be necessary, three or four streams can play from the engine at the same time. The engine will be stationed in the fifth district, probably at or near Burling Slip. It is to be drawn by a pair of strong horses, and attended by a driver, an engineer, and a fireman.—*Le Cras's United States and the Canadas.*

**A PASSENGER-PROPELLED LOCOMOTIVE — REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE.**

—On Saturday last, a very successful trial was made at Holeywell (Flintshire) of a carriage constructed by Mr. P. Williams, surgeon, of that place, to run on common roads, and to be propelled by the passenger or passengers. Two men propelled themselves in it, with little difficulty, up a hill of a considerable rise, at the rate of at least 6 miles an hour; for a good walker could not keep pace with it, and even had to run to follow it. On a level they attained a speed of 12 and 10 miles an hour, and returned down the first mentioned acclivity at the rate of about 15 miles an hour. The experiment was most satisfactory, and justifies the opinion that this carriage is probably the best combination of power which has been yet applied to such a purpose.

The parties to whose use this carriage seems most adapted, are young people and invalids. The exercise of propelling it is of a nature to call into operation all the collateral muscles in a most effectual manner, and thereby to give great tone and vigour to the muscular system. Invalid ladies and gentlemen may have it worked by servants, whilst they themselves are simply occupied in guiding it. The propulsion of the carriage may be aided by the effect of the wind acting on a revolving umbrella, kite, or sail. With little fatigue, it will certainly convey two or three individuals, on a good hard surface, at the average rate of about 8 miles an hour. By 60 revolutions per minute, a rate of speed will be attained of upwards of 10 miles per hour. A pony may be applied when it is considered desirable not to use the machinery.

**A FLOATING MANUFACTURE.**—Amongst the strange craft to be seen navigating the Ohio, is a floating Glass works. A large boat, says M. Le Gras, is fitted up with a furnace, tempering oven, and the usual apparatus proper for such an establishment. It is on full blast every night, melting glass ware which is retailed all along shore, as the 'Works' float down the stream.

## LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

Henry Barclay, of Bedford-row, for a composition or compositions applicable as tools or instruments for cutting, grinding, or polishing glass, porcelain, stones, metals, and other hard substances, April 30; four months to specify.

John Robinson, of Watney-street, Commercial road East, engineer, for improvements in windlasses and capstans. May 3; six months.

John Railton, of Blackbörn, machine-maker, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for weaving. May 3; six months.

Godfrey Wetzlar, of Myddleton-square, Clerkenwell, for improvements in rendering fabrics waterproof. (Being a communication). May 7; six months.

Joseph Warren, of Heybridge, Essex, agricultural implement maker, for certain improvements in ploughs. May 9; six months.

Francis Primo Walker, junior, of Manchester, coal-merchant, for certain improvements in the manufacture of candles, candlesticks, or candleholders, and in the apparatus connected therewith. May 9; six months.

George Haire, of Manchester, gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for sweeping and cleaning chimneys and flues. May 9; six months.

Thomas Edge, of Great Peter-street, Westminster, gas apparatus-manufacturer, for certain improvements in apparatus for gas-water and other fluids. May 9; six months.

Samuel Hall, of Bedford, O. E., for improvements in the combustion of fuel and smoke. May 9; six months.

Jacob Wilson, of Wigmore-street, Cavendish square, upholsterer, for certain improvements in bedsteads. May 9; six months.

William Sandersen, of Aldermansbury, London, silk-manufacturer, for improvements in weaving fabrics to be used for covering bottles. May 9; six months.

John Melville, of Lipper Harley, esquire, for certain improvements in propelling vessels. May 11; six months.

John Browne, of Brighton, gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of mud-boots and overalls. May 12; six months.

Thomas Williams, of Bangor, smith, for an improved churn. May 17; six months.

William Branton, of Neath, Glamorgan, C. E., for an improved method or means of dressing ores and separating metals or minerals from other substances. (For the colonies only). May 19; 4 months.

Joseph Gibson, of Birmingham, manufacturer, for certain improvements in axletrees and axletreeboxes. May 23; six months.

John Bennet Lawes, of Rotherhampstead, Hertford, gentleman, for certain improvements in manures. May 23; six months.

John Bishop, of Poland-street, Westminster, jeweller, for a new or improved construction of brake apparatus applicable to railway carriages. May 23; six months.

Thomas Middleton, of Loman-street, Southwark, engineer, for an improved method of preparing vegetable gelatine or size for paper and also an improved mode of applying the same in the manufacture of paper. (Being a communication.) May 23; six months.

William Tudor Mabley, of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, mechanical draftsman, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for making nails. (Being a communication.) May 23; six months.

Benjamin Cook, junior, of Birmingham, brassfounder, for improvements in the construction of bedsteads, both in metal and wood. May 23; six months.

Frederick Goos, of Manchester, jacquard machine-maker, for certain improvements in the jacquard machine or apparatus, to be used or employed in looms for weaving. May 23; six months.

Sir James Murray, of Merriion-square, Dublin, Doctor of Medicine, for an improved method of combining various materials in a manner not hitherto in use for the purpose of manure. May 23.

James Pilbrow, of Tottenham, engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines. May 23; six months.

William Geeves, of Old-Cavendish-street, gentleman, for improvements in machinery for cutting cork. May 23; six months.

James Stewart, of Osnaburgh-street, gentleman, for improvements in hinges for piano-fortes and other purposes. May 24; six months.

Thomas Waterhouse, of Edgely, Chester, manufacturer, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for carding cotton, wool, flax, silk, and similar fibrous materials. May 24.

Joseph Duce, of Wolverhampton, lock-manufacturer, for an improved lock and key, to be used therewith, and an improved slide bolt for the said lock, applicable also to other purposes. May 24; six months.

James Boydell, junior, of Hope Farm Works, Dudley, for improvements in the manufacture of keel plates for vessels, iron gates, gate-posts, fences, and gratings. May 24; six months.

James Potter, of Manchester, manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning cotton, flax, and other fibrous substances. May 25; six months.

Peter Kagenbusch, of Whitby, York, for an improvement in the dyeing of wool, woollen cloths, cotton, silks, and other fabrics and materials. May 26; six months.

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED.

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P. KOHSAKOFF, Censor.

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# FITZ-BOODLE'S CONFESSIONS.

## PREFACE.

GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE, ESQUIRE, TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQUIRE.

*Omnium Club, May 20, 1842.*

Dear Sir,—I have always been considered the third-best whist-player in Europe, and (though never betting more than five pounds) have for many years past added considerably to my annual income by my skill in the game, until the commencement of the present season, when a French gentleman, Monsieur Lalouette, was admitted to the club where I usually play. His skill and reputation were so great, that no men of the club were inclined to play against us two of a side; and the consequence has been, that we have been in a manner pitted against one another. By a strange turn of luck (for I cannot admit the idea of his superiority), Fortune, since the Frenchman's arrival, has been almost constantly against me, and I have lost two-and-thirty nights in the course of a couple of score of nights' play.

Every body knows that I am a poor man; and so much has Lalouette's luck drained my finances, that only last week I was obliged to give him that famous grey cob on which you have seen me riding in the Park (I can't afford a thorough-

bred, and hate a cocktail).—I was, I say, forced to give him up my cob in exchange for four ponies which I owed him. Thus, as I never walk, being a heavy man whom nobody cares to mount, my time hangs heavily on my hands; and as I hate home, or that apology for it—a bachelor's lodgings, and as I have nothing earthly to do now until I can afford to purchase another horse, I spend my time in sauntering from one club to another, passing many rather listless hours in them before the men come in.

You will say, Why not take to backgammon, or *écarté*, or amuse yourself with a book? Sir (putting out of the question the fact that I do not play upon credit), I make a point never to play before candles are lighted; and as for books, I must candidly confess to you I am not a reading man. 'Twas but the other day that some one recommended me to read your Magazine after dinner, saying it contained an exceedingly witty article upon—I forget what—I give you my honour, Sir, that I took up the work at six, meaning to amuse myself till seven, when Lord Trumpington's dinner was to come off, and egad! in two minutes I fell asleep, and never woke till midnight. Nobody ever thought of looking for me in the library, where nobody ever goes; and so ravenously hungry was I, that I was obliged to walk off to Crockford's for supper.

What is it that makes you literary persons so stupid? I have met various individuals in society, who, I was told, were writers of books; and that sort of thing, and expecting rather to be amused by their conversation, have invariably found them dull to a degree, and as for information, without a particle of it. Sir, I actually asked one of these fellows, "What was the nick to seven?" and he stared in my face, and said he didn't know. He was hugely overdressed in satin, rings, chains, and so forth; and at the beginning of dinner was disposed to be rather talkative and pert; but my little sally silenced him I promise you, and got up a good laugh at his expense, too. "Leave George alone," said little Lord Cinqbars, "I warrant he'll be a match for any of you literary fellows." Cinqbars is no great wiseacre; but, indeed, it requires no great wiseacre to know *that*.

What is the simple deduction to be drawn from this truth? Why this,—that a man, to be amusing and well-informed, has no need of books at all, and had much better go to the world and to men for his knowledge. There was Ulysses, now, the Greek fellow engaged in the Trojan war, as I dare say you know; well, he was the cleverest man possible, and how? From having seen men and cities, their manners noted and their realms surveyed, to be sure: so have I,—I have been in every capital, and can order a dinner in every language in Europe.

My notion, then, is this. I have a great deal of spare time on my hands, and as I am told you pay a handsome sum to persons writing for you, I will furnish you occasionally with some of my views upon men and things; occasional histories of my acquaintance, which I think may amuse you; personal narratives of my own; essays, and what not. I am told I do not spell correctly. This, of course, I don't know; but you will remember that Richelieu and Marlborough could not spell, and, egad! I am an honest man, and desire to be no better than they. I know that it is the matter, and not the manner, which is of importance. Have the goodness, then, to let one of your understrappers correct the spelling and the grammar of my papers; and you can give him a few shillings in my name for his trouble.

Begging you to accept the assurance of my high consideration, I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE.

P.S. By the way, I have said in my letter that I found all literary persons vulgar and dull. Permit me to contradict this with regard to yourself. I met you once at Blackwall, I think it was, and really did not remark any thing offensive in your accent or appearance.

#### FITZ-BOODLE'S CONFESSIONS.

Before commencing the series of moral disquisitions, &c., which I intend, the reader may as well know who I am,

and what my past course of life has been. To say that I am a Fitz-Boodle is to say at once that I am 'a gentleman'. Our family has held the estate of Boodle ever since the reign of Henry II.; and it is out of no ill-will to my elder brother, or unnatural desire for his death, but only because the estate is a very good one, that I wish heartily it was mine. I would say as much of Chatsworth or Eaton Hall.

I am not, in the first place, what is called a ladies' man, having contracted an irrepressible habit of smoking after dinner, which has obliged me to give up a great deal of the dear creatures' society; nor can I go much to country-houses for the same reason. Say what they will, ladies do not like you to smoke in their bed-rooms; their silly little noses scent out the odour upon the chintz, weeks after you have left them. Sir John has been caught coming to bed particularly merry and redolent of cigar-smoke. Young George, from Eton, was absolutely found in the little green-house puffing an Havannah; and when discovered, they both lay the blame upon Fitz-Boodle. 'It was Mr. Fitz-Boodle, mamma,' says George, 'who offered me the cigar, and I didn't like to refuse him.'

'That rascal Fitz seduced us, my dear,' says Sir John, 'and kept us laughing until past midnight.' Her ladyship instantly sets me down as a person to be avoided. 'George,' whispers she to her boy, 'promise me, on your honour, when you go to town, not to know that man.' And when she enters the breakfast-room for prayers, the first greeting is a peculiar expression of countenance and inhaling of breath, by which my lady indicates the presence of some exceedingly disagreeable odour in the room. She makes you the faintest of courtesies, and regards you, if not with a 'flashing eye,' as in the novels, at least with a 'distended nostril.' During the whole of the service, her heart is filled with the blackest gall towards you; and she is thinking about the best means of getting you out of the house.

What is this smoking that it should be considered a crime? I believe in my heart that women are jealous of it, as of a rival. They speak of it as of some secret, awful vice that



seizes upon a man, and makes him a Pariah from genteel society. I would lay a guinea that many a lady who has just been kind enough to read the above lines lays down the book, after this confession of mine that I am a smoker, and says, 'Oh the vulgar wretch!' and passes on to something else.

The fact is, that the cigar is a rival to the ladies, and their conqueror, too. In the chief pipe-smoking nations they are kept in subjection. While the chief Little White Belt smokes, the women are silent in his wigwam; while Mahomet Ben Jawbrakine causes volumes of odorous incense of Latakia to play round his beard, the women of the harem do not disturb his meditations, but only add to the delight of them by tinkling on a dulcimer and dancing before him. When Professor Strumpff, of Göttingen, takes down No. 13 from the wall, with a picture of Beatrice Cenci upon it, and which holds a pound of canaster, the Frau Professorin knows that for two hours her Hermann is engaged, and takes up her stockings, and knits in quiet. The constitution of French society has been quite changed within the last twelve years: an ancient and respectable dynasty has been overthrown; an aristocracy which Napoleon could never master has disappeared: and from what cause? I do not hesitate to say,—*from the habit of smoking*. Ask any man whether, five years before the revolution of July, if you wanted a cigar at Paris, they did not bring you a roll of tobacco with a straw in it? Now, the whole city smokes; society is changed; and be sure of this, ladies, a similar combat is going on in this country at present between cigar-smoking and you. Do you suppose you will conquer? Look over the wide world, and see that your adversary has overcome it. Germany has been puffing for threescore years; France smokes to a man. Do you think you can keep the enemy out of England? Pshaw! look at his progress. Ask the club-houses. Have they smoking-rooms, or not? Are they not obliged to yield to the general want of the age, in spite of the resistance of the old women on the committees? I, for my part, do not despair to see a bishop lolling out of the Athenæum with a cheroot in his mouth, or at any rate, a pipe stuck in his shovel-hat.

But as in all great causes and in promulgating of new and illustrious theories, their first propounders and exponents are generally the victims of their enthusiasm, of course the first preachers of smoking have been martyrs too; and George Fitz-Boodle is one. The first gasman was ruined; the inventor of steam-engine printing became a pauper. I began to smoke in days when the task was one of some danger, and paid the penalty of my crime. I was flogged most fiercely for my first cigar; for being asked to dine one Sunday evening with a half-pay colonel of dragoons (the gallant, simple, humorous Shortcut—Heaven bless him!—I have had many a guinea from him who had so few), he insisted upon my smoking in his room at the Salopian, and the consequence was, that I became so violently ill as to be reported intoxicated upon my return to Slaughter-house School, where I was a boarder, and I was whipped the next morning for my peccadillo. At Christ Church, one of our tutors was the celebrated and lamented Otto Rose, who would have been a bishop under the present government, had not an immoderate indulgence in water-gruel cut short his elegant and useful career. He was a good man, a pretty scholar and poet (the episode upon the discovery of eau de Cologne, in his prize-poem on 'The Rhine,' was considered a masterpiece of art, though I am not much of a judge myself upon such matters), and he was as remarkable for his fondness for a tuft as for his nervous antipathy to tobacco. As ill-luck would have it, my rooms (in Tom Quad) were exactly under his; and I was grown by this time to be a confirmed smoker. I was a baronet's son (we are of James's first creation), and I do believe our tutor could have pardoned any crime in the world but this. He had seen me in a tandem, and at that moment was seized with a violent fit of sneezing (a sternutatory paroxysm, he called it), at the conclusion of which I was a mile down the Woodstock Road. He had seen me in pink, as we used to call it, swaggering in the open sunshine across a grass-plot in the court; but spied out opportunely a servitor, one Todhunter by name, who was going to morning chapel with his shoe-string untied, and forthwith sprang towards that unfor-

tunate person, to set him an imposition. Everything, in fact, but tobacco he could forgive. Why did cursed fortune bring him into the rooms over mine? The odour of the cigars made his gentle spirit quite furious; and one luckless morning, when I was standing before my "oak," and chanced to puff a great *bouffée* of Varinas into his face, he forgot his respect for my family altogether (I was the second son, and my brother a sickly creature then,—he is now sixteen stone in weight, and has a half-score of children); gave me a severe lecture, to which I replied rather hotly, as was my wont. And then came demand for an apology; refusal on my part; appeal to the dean; convocation; and rustication of George Savage Fitz-Boodle.

My father had taken a second wife (of the noble house of Flintskinner), and Lady Fitz-Boodle detested smoking, as a woman of her high principles should. She had an entire mastery over the worthy old gentleman, and thought I was a sort of demon of wickedness. The old man went to his grave with some similar notion,—Heaven help him! and left me but the wretched twelve thousand pounds secured to me on my poor mother's property.

In the army, my luck was much the same. I joined the —th lancers, Lieut.-Col. Lord Martingale, in the year 1817. I only did duty with the regiment for three months. We were quartered at Cork, where I found the Irish doodheen and tobacco the pleasantest smoking possible; and was found by his lordship one day upon stable duty, smoking the shortest, dearest, little, dumpy clay-pipe in the world.

"Cornet Fitz-Boodle," said my lord, in a towering passion, "from what blackguard did you get that pipe?"

I omit the oaths which garnished invariably his lordship's conversation.

"I got it, my lord," said I, "from one Terence Mullins, a jingle-driver, with a packet of his peculiar tobacco. You sometimes smoke Turkish, I believe; do try this. Isn't it good?" And in the simplest way in the world I puffed a volume into his face. "I see you like it," said I, so coolly,

that the men, and I do believe the horses, burst out laughing.

He started back—choking almost, and recovered himself only to vent such a storm of oaths and curses, that I was compelled to request Capt. Rawdon (the captain on duty) to take note of his lordship's words; and unluckily could not help adding a question which settled my business. «You were good enough,» I said, «to ask me, my lord, from what blackguard I got my pipe; might I ask from what blackguard you learned your language?»

This was quite enough. Had I said «from what gentleman did your lordship learn your language?» the point would have been quite as good, and my Lord Martingale would have suffered in my place: as it was, I was so strongly recommended to sell out by his Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief, that, being of a good-natured disposition, never knowing how to refuse a friend, I at once threw up my hopes of military distinction, and retired into civil life.

My lord was kind enough to meet me afterwards, in a field on the Glanmire Road, where he put a ball into my leg. This I returned to him some years later with about twenty-three others—black ones—when he came to be balloted for at a club, of which I have the honour to be a member.

Thus by the indulgence of a simple and harmless propensity,—of a propensity which can inflict an injury upon no person or thing except the coat and the person of him who indulges in it,—of a custom which far from leading a man into any wickedness or dissipation to which youth is subject, but, on the contrary, begets only benevolent silence and thoughtful good-humoured observation, I found at the age of twenty, all my prospects in life destroyed. I cared not for woman in those days; the calm smoker has a sweet companion in his pipe: I did not drink immoderately of wine; for though a friend to trifling potations, to excessively strong drinks tobacco is abhorrent; I never thought of gambling, for the lover of the pipe has no need of such excitement; but I was considered a monster of dissipation in my family, and bade fair to come to ruin.

• Look at George, • my mother-in-law said to the genteel and correct young Flintskinner; • he entered the world with every prospect in life, and see in what an abyss of degradation his fatal habits have plunged him! At school he was flogged and disgraced, he was disgraced and rusticated at the university, he was disgraced and expelled from the army. He might have had the living of Boodle (her ladyship gave it to one of her nephews), but he would not take his degree; his papa would have purchased him a troop—nay, a lieutenant-colonelcy some day, but for his fatal excesses. And now as long as my dear husband will listen to the voice of a wife who adores him—never, never shall he spend a shilling upon so worthless a young man. He has a small income from his mother (I cannot but think that the first Lady Fitz-Boodle was a weak and misguided person); let him live upon his mean pittance as he can, and I heartily pray we may not hear of him in gaol! •

My brother, after he came to the estate, married the ninth daughter of our neighbour, Sir John Spreadcagle: and Boodle Hall has seen a new little Fitz-Boodle with every succeeding spring. The dowager retired to Scotland with a large jointure and a wondrous heap of savings. Lady Fitz is a good creature, but she thinks me something diabolical, trembles when she sees me, and gathers all her children about her, rushes into the nursery whenever I pay that little seminary a visit, and actually slapped poor little Frank's ears one day when I was teaching him to ride upon the back of a Newfoundland dog.

• George, • said my brother to me the last time I paid him a visit at the old hall, • don't be angry, my dear fellow, but Maria is in a—hum—in a delicate situation, expecting her—hum—(the eleventh)—and do you know you frighten her? It was but yesterday you met her in the Rookery, you were smoking that enormous German pipe, and when she came in she had an hysterical seizure, and Drench says that in her situation it's dangerous; and I say, George, if you go to town you'll find a couple of hundred at your banker's; • and with

this the poor fellow shook me by the hand and called for a fresh bottle of claret.

Since then he told me, with many hesitations, that my room at Boodle Hall had been made into a second nursery. I see my sister-in-law in London twice or thrice in the season, and the little people, who have almost forgotten to call me Uncle George.

It's hard, too, for I am a lonely man after all, and my heart yearns to them. The other day I smuggled a couple of them into my chambers, and had a little feast of cream and strawberries to welcome them. But it had like to have cost the nursery-maid (a Swiss girl that Fitz-Boodle hired somewhere in his travels) her place. My step-mamma, who happened to be in town, came flying down in her chariot, pounced upon the poor thing and the children in the midst of the entertainment; and when I asked her, with rather a bad grace to be sure, to take a chair and a share of the feast,—

«Mr. Fitz-Boodle,» said she, «I am not accustomed to sit down in a place that smells of tobacco like an ale-house—an ale-house inhabited by a *serpent*, sir! A *serpent*! do you understand me? who carries his poison into his brother's own house, and pursues his infamous designs before his brother's own children. Put on Miss Maria's bonnet this instant. Mamsell, ontondy-voo? *Metty le bonny à mamsell*; and I shall take care, mamsell, that you return to Switzerland to-morrow. I've no doubt you are a relation of Courvoisier: *oui, oui, Courvoisier; vous comprenny?* and you shall certainly be sent back to your friends.»

With this speech, and with the children and their maid sobbing before her, my lady retired; but for once my sister-in-law was on my side, not liking the meddling of the elder lady.

I know, then, that from indulging in that simple habit of smoking, I have gained among the ladies a dreadful reputation. I see that they look coolly upon me, and darkly at their husbands when they arrive at home in my company. Men, I observe, in consequence, ask me to dine much oftener at the club, or the Star and Garter at Richmond, or at Lovegrove's,

than in their own houses ; and with this sort of arrangement I am fain to acquiesce ; for, as I said before, I am of an easy temper, and can at any rate take my cigar-case out after dinner at Blackwall, when my lady or the duchess are not by. I know, of course, the best men in town ; and as for ladies' society, not having it (for I will have none of your pseudo-ladies, such as sometimes honour bachelors' parties,—actresses, couturières, opera-dancers, and so forth)—as for ladies' society, I say, I cry pish ! 't is not worth the trouble of the complimenting, and the bother of pumps and black silk stockings.

Let any man remember what ladies' society was when he had an opportunity of seeing them among themselves, as What-d'ye call'em does in the Thesmophoriazu—(I beg pardon, I was on the verge of a classical allusion, which I abominate)—I mean at that period of his life when the intellect is pretty acute, though the body is small—namely, when a young gentleman is about eleven years of age, dining at his father's table during the holydays, and is requested by his papa to quit the dinner-table when the ladies retire from it.

*Corbleu !* I recollect their whole talk as well as if it had been whispered but yesterday ; and can see, after a long dinner, the yellow summer sun throwing long shadows over the lawn before the dining-room windows, my poor mother and her company of ladies sailing away to the music-room in old Boodle Hall. The Countess Dawdley was the great Lady in our county,—a portly lady who used to love crimson satin in those days, and birds of paradise. She was flaxenhaired, and the Regent once said she resembled one of King Charles's beauties.

When Sir John Todcaster used to begin his famous story of the exciseman (I shall not tell it here, for very good reasons), my poor mother used to turn to Lady Dawdley, and give that mystic signal at which all females rise from their chairs. Tufthunt the curate would spring from his seat, and be sure to be the first to open the door for the retreating ladies ; and my brother Tom and I, though remaining stoutly in our places, were speedily ejected from them by the governor's invariable remark, "Tom and George, if you

have had *quite* enough wine,, you had better go and join your mamma." Yonder she marches, Heaven bless her! through the old oak hall (how long the shadows of the antlers are on the wainscot, and the armour of Rollo Fitz-Boodle looks in the sunset as if it were emblazoned with rubies)—yonder she marches, stately and tall, in her invariable pearl-coloured tabinet, followed by Lady Dawdley, blazing like a flamingo; next comes Lady Emily Tufthunt (she was Lady Emily Skinflinter), who will not for all the world take precedence of rich, vulgar, kind, good-humoured Mrs. Colonel Grogwater, as she would be called, with a yellow little husband from Madras, who first taught me to drink sangaree. He was a new artival in our county, but paid nobly to the hounds, and occupied hospitably a house which was always famous for its hospitality—Sievely Hall (poor Bob Cullender ran through seven thousand a-year before he was thirty years old). Once when I was a lad, Colonel Grogwater gave me two gold mohurs out of his desk for whist-markers, and I'm sorry to say I ran up from Eton and sold them both for seventy-three shillings at a shop in Cornhill. But to return to the ladies who are all this while kept waiting in the hall, and to their usual conversation after dinner.

Can any man forget how miserably flat it was? Five matrons sit on sofas and talk in a subdued voice :—

*First Lady (mysteriously).* "My dear Lady Dawdley, do tell me about poor Susan Tuckett."

*Second Lady.* "All three children are perfectly well, and I assure you as fine babies as I ever saw in my life. I made her give them Daffy's Elixir the first day; and it was the greatest mercy that I had some of Frederick's baby-clothes by me; for you know I had provided Susan with sets for one only, and really——"

*Third Lady.* "Of course one couldn't; and for my part I think your ladyship is a great deal too kind to these people. A little gardener's boy dressed in Lord Dawdley's frocks, indeed! I recollect that one at his christening had the sweetest lace in the world!"

*Fourth Lady.* "What do you think of this, ma'am—Lady



Emily, I mean? I have just had it from Howell and James: gipure, they call it. Isn't it an odd name for lace? And they charge me, upon my conscience, four guineas a yard! "

*Third Lady.* "My mother, when she came to Skinfinter, had lace upon her robe that cost sixty guineas a yard, ma'am! 'Twas sent from Malines direct by our relation, the Count d'Araignay."

*Fourth Lady (aside).* "I thought she would not let the evening pass without talking of her Malines lace and her Count d'Araignay. Odious people! they don't spare their backs, but they pinch their——"

Here Tom upsets a coffee-cup over his white jean trousers, and another young gentleman bursts into a laugh, saying, "By Jove, that's a good 'un!"

"George, my dear," says mamma, "had not you and your young friend better go into the garden? But mind, no fruit, or Doctor Glauber must be called in again immediately!" and we all go, and in ten minutes I and my brother are fighting in the stables.

If instead of listening to the matrons and their discourse, we had taken the opportunity of attending to the conversation of the misses, we should have heard matter not a whit more interesting.

*First Miss.* "They were all three in blue crape: you never saw any thing so odious. And I know for a certainty that they wore those dresses at Guttlebury at the archery-ball, and I daresay they had them in town."

*Second Miss.* "Don't you think Jemima decidedly crooked? And those fair complexions they freckle so, that really Miss Blanch ought to be called Miss Brown."

*Third Miss.* "He, he, he!"

*Fourth Miss.* "Don't you think Blanch is a pretty name?"

*First Miss.* "La! do you think so, dear? Why, it's my second name?"

*Second Miss.* "Then I'm sure Captain Travers thinks it a beautiful name!"

*Third Miss.* "He he, he!"

*Fourth Miss.* «What was he telling you at dinner that seemed to interest you so?»

*First Miss.* «O law, nothing!—that is, yes! Charles—that is, Captain Travers, is a sweet poet, and was reciting to me some lines that he had composed upon a faded violet:—

‘The odour from the flower is gone,  
That like thy——’

like thy something, I forget what it was; but his lines are so sweet, and so original too! I wish that horrid Sir John Todcaster had not begun his story of the exciseman, for Lady Fitz-Boodle always quits the table when he begins.»

*Third Miss.* «Do you like those tufts that gentlemen wear sometimes on their chins?»

*Second Miss.* «Nonsense, Mary!»

*Third Miss.* «Well, I only asked Jane. Frank thinks, you know, that he shall very soon have one, and puts bear’s-grease on his chin every night.»

*Second Miss.* «Mary, nonsense!»

*Third Miss.* «Well, only ask him. You know he came to our dressing-room last night and took the pomatum away; and he says that when boys go to Oxford they always——»

*First Miss.* «Oh, heavens! have you heard the news about the Lancers? Charles—that is, Captain Travers, told it me!»

*Second Miss.* «Law! they won’t go away before the ball, I hope!»

*First Miss.* «No, but on the 15th they are to shave their mustachios! He says that Lord Tufto is in a perfect fury about it!»

*Second Miss.* «And poor George Beardmore, too!» &c.

Here Tom upsets the coffee over his trousers, and the conversation ends. I can recollect a dozen such, and ask any man of sense whether such talk amuses him?

Try again to speak to a young lady while you are dancing—what we call in this country—quadrille. What nonsense do you invariably give and receive in return! No, I am a woman-scorner, and don’t care to own it, I hate young ladies! Have I not been in love with several, and has any one

of them ever treated me decently? I hate married women! Do they not hate me? and simply because I smoke, try to draw their husbands away from my society? I hate dowagers! Have I not cause? Does not every dowager in London point to George Fitz-Boodle as to a dissolute wretch whom young and old should avoid?

And yet do not imagine that I have not loved. I have, and madly, many, many times! I am but eight-and-thirty,<sup>(1)</sup> not past the age of passion, and may very likely end by running off with an heiress—or cookmaid (for who knows what strange freaks Love may choose to play in his own particular person? and I hold a man to be a mean creature who calculates about checking any such sacred impulse as lawful love)—I say, though despising the sex in general for their conduct to me, I know of particular persons belonging to it who are worthy of all respect and esteem; and as such I beg leave to point out the particular young lady who is perusing these lines. Do not, dear madam, then imagine that if I knew you, I should be disposed to sneer at you. Ah, no! Fitz-Boodle's bosom has tenderer sentiments than from his way of life you would fancy, and, stern by rule, is only too soft by practice. Shall I whisper to you the story of one or two of my attachments? All terminating fatally (not in death, but in disappointment, which, as it occurred, I used to imagine a thousand times more bitter than death, but from which one recovers somehow more readily than from the other-named complaint)—all, I say, terminating wretchedly to myself, as if some fatality pursued my desire to become a domestic character.

My first love—no, let us pass *that* over. Sweet one! thy name shall profane no hireling page. Sweet, sweet memory! Ah, ladies; those delicate hearts of yours have too felt the throb;—and between that last *ob* in the word throb and the words now written, I have passed a delicious period of perhaps a minute, I know not how long, thinking of that holy first love and of her who inspired it. How clearly every single incident of the passion is remembered by me! and yet

(1) He is five-and-forty, if he is a day old.—O. Y.

'twas long, long since; I was but a child then—a child at school—and, if the truth must be told, L—ra R—ggl—s (I would not write her whole name to be made one of the Marquess of Hertford's executors) was a woman full thirteen years older than myself; at the period of which I write, she must have been at least five-and-twenty. She and her mother used to sell tarts, hard-bake, lollipops, and other such simple comestibles, on Wednesdays and Saturdays (half-holydays) at a private school where I received the first rudiments of a classical education. I used to go and sit before her tray for hours, but I do not think the poor girl ever supposed any motive led me so constantly to her little stall beyond a vulgar longing for her tarts and her gingerbeer. Yes, even at that early period my actions were misrepresented, and the fatality which has oppressed my whole life began to shew itself,—the purest passion was misinterpreted by her and my school-fellows, and they thought I was actuated by simple gluttony. They nicknamed me Alicompayne.

Well, be it so. Laugh at early passion ye who will; a high-born boy madly in love with a lowly ginger-beer girl! She married afterwards, took the name of Latter, and now keeps with her old husband a turnpike, through which I often ride; but I can recollect her, bright and rosy of a sunny summer afternoon, her red cheeks shaded by a battered straw bonnet, her tarts and ginger-beer upon a neat white cloth before her, mending blue worsted stockings until the young gentlemen should interrupt her by coming to buy.

Many persons will call this description low; I do not envy them their gentility, and have always observed through life (as, to be sure, every other *gentleman* has observed as well as myself) that it is your *parvenu* who stickles most for what he calls the genteel, and has the most squeamish abhorrence for what is frank and natural. Let us pass at once, however, as all the world must be pleased, to a recital of an affair which occurred in the very best circles of society, as they are called, viz. my next unfortunate attachment.

It did not occur for several years after that simple and platonic passion just described, for though they may talk of

youth as the season of romance, it has always appeared to me that there are no beings in the world, so entirely unromantic and selfish, as certain young English gentlemen from the age of fifteen to twenty. The oldest Lovelace about town is scarcely more hard-hearted and scornful than they; they ape all sorts of selfishness and *rouerie*; they aim at excelling at cricket, at billiards, at rowing, and drinking, and set more store by a red coat and a neat pair of top-boots than by any other glory. A young fellow staggers into college-chapel of a morning, and communicates to all his friends that he was *so out* last night, with the greatest possible pride. He makes a joke of having sisters and a kind mother at home who loves him; and if he speaks of his father, it is with a knowing sneer to say that he has a tailor's and a horse-dealer's bill that will surprise the old governor. He would be ashamed of being in love. I, in common with my kind, had these affectations; and my perpetual custom of smoking added not a little to my reputation as an accomplished *roué*. What came of this custom in the army and at college, the reader has already heard. Alas! in life it went no better with me, and many pretty chances I had, went off in that accursed smoke.

After quitting the army in the abrupt manner stated, I passed some short time at home, and was tolerated by my mother-in-law because I had formed an attachment to a young lady of good connexions and with a considerable fortune, which was really very nearly becoming mine. Mary M'Alister was the only daughter of Colonel M'Alister, late of the Blues, and Lady Susan his wife. Her ladyship was no more; and, indeed, of no family compared to ours (which has refused a peerage any time these two hundred years), but being an earl's daughter and a Scotch woman, Lady Emily Fitz-Boodle did not fail to consider her highly. Lady Susan was daughter of the late Admiral Earl of Marlingspike and Baron Plumduff. The colonel, Miss M'Alister's father, had a good estate, of which his daughter was the heiress, and as I fished her out of the water upon a pleasure-party, and swam with her to shore, we became naturally intimate; and Colonel M'Alister

forgot, on account of the service rendered to him, the dreadful reputation for profligacy which I enjoyed in the country.

Well, to cut a long story short, which is told here merely for the moral at the end of it, I should have been Fitz-Boodle M'Alister at this minute most probably, and master of four thousand a-year, but for the fatal cigar-box. I bear Mary no malice in saying that she was a high-spirited little girl, loving, before all things, her own way; nay, perhaps, I do not from long habit and indulgence in tobacco-smoking appreciate the delicacy of female organisations, which were oftentimes most painfully affected by it. She was a keen-sighted little person, and soon found that the world had belied poor George Fitz-Boodle, who, instead of being the cunning monster people supposed him to be, was a simple, reckless, good-humoured, honest fellow, marvellously addicted to smoking, idleness, and telling the truth. She called me Orson, and I was happy enough on the 14th February, in the year 18— (it's of no consequence), to send her such a pretty little copy of verses about Orson and *Valentine*, in which the rude habits of the savage man were shewn to be overcome by the polished graces of his kind and brilliant conqueror, that she was fairly overcome, and said to me, "George Fitz-Boodle, if you give up smoking for a year I will marry you."

I swore I would, of course, and went home and flung four pounds of Hudson's cigars, two meerschaum pipes that had cost me ten guineas at the establishment of Mr. Gattie at Oxford, a tobacco-bag that Lady Fitz-Boodle had given me before her marriage with my father (it was the only present that I ever had from her or any member of the Skinfliinter family), and some choice packets of Varinas and Syrian, into the lake in Boodle Park. The weapon amongst them all which I most regretted was—will it be believed?—the little black hoodhen which had been the cause of the quarrel between Lord Martingale and me. However, it went along with the others. I would not allow my groom to have so much as a cigar, lest I should be tempted hereafter; and the consequence was that a few days after, many fat earps and tenches in the lake (I must confess it was no bigger than a pond) nib-

bled at the tobacco, and came floating on their backs on the top of the water quite intoxicated. My conversion made some noise in the country, being emphasized, as it were, by this fact of the fish. I can't tell you with what pangs I kept my resolution; but keep it I did for some time.

With so much beauty and wealth, Mary M'Alister had of course many suitors, and among them was the young Lord Dawdley, whose mamma has previously been described in her gown of red satin. As I used to thrash Dawdley at school, I thrashed him in after life in love, and he put up with his disappointment pretty well, and came after a while and shook hands with me, telling me of the bets that there were in the county where the whole story was known, for and against me. For the fact is, as I must own, that Mary M'Alister, the queerest, frankest of women, made no secret of the agreement, or the cause of it.

"I did not care a penny for Orson," she said, "but he would go on writing me such dear pretty verses that at last I couldn't help saying yes. But if he breaks his promise to me, I declare upon my honour, I'll break mine, and nobody's heart will be broken either."

This was the perfect fact, as I must confess, and I declare that it was only because she amused me and delighted me, and provoked me and made me laugh very much, and because, no doubt, she was very rich, that I had any attachment for her.

"For heaven's sake, George," my father said to me, as I quitted home to follow my beloved to London, "remember that you are a younger brother and have a lovely girl and four thousand a-year within a year's reach of you. Smoke as much as you like, my boy, after marriage," added the old gentleman, knowingly (as if *he*, honest soul, after his second marriage, dared drink an extra pint of wine without my lady's permission!) "but eschew the tobacco-shops till then."

I went to London resolving to act upon the paternal advice, and oh! how I longed for the day when I should be married, vowing in my secret soul that I would light a cigar as I walked out of St. George's, Hanover Square.

Well, I came to London; and so carefully avoided smoking, that I would not even go into Hudson's shop to pay his bill, and as smoking was not the fashion then among young men as (thank Heaven!) it is now, I had not many temptations from my friends' example at the clubs or elsewhere; only little Dawdley began to smoke as if to spite me. He had never done so before, but confessed — the rascal! — that he enjoyed a cigar now, if it were but to mortify me. But I took to other and more dangerous excitements, and upon the nights when not in attendance upon Mary M'Alister, might be found in very dangerous proximity to a polished mahogany table, round which claret-bottles circulated a great deal too often, or, worse still, to a table covered with green cloth and ornamented with a couple of wax-candles and a couple of packs of cards, and four gentlemen playing the enticing game of whist. Likewise, I came to carry a snuff-box, and to consume in secret huge quantities of rappee.

For ladies' society I was even then disinclined, hating and despising small-talk, and dancing, and hot routs, and vulgar scrambles for suppers. I never could understand the pleasure of acting the part of lackey to a dowager, and standing behind her chair, or bustling through the crowd for her carriage. I always found an opera too long by two acts, and have repeatedly fallen asleep in the presence of Mary M'Alister herself, sitting at the back of the box shaded by the huge beret of her old aunt, Lady Betty Plumduff; and many a time has Dawdley, with Miss M'Alister on his arm, wakened me up at the close of the entertainment in time to offer my hand to Lady Betty, and lead the ladies to their carriage. If I attended her occasionally to any ball or party of pleasure, I went, it must be confessed, with clumsy, ill-disguised ill-humour. « Good Heavens! » have I often and often thought in the midst of a song, or the very thick of a ball-room, « can people prefer this to a book and a sofa, and a dear, dear cigar-box from thy stores, O charming Mariana Woodville! » Deprived of my favourite plant, I grew sick in mind and body, moody, sarcastic, and discontented.

Such a state of things could not long continue, nor could Miss M'Alister continue to have much attachment for such a



sullen, ill-conditioned creature as I then was. She used to make me wild with her wit and her sarcasm; nor have I ever possessed the readiness to parry or reply to these fine points of woman's wit, and she treated me the more mercilessly as she saw that I could not resist her.

Well; the polite reader must remember a great fête that was given at B—— House, some years back, in honour of his Highness the Hereditary Prince of Kalhsbraten-Pumpernickel, who was then in London on a visit to his illustrious relatives. It was a fancy ball, and the poems of Scott being at that time all the fashion, Mary was to appear in the character of the *‘Lady of the Lake,’* old M’Alister making a very tall and severe-looking harper; Dawdley, a most insignificant Fitzjames, and your humble servant a stalwart and manly Roderick Dhu. We were to meet at B—— House, at twelve o’clock; and as I had no fancy to drive through the town in my cab dressed in a kilt and philibeg, I agreed to take a seat in Dawdley’s carriage, and to dress at his house in May Fair. At eleven I left a very pleasant bachelors’ party, growling to quit them and the honest, jovial claret-bottle, in order to scrape and cut capers like a harlequin from the theatre. When I arrived at Dawdley’s, I mounted to a dressing-room, and began to array myself in my cursed costume.

The art of costuming was by no means so well understood in those days as it has been since, and mine was out of all correctness. I was made to sport an enormous plume of black ostrich feathers, such as never was worn by any Highland chief, and had a huge tiger-skin sporran to dangle like an apron before innumerable yards of plaid petticoat. The Tartan cloak was outrageously hot and voluminous: it was the dog-days, and all these things I was condemned to wear in the midst of a crowd of a thousand people!

Dawdley sent up word as I was dressing, that his dress had not arrived, and he took my cab, and drove off in a rage to his tailor.

There was no hurry, I thought, to make a fool of myself; so having put on a pair of plaid trows, and very neat pumps with shoe-buckles, my courage failed me as to the rest of

the dress, and taking down one of his dressing-gowns, I went down-stairs to the study, to wait until he should arrive.

The windows of the pretty room were open, and a snug sofa, with innumerable cushions, drawn towards one of them. A great tranquil moon was staring into the chamber, in which stood, amidst books and all sorts of bachelors' lumber, a silver tray with a couple of tall Venice glasses, and a bottle of Maraschino bound with straw. I can see now the twinkle of the liquor in the moonshine, as I poured it into the glass; and I swallowed two or three little cups of it, for my spirits were downcast. Close to the tray of Maraschino stood—must I say it?—a box, a mere box of cedar, bound rudely together with pink paper, branded with the name of «Hudson» on the side, and bearing on the cover the arms of Spain. I thought I would just take up the box, and look in it.

Ah, Heaven! there they were—a hundred and fifty of them, in calm, comfortable rows, lovingly side by side, they lay with the great moon shining down upon them—thin at the tip, full in the waist, elegantly round and full, a little spot here and there shining upon them—beauty-spots upon the cheek of Silva. The house was quite quiet. Dawdley always smoked in his room;—I had not smoked for four months and eleven days.

When Lord Dawdley came into the study, he did not make any remarks; and, oh, how easy my heart felt! He was dressed in his green and boots, after Westall's picture, correctly.

«It's time to be off, George,» said he; «they told me you were dressed long ago. Come up, my man, and get ready.»

I rushed up into the dressing-room, and madly dashed my head and arms into a pool of eau de Cologne. I drank, I believe, a tumblerfull of it. I called for my clothes, and, strange to say, they were gone. My servant brought them, however, saying that he had put them away—making some stupid excuse. I put them on not heeding them much, for I was half tipsy with the excitement of the ci—, of the smo—,

of what had taken place in Dawdley's study, and with the Maraschino and the eau de Cologne I had drank.

• What a fine odour of lavender-water ! • said Dawdley, as we rode in the carriage.

I put my head out of the window and shrieked out a laugh; but made no other reply.

• What's the joke, George ? • said Dawdley; • did I say any thing witty ? •

• No, • cried I, yelling still more wildly; • nothing more witty than usual. •

• Don't be severe, George, • said he, with a mortified air; and we drove on to B—— House.

There must have been something strange and wild in my appearance, and these awful black plumes, as I passed through the crowd; for I observed people looking and making a strange nasal noise (it is called sniffing, and for which I have no other more delicate term), and making way as I pushed on; but I moved forward very fiercely, for the wind, the Maraschino, the eau de Cologne, and the—the excitement had rendered me almost wild; and at length I arrived at the place where my lovely Lady of the Lake and her Harper stood. How beautiful she looked, — all eyes were upon her as she stood blushing. When she saw me, however, her countenance assumed an appearance of alarm. • Good heavens, George! • she said, stretching her hand to me; • what makes you look so wild and pale ? • I advanced; and was going to take her hand, when she dropped it with a scream.

• Ah—ah—ah ! • she said; • Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you've been smoking ! •

There was an immense laugh from four hundred people round about us, and the scoundrelly Dawdley joined in the yell. I rushed furiously out; and as I passed, hurried over the fat Hereditary Prince of Kalbskraten-Pumpetnickel.

• Es nicht hier ungeheuer stark von Tabak ! • I heard his highness say; as madly I flung myself through the aides-de-camp.

The next day Mary M'Alister, in a note full of the most odious good sense and sarcasm, reminded me of our agreement;

said that she was quite convinced that we were not by any means fitted for one another, and begged me to consider myself henceforth quite free. The little wretch had the impertinence to send me a dozen boxes of cigars, which, she said, would console me for my lost love; as she was perfectly certain that I was not mercenary, and I loved tobacco better than any woman in the world.

I believe she was right, though I have never to this day been able to pardon the scoundrelly stratagem by which Dawdley robbed me of a wife and won one himself. As I was lying on his sofa, looking at the moon and lost in a thousand happy contemplations, Lord Dawdley, returning from the tailor's, saw me smoking at my leisure. On entering his dressing-room, a horrible treacherous thought struck him. 'I must not betray my friend,' said he; 'but in love all is fair, and he shall betray himself.' There were my tartans, my cursed feathers, my tiger-skin sporran, upon the sofa.

He called up my groom; he made the rascal put on all my clothes, and, giving him a guinea and four cigars, bade him lock himself into the little pantry and smoke them *without taking the clothes off*. John did so, and was very ill in consequence, and so when I came to B—— House, my clothes were redolent of tobacco, and I lost lovely Mary M'Alister.

I am godfather to one of Lady Dawdley's boys, and here is the only house where I am allowed to smoke unmolested; but I have never been able to admire Dawdley, a shy, *southern*, spiritless, lily-livered fellow, that took his name off all his clubs the year he married.

'I am sick of this squeamish English world,' said I, in bitter scorn, as I sat in my lonely lodgings smoking Mary M'Alister's cigars: 'a curse upon their affectations of propriety and silly obedience to the dictates of whimpering woman! I will away to some other country where thought is free, and honest men have their way. I will have no more of your rose-water passion, or cringing drawing-room tenderness. Pshaw! is George Fitz-Boodle to be bound up in the scented ringlets of a woman, or made to fetch and carry her reticule? No, I will go where women shall obey and not

command me. I will be a Sheikh, and my wife shall cook my couscous, and dance before me, and light my narghilé. I will be a painted savage spearing the fish, and striking the deer, and my wife shall sing my great actions to me as I smoke my calumet in my lodge. Away! land of dowagers and milk-sops, Fitz-Boodle disowns you; he will wander to some other clime, where man is respected, and woman takes her proper rank in the creation, as the pretty smiling slave she would be.

I received at this time, in an abrupt enclosure from my father, 120*l.*; being a quarter's income, and a polite intimation from Lady Fitz-Boodle, that as I had disappointed every one of my parents' expectations (*she* my parent! faugh!), I must never look to the slightest pecuniary aid from them. Such a sum would not enable me to travel across the Atlantic or to the shores of the Red Sea, as was my first intention; I determined, therefore, to visit a country where, if woman was still too foolishly worshipped, at least smoking was tolerated, and took my departure at the Tower Stairs for Rotterdam and the Rhine.

There were no incidents of the voyage worth recounting, nor am I so absurd as to attempt to give the reader an account of Holland or any other country. This memoir is purely personal: and relates rather to what I suffered than to what I saw. Not a word then about Cologne and the eleven thousand British virgins, whom a storm drove into that port, and who were condemned, as I am pleased to think, to a most merited death. Ah, Mary M'Alister! in my rage and fury I wished that there had been eleven thousand and one spinsters so destroyed. Ah! Minna Löwe, Jewess as thou wert, thou meritedst no better a fate than that which overtook those Christian damsels.

Minna Löwe was the daughter of Moses Löwe, banker at Bonn. I passed through the town last year, fifteen years after the event I am about to relate, and heard that Moses was imprisoned for forgery and fraudulent bankruptcy. He merited the punishment which the merciful Prussian law inflicted on him.

Minna was the most beautiful creature that my eyes ever lighted on. Sneer not, ye Christian maidens; but the fact was so. I saw her for the first time seated at a window covered with golden vine-leaves, with grapes just turning to purple, and tendrils twisting in the most fantastical arabesques. The leaves cast a pretty chequered shadow over her sweet face, and the simple, thin, white muslin gown in which she was dressed. She had bare white arms, and a blue ribbon confined her little waist. She was knitting, as all German women do, whether of the Jewish sort or otherwise; and in the shadow of the room sat her sister Emma, a powerful woman with a powerful voice. Emma was at the Piano, singing, 'Herz, mein Herz, warum so trau-au-rig'—singing much out of tune.

I had come to change one of Coutts's circulars, at Löwe's bank, and was looking for the door of the caisse.

'*Links, mein Herr!*' said Minna Löwe, making the gentlest inclination with her pretty little head; and blushing ever so little, and raising up tenderly a pair of heavy blue eyes, and then dropping them again, overcome by the sight of the stranger. And no wonder, I was a sight worth contemplating then—I had golden hair which fell gracefully over my shoulders, and a slim waist (where are you now, slim waist and golden hair?), and a pair of brown mustachios that curled gracefully under a firm Roman nose, and a tuft to my chin that could not but vanquish *any* woman. '*Links, mein Herr,*' said lovely Minna Löwe.

That little word *links* dropped upon my wounded soul like balm. There is nothing in *links*; it is not a pretty word, Minna Löwe simply told me to turn to the left, when I was debating between that side and its opposite, in order to find the cash-room door. Any other person might have said *links* (or *rechts* for that matter), and would not have made the slightest impression upon me; but Minna's full red lips, as they let slip the monosyllable, wore a smile so tender, and uttered it with such inconceivable sweetness, that I was overcome at once. 'Sweet bell! I could have said, tinkle that dulcet note for ever,—links, lincks, linx! I love the chime.

It soothes and blesses me. All this I could have said, and much more, had I had my senses about me, and had I been a proficient in the German language; but I could not speak both from ignorance and emotion. I blushed, stuttered, took off my cap, made an immensely foolish bow, and began forthwith fumbling at the door-handle.

The reason why I have introduced the name of this siren is to shew that if tobacco in a former unlucky instance has proved my enemy, in the present case it was my firmest friend. I, the descendant of the Norman Fitz-Boodle, the relative of kings and emperors, might, but for tobacco, have married the daughter of Moses Löwe, the Jew forger and convict of Bonn. I would have done it; for I hold the man a slave who calculates in love, and who thinks about prudence when his heart is in question. Men marry their cook-maids and the world looks down upon them. *Ne sit ancillæ amor pudori!* I exclaim with a notorious poet; if you heartily and entirely love your cook-maid, you are a fool and a coward not to wed her. What more can you want than to have your heart filled up? Can a duchess do more? You talk of the difference of rank and the decencies of society. Away, sir, love is divine, and knows not your paltry, worldly calculations. It is not love you worship, O heartless, silly calculator! it is the interest of thirty thousand pounds in the three per-cents, and the blessing of a genteel mother-in-law in Harley Street, in the ineffable joy of snug dinners, and a butler behind your chair. Fool, love is eternal, butlers and mothers-in-law are perishable: you have but the enjoyment of your three per-cents for forty years; and *then*, what do they avail you? But if you believe that she whom you choose, and to whom your heart clings, is to be your soul's companion, not now merely but for *ever and ever*; then what a paltry item of money or time has deterred you from your happiness, what a miserable penny-wise economist you have been!

And here, if, as a man of the world, I might be allowed to give advice to fathers and mothers of families, it would be this: young men fall in love with people of a lower rank,

and they are not strong enough to resist the dread of disinheritance, or of the world's scorn, or of the cursed tyrant gentility, and dare not marry the woman they love above all. But if prudence is strong, passion is strong too, and principle is not, and women (Heaven keep them!) are weak. We all know what happens then. Prudent papas and mammas say, "George will sow his wild oats soon, he will be tired of that odious woman one day, and we'll get a good marriage for him: meanwhile it is best to hush the matter up and pretend to know nothing about it." But suppose George does the only honest thing in his power, and marries the woman he loves above all; *then* what a cry you have from parents and guardians, what shrieks from aunts and sisters, what excommunications and disinheriting! "What a weak fool George is!" say his male friends in the clubs; and no hand of sympathy is held out to poor *Mrs.* George, who is never forgiven, but shunned like a plague, and sneered at by a relentless pharisaical world until death sets her free. As long as she is *unmarried*, avoid her if you will; but as soon as she is married, go! be kind to her, and comfort her, and pardon and forget, if you can! And lest some charitable people should declare that I am setting up here an apology for vice, let me here, and by way of precaution, flatly contradict them, and declare that I only would offer a *plea for marriage*.

But where has Minna Löwe been left during this page of disquisition? Blushing under the vine-leaves positively, whilst I was thanking my stars that she never became *Mrs.* George Fitz-Boodle. And yet who knows what thou mightst have become, Minna, had such a lot fallen to thee? She was too pretty and innocent-looking to have been by nature that artful, intriguing huzzy that education made her, and that my experience found her. The case was simply this, not a romantic one by any means.

At this very juncture, perhaps, it will be as well to pause, and leave the world to wait for a month until it learns the result of the loves of Minna Löwe and George Fitz-Boodle. I have other tales still more interesting in store; and though I



have never written a line until now, I doubt not before long to have excited such a vast sympathy in my favour, that I shall become as popular as the oldest (I mean the handsomest) of living authors, and most print-publishers, desirous of taking my portrait, may as well, therefore, begin sending in their proposals to Mr. Nickisson; nor shall I so much look to a high remuneration for sitting (egad! it is a frightful operation), as to a clever and skilful painter, who must likewise be a decently bred and companionable person.

Nor is it merely upon matters relating to myself (for egotism I hate, and the reader will remark that there is scarcely a single «I» in the foregoing pages) that I propose to speak. Next month, for instance (besides the continuation of my own and other people's memoirs), I shall acquaint the public with a discovery which is intensely interesting to all fathers of families: I have in my eye *three new professions* which a gentleman may follow with credit and profit, which are to this day unknown, and which, in the present difficult times, cannot fail to be eagerly seized upon.

Before submitting them to public competition, I will treat privately with parents and guardians, or with young men of good education and address; such only will suit.

G. S. F. B.

## DANIEL DE FOE.

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If Criticism, in its difficult task of arranging the precedence of the great names whose writings have won for them an immortal and imperishable name, could adopt as its sole standard or measure of comparative eminence, the degree of influence produced by an author upon his own or succeeding ages, or the extent to which his works have been diffused over various and remote countries, De Foe would vindicate for himself a pedestal in the Temple of Fame little, if at all, lower than that which the universal consent of civilized mankind has so justly conceded to Cervantes.

If, in addition to this, suffering and virtue, that noblest heroism which enables its possessor to support unmerited persecution, obloquy, and sorrow, that lofty and divine spirit which, disregarding, with a calm and patient dignity the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, awaits the distant time when party rage and personal malignity shall have passed away, and Posterity shall have learned the lesson, so rarely understood by a contemporary age, to *understand* the Work of Genius, and that still more difficult lesson to Man in the abstract, as it is to Man the individual, the lesson of Gratitude—if Criticism might found her judgments upon these data, the Author of 'Robinson Crusoe' would have nothing to fear from a comparison with that gentle yet mighty spirit

which created the half-crazed yet chivalrous Knight of La Mancha.

The cell of Newgate, no less than the dungeon of the Inquisition, was a proof of that deep truth that 'the world—or at least the *contemporary* world—knows nothing of its greatest men.' It will be our endeavour, in the succeeding pages, to show that the comparison which we have just made, flattering as it may appear, and indicative of a too high admiration of the genius of De Foe; is not unjust to the memory of Cervantes: and in the discussion of our subject to devote our attention, at a length somewhat greater than usual, first, to a sketch of the Life of this great writer, and secondly, on another occasion, to an attempt to justify by a critical examination of his chief works, an admiration which may appear to some of our readers extravagant: and we are willing to hope, that our biographical notice of De Foe, by the pictures it presents of great and frequent vicissitudes—supported with invariable calmness—of a long and chequered life, devoted unceasingly to the good of his native country, and the virtue and civilization of man—will be no less interesting, than an attempt, however imperfect, to investigate and develop the means by which he has acquired so elevated a place in the great Hero-temple of Immortality.

In no country perhaps so remarkably as in England has Literature been indebted to the middle and lower classes for its most distinguished names: and although the Student may be inclined to assign various social and political reasons for a peculiarity which must forcibly strike him who has made even a superficial acquaintance with the biographical History of Great Britain, the great relative wealth, importance, and intelligence, of those classes, consequent upon the peculiar genius of the English Constitution, are perhaps hardly sufficient to resolve this problem, and to account for a phenomenon which is so striking, and in some measure anomalous, even after due allowance is made for the agency of that powerful influence.

That the envelopements of ignorance, which during the long burial of the dark ages, had enswathed Science and Reason,

like the bandages that wrap the limbs of some dead Pharaoh, were torn off by the hand of an <sup>(1)</sup> obscure monk, is certainly a fact to which the history of other countries may perhaps afford a parallel; that the intellect <sup>(2)</sup> which, with a power, we speak it reverently, almost like that of the Creator, weighed and numbered the colossal masses which circle rejoicing in the infinity of space, received its first education in a poor man's cottage,—such a fact, we say, may occur in the annals of other lands, however inferior may be the importance of the cases so alledged by the citizen of any country but England. Shakspeare too—the greatest of all; that sublime genius, before whose fame the poets, the philosophers, the reasoners, the moralists of all ages, the brightest stars of the intellectual heaven, pale their fire, as before a Sun—his cradle also was rocked by a poor man's fireside: it was beneath a humble roof—and few are humbler than that lowly one at Stratford, which has become to all the nations of the earth the Mecca of the soul—that the gentlest, noblest, sublimest of mankind first saw the light. Washington Irving beautifully says, « that genius delights to nestle its offspring in obscure places, » and what he remarks of the locality, will, in the literary history of England at least, be found singularly true also of the origin, of genius.

To this—we may almost call it—general rule De Foe was no exception: nor should we, even in the absence of specific information relative to his birth and parentage, hesitate to form a conclusion from the nature of his works, that he must have sprung, if not from the lowest, at least from no very elevated portion of the social scale.

He was the son of a butcher in London, and retained all his life the strongest characteristics not only of the class from which he sprung, and to which, in spite of his literary and political celebrity, he continued to belong, but we fancy that we can detect, in all his writings the stamp of the *Livery-man of the City of London*, and the plain, manly, indepen-

(<sup>1</sup>) Roger Bacon.

(<sup>2</sup>) Newton.

dent, and thoughtful character which commerce produces in its sober votaries.

By one of those singular anomalies for which it is impossible to account, he appears, whether from consciousness of the plebeian sound of his paternal name, or it may be for some more rational motive, to have early prefixed to it the more aristocratic syllable *De*—though on no occasion does he seem to have been in the slightest degree tinged with the pride of ancestry. He ever sang, with Béranger,

Moi, noble? oh! vraiment, messieurs, non.  
 Non, d'aucune chevalerie  
 Je n'ai le brevet sur vélin.  
 Je ne sais qu'aimer ma patrie....  
 Je suis vilain et très vilain....  
 Je suis vilain,  
 Vilain, vilain.

It is reasonable to conclude that his father was in good circumstances; as Daniel received a solid education at a Dissenting Academy at Newington, near London—and as he alludes in his writings more than once, to his having been destined to the profession of theology: “It was my misfortune,” he says, “to be first set apart for, and afterwards set a part *from*, the ministry:” and the description he gives of the acquirements he had made, in a very large circle of Literature and Science, while at school, would lead us to conclude that the education he received was one of a very sound and complete character, even if his works did not abound with sufficient evidence—evidence even more convincing than the assertion of a person as veracious as De Foe could be. He was born in 1661, and appears to have been sent to school in his twelfth year, where he remained till he was sixteen: but as he does not seem to have taken part in public affairs till the year 1685, the period of the ill-fated attempt made by the Duke of Monmouth, it is not unreasonable to conclude that he devoted this interval to the accumulation of those stores of useful information, of which his later writings give such abundant proof, and which could not have been amassed, how-

ever he might have increased them, amid the agitations and persecutions of a long, busy, and agitated life.

In that unfortunate cause De Foe appears to have borne arms, but without incurring the penalties which followed in so many cases the defeat of Monmouth's partizans.

In the year 1688 he was made a Liveryman of the City of London, having served his apprenticeship to a hose-factor, as he vehemently repels a charge subsequently made against him by one of his opponents, of having been a manufacturer of stockings, though he confesses that those articles formed the subject of his trade.

At this time occurred that important and beneficial revolution which placed William of Orange on the throne, so long and so unfortunately occupied by the ill-fated house of Stuart, an event which must have been highly in accordance with the principles and wishes, political as well as religious, of De Foe's party. We are told by Oldmixon, that our citizen, gallantly equipped and well mounted, formed part of the triumphal procession, assembled by the City of London, October 29th 1689, to escort the new king from the palace of Whitehall to the feast offered to celebrate his accession by the Lord Mayor. But from the cold and reserved temper of William neither the enthusiasm nor the « gallantry » of our Hosier could expect any reward for such holiday loyalty : and we find De Foe three years afterwards unable to pay his debts, and obliged to abscond from his creditors, one of whom, more vindictive than the rest, is reported to have taken out a writ of bankruptcy against him, a proceeding which the others, confident, and with reason, of the integrity of their unfortunate debtor, quashed by a petition, and enabled De Foe to come to a composition. Let it be said to his honour, that he afterwards proved the justice of this confidence and forbearance, by punctually discharging the debts for which he was liable. It may be asked how De Foe, whose writings give evidence that he possessed not only the integrity which is so high and indispensable an element in the commercial character, but also, to a remarkable degree, the skill and boldness necessary for successful trade, whose life was stained by no

excesses, and even the peculiar nature of whose trade was not of a kind likely to involve him in ruinous speculation, should have been thus unfortunate. The answer will be found if we invert the celebrated and alas, too true aphorism,

«La poussière du comptoir est fatale aux lettres.»

He was a member of a *Society for the cultivation of Polite Learning*, and it is but too probable that his endeavour to unite the service of those incompatible divinities, Mercury and the Muses, was not more successful, than such attempts to obey «two masters» will, as we are warned by the Scripture, invariably be found.

He then engaged in the fabrication of bricks and pantiles—the latter manufactory of an article which till then had been imported from Holland—and this branch of industry, in which he was long engaged, would probably have been profitable but for the frequent distractions produced by the imprisonments and reverses consequent upon his political writings.

With untiring energy and exhaustless readiness, De Foe appears, during the course of a long and varied life, to have allowed no subject of either political or commercial interest to arise, without a pamphlet.—His laborious biographer Wilson has collected the titles of above 200 works of various extent, and is convinced that this list, long as it is, is far from being a complete one.

The consideration of his principal writings will form the subject for another notice; but in mentioning them here it will be sufficient to remark, that in all of them are to be found the same peculiarities which we have assigned as the characteristic of his style. The same extreme plainness—nay, even homeliness of expression—the same vigorous and idiomatic, though occasionally incorrect diction—the same cogent logic, the more cogent perhaps from the absence, if we may so express it, of scholastic skill—the same wonderful power of conceiving and picturing the manner in which a common mind would act and feel under any imaginary circumstances.

He wrote upon the monetary system, he projected Banks and Factories for goods, he proposed a commission of enquiry

into bankrupts' estates, he planned a Pension-office for the relief of the poor, and finished by a long essay upon Projects themselves.

It appears more than probable, that in the course of his trade in wool he made at least one voyage to Spain; and thus practically made himself acquainted with the commercial character of that nation, a character which he seems to have taken many opportunities of representing in a very attractive light—it will be sufficient to allude to the description, in Robinson Crusoe, of the manners and virtues of the Spaniards who colonized his island. In 1695 his indefatigable endeavours at last attracted the notice of the Court, and he was appointed Secretary to a Commission for managing the duties on glass. His usual ill luck attended him here also, for the tax being abolished four years after he had entered upon an employment for which it cannot be doubted he was admirably calculated, he was deprived of his situation. It was however at the close of this year that De Foe was destined to lay the first foundation of that fame which his name afterwards acquired, and by a work whose reputation has survived to the present day, though written for a temporary purpose, to give as it were a foretaste or earnest of his powers, and at the same time to perform good service to the Court.

• At the end of 1699, there was published, • writes De Foe; • an horrid pamphlet, in very ill verse, written by one Tutchin, and called *The Foreigners*; in which the author fell • personally upon the King, then upon the Dutch Nation; and, • after having reproached his majesty with crimes, that his • worst enemies could not think of without horror, he sums • up all in the odious name of '*Foreigner*.' This filled me • with rage against the book, and gave birth to a trifle which • I never could hope should have met with so general an acceptance. •

The Trifle to which De Foe alludes, was a poetical satire on Tutchin's work, and a defence of King William: the vigorous and manly thoughts, which exhibit in this, as in his other writings the plain sense and masculine reasoning of the author, are perhaps deprived of none of their effect by the



rough, harsh, and inharmonious verse in which they are embodied. Dryden was one of the few poets who can 'reason in verse:' and the earnest and homely invective of '*The True-born Englishman*,' for so was this satire called, remind the reader much more frequently of the grating measures of Hall and the Older Satirists, though without their gorgeous prodigality of illustration, than of the rich and varied music of the '*Hind and Panther*,' or of the '*Mac Flecknoe*.'

In consequence of the extraordinary success of this work, De Foe was honoured with an audience of the Sovereign whom he had so powerfully defended, and of whom he had been so long a devoted partisan. He afterwards wrote '*The Original Power of the collective body of the People of England examined and asserted*;' and *An Argument to prove that a standing Army, with consent of Parliament, was not inconsistent with a free Government*, and a number of other political works, which in the present slight sketch we do not consider that it would be interesting to our readers, even were it possible, to specify. But whatever advancement he might have expected from the gratitude or the policy of government, his hopes were now to be destroyed by the death of King William, which took place March 8th, 1702, and the consequent restoration of the line of Stuart in the person of Anne.

De Foe, whose politics were naturally in the highest degree obnoxious to the present possessors of power, was by this event reduced to distress, and probably obliged to subsist by the literary labour of the day: we shall see that his activity did not cease, and that he 'bated no jot of heart or hope,' but steered right on, encompassed, as he was, with 'evil days and evil tongues.' And perhaps this is the most infallible criterion of the higher order of minds, whether the arena of their trials, or the scene of their triumphs be the council-chamber, the battle-field, or the closet. This irrepressible energy, equally active and equally hopeful amid the storms of fate and misfortune—is an energy which the sunshine of success seems almost to deprive of that atmosphere of difficulty and danger in which it appears to live. Nor can

we forget that it is to this element of danger, difficulty and persecution that we are indebted for the stirring up of great spirits to immortal deeds. They seem to corrupt and stagnate in the calm of prosperity : the tempest of misfortune seems as necessary to those vast and sea-like minds as the hurricane is to the ocean of the tropics : it prevents them from slumbering and corrupting in inactivity, and by its agitation turns up the wealth that is sepulchred in their abysses.

He now ventured to republish his pamphlet, entitled : *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, in which, with a grave irony reminding the reader of Swift's celebrated proposal that the poor should be supplied with food, by the new expedient of devouring the «surplus population,» he recommends, as a means of extirpating dissent, that the preachers in conventicles should be hanged, and their congregations banished. That this should have been mistaken for a serious proposition by the Parliament, originating as it did, from a known Dissenter, would be incredible, were we not informed that the Dissenters themselves, (to advocate toleration of whose doctrines and worship was the object of the publication) were deceived by the plausibility of De Foe's language. Complaints against the book were accordingly laid before the House of Commons, and on the 25th of February 1702—1703, a Resolution was passed that «this book, being full of false and scandalous reflections on this Parliament, and tending to promote sedition, be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in New Palace-Yard.»

De Foe was in consequence obliged to secrete himself; and we are perhaps less inclined to regret his unmerited persecution, as this circumstance has presented us with an accurate, though perhaps not very flattering, description of his person. In a Proclamation for the apprehension of our author, dated «St. James's, Jan. 10th 1702—1703» is the following «signalement» of the author of Robinson Crusoe : «Whereas Daniel De Foe, *alias* De Foote, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* ; he is a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair.

but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard, in Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury fort, in Essex; whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, or any of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, so as he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of L.50, which her Majesty has ordered to be immediately paid upon such discovery."

He was soon, as may be supposed, apprehended, fined, and exposed in the pillory. "Thus," says he: "was I a second time ruined; for by this affair I lost above 3500L. sterling." During his imprisonment he prepared for the press a complete collection of his writings, which was published in the course of the year; and amused himself by writing *An Ode to the Pillory*, in which he retorts, in stern and rugged iambics, upon his persecutors, the shame and disgrace of his undeserved punishment.

That De Foe is no exception to that indifference with which each age and country seems to have regarded its greatest spirits—justifying the Scriptural remark that "a prophet is not honoured in his own country"—will be proved by the insulting and contemptuous mention of his name in the *Dunciad* of Pope, who couples it with that of his opponent Tutchin, one of those wretched scribblers who live only in satire, and who are rescued from deserved oblivion only by the ridicule of the satirist or the confutation of their greater opponents, condemned to a species of degrading immortality, and exhibited to our view, as the malefactor is elevated on the "bad eminence" of his gibbet, by being lifted up for the mockery of posterity on a pedestal of infamy. That Pope should have been so ignorant of the true merits of the writer whom he has classed with the literary pandar Curll, and with the miserable hack Tutchin, would be a fact as extraordinary as it is disgraceful to his judgment, were it not unfortunately a circumstance to which every age, every country, every chapter in the history of Literature affords a parallel. If Waller, the elegant and

courtly poet, the darling of his age, could have written thus of the august name of Milton: «The old blind schoolmaster John Milton, had published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man; if its length be considered as merit, it hath no other, we cannot wonder—however we may lament such blindness—to see Pope writing of an author whose works were to be more universally read than his own :

«Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe;  
«And Tutchin, flagrant from the scourge, below.»

Not contented with this unpleasant subject for iambics, De Foe afterwards wrote a *Hymn to the Gallows*.

On the 4th of February 1704 appeared the first number of a periodical planned and commenced by De Foe during his imprisonment, entitled *The Review*, and which was published twice a-week till March, 1705, when it was continued on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, till May 1713, forming, when collected, nine volumes. It contained foreign and domestic news, politics, and commercial intelligence, with an admixture of light and amusing matter, embodied in the form of conversations of an imaginary society, which the author called «The Scandal Club,» and which discussed the topics of the day.

During his imprisonment our indefatigable author, not content with the labour of his Review, published *The Storm*, a collection of the most remarkable casualties which occurred in the great tempest on the 26th November 1703.

It is perhaps in such works as the last-mentioned, the description of those terrible calamities against which no human foresight can protect, which no human skill can resist, that the peculiar genius of De Foe appears most triumphant. The earnest and unadorned style which is his characteristic, the air of good faith and seriousness which results from his always personating a character to which we cannot attribute the slightest deviation from fact—that of a plain seaman or honest London Tradesman—and above all the sound and reasonable precepts of morality and religion which he loses no opportunity of inculcating, render such of his works as describe

some great national calamity, such as the Storm and the Pestilence, extraordinary phenomena in Literature.

At the end of 1694, while imprisoned in Newgate, without hope and without friends, the government, perhaps conscious of the error they had committed in depriving themselves of so powerful an instrument as the pen of De Foe, perhaps repentant of the unmerited sufferings of their victim, began to turn their attention to the prisoner so long languishing in confinement. Sir Robert Harley, then Secretary of State, sent a message to De Foe, inquiring "what he could do for him," and in all probability, represented his case to the Queen. She however, did not immediately consent to his liberation, but sent, though the hands of Lord Godolphin, a considerable sum to his wife. She afterwards, by the same medium, conveyed to De Foe a sum equivalent to his fine and discharge, and by thus liberating him from Newgate, attached him permanently to her interest.

This fortunate revolution in his affairs took place at the end of 1704, and he retired, immediately on his liberation, to his family at Bury St. Edmund: where he resumed his labours, signalizing his liberation by a *Hymn to Victory*, and a *Double Welcome to the Duke of Marlborough*; the subjects of both which pieces were suggested by the late brilliant victories of that illustrious general.

During a period of nearly two years De Foe resided quietly with his family, continuing his Review, though exposed to numberless machinations on the part of his virulent enemies. His position however, as a freholder and liveryman of the City of London, united with a considerable degree of resolution and personal courage, enabled him to encounter and overcome their designs upon his liberty and reputation. In 1706, however, an opportunity occurred for De Foe to enter upon a new career, and to distinguish himself as a diplomatist. While the great question of the Union between England and Scotland was being agitated, the court could not but feel the necessity of employing an agent possessed of skill, commercial experience, and insinuating manners, to forward a measure, which was for many reasons exceedingly unpopular in Scot-

land. For this delicate and important mission De Foe was selected by Godolphin, and after being honoured by an interview with the Queen, was despatched to Edinburgh, charged with the difficult task of promoting by every means the progress of the Union. What his instructions were, is still a secret; that he was received in Scotland in a diplomatic character, is almost certain, and no less that, in that character of a political agent, empowered to carry on definitive negotiations with the Scottish Parliament, he incurred the dislike and odium of the people, which were naturally directed against the person charged with an office so unpopular as his duty then was.

Unless indeed he exaggerates the dangers to which he had been exposed in the performance of this mission, in order to enhance his services, the risk of assassination must be counted among the perils which he evaded. He did not neglect to endeavour to soften the distrust and dislike evinced by the Scots towards his personal and diplomatic character, by writing a poem entitled *Caledonia*, laudatory of the country and its inhabitants.

In spite of these difficulties, his negotiation was successful, the Act of Union being passed by the Scots Parliament in January 1707, and De Foe returned in the following month to London, where it is supposed he received the reward of his services in a pension from the Queen; and immediately began to compose a history of the event in which he had borne so important a part. During the period which intervenes between this time and the Peace of Utrecht which concluded the war, De Foe appears to have resided quietly at Newington, occupied with the publication of his review — though occasionally exposed to violent attacks from his political opponents: but he was destined soon to plunge once more into the troubled waters of political polemics.

On the dissolution of the ministry at the head of which were Harley and Godolphin, his patrons and protectors, the pension with which De Foe's exertions in Scotland had been rewarded, ceased; and he was compelled to have again recourse to pamphlet-writing for a subsistence. The troubled

and agitated state of parties supplied him with abundant subjects, and either forgetting or disregarding the fact which the prison and the pillory might have taught him, that the frenzy of party-feeling has no very delicate appreciation of a jest, he incurred another prosecution and imprisonment by a number of political jeux d'esprit, the principal of which were two pamphlets called *What if the Pretender should come?* and *What if the Queen should die?* both titles being obviously ironical, or as he says himself: "Nothing could be more plain, than that the titles of these are amusements, in order to get the books into the hands of those who had been deluded by Jacobites." Notwithstanding his explanation, he was convicted, fined L.800, and a second time imprisoned in Newgate. Here he was compelled to discontinue the publication of the Review; which, by a curious fatality, was commenced and dropped by the author while in confinement in the same prison.

After remaining in prison a few months he was liberated by the Queen's order in November 1713.

But though released, and the innocence of his intentions admitted, he was neglected by the court, and the death of Queen Anne, which took place July 1714, left him defenceless to the attacks of his enemies. "No sooner," he says, "was the queen dead, and the King, as of right, proclaimed, but the rage of men increased upon me to that degree, that their threats were such as I am not able to express; and though I have written nothing since the queen's death, yet a great many things are called by my name, and I bear the answerer's insults." De Foe's prospect at this time was more gloomy than at any part of his career. Deprived of the resources afforded by the sale of his review, his protectors no longer in power, without his pension, and exposed to the unceasing attacks of personal and political malignity, his health beginning to fail, he however appears to have retained the vigour of his resolution and the strength of his intellect. He accordingly asserted the innocence of his public conduct, and the integrity of his character in *An Appeal to Honour and Justice, though it be of his worst Enemies, being an Account of his Con-*

*duet in Public Affairs*: This work appeared in 1745, and contains a long and circumstantial defence of his political conduct, and a most affecting detail of his sufferings. This was the conclusion of our author's political career; and we may conceive that when employed in detailing what he had done and how he had been rewarded — when he recapitulated the long history of labour and of patriotism on the one hand, and ingratitude and faction on the other — that even his sturdy spirit gave way before a contemplation so painful: he was seized with apoplexy while engaged on this work. It was however published by his friends, and the profits arising from its sale seem to have been his only source of subsistence during his illness.

On his recovery, a great revolution had taken place in the mind and character of De Foe. Disease and sorrow had passed through his mind, softening and loosening the soil, and developing the fertility that it possessed.

Weary of that troubled sea of noises and harsh discords, to use the words of Milton; of the adversary barking at the door — sick of the degrading and heating controversies of political parties, his mind, which retained its vigour while it had lost its acerbity, was devoted — for the rest of his life — to the creation of those admirable fictions which will be admired while literature exists; nay, which perhaps the total destruction of the language in which they are written, would not suffice to obliterate from the world.

The *History of Alexander Selkirk*, related in Woodes Rogers' Voyage round the World, suggested *The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. How De Foe, in the construction of this unequalled work, improved upon the meagre account which by common consent is supposed to have given the original idea — with what wonderful skill he has invented a series of events, which though familiar are never common-place, though minute are never tedious, and created an imaginary character with whose labours and sufferings, all ages, all characters, all countries equally sympathize, and all equally understand — to examine critically a work which every child has read with rapture and every old



man with delight—this is not the place. We anticipate a fitter opportunity for the performance of the delightful task of endeavouring to point out some of De Foe's claims to our admiration. The popularity of Robinson Crusoe was immediate, steady, and immense: in the same year he published a second volume with equal success, though it is perceptibly inferior in interest to the first part; forming no exception to the general rule of Continuations.—Though De Foe, in this second part is inferior to himself, he is yet immeasurably superior to all beside: if the second part possess less interest than the first, it would be as vain to compare it with any other of the innumerable fictions which the success of this romance naturally suggested, as to look for a Poem which should equal the *Paradise Regained*—excepting the *Paradise Lost*.

Reluctant, and naturally so, to leave unworked so rich a mine of fame and profit, De Foe shortly afterwards published *Serious Reflections during the life of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelic World*. This work, consisting of a number of religious meditations having nothing necessarily connecting them with the history of Crusoe, though much admired at the time, is by no means easy to be found at present: nor is it—we are compelled to say—worth the trouble of the search.

In 1720 appeared *The Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton*, the first of a series of narratives in what the Spaniards call the *Gusto Picaresco*: describing the adventures by sea and land of robbers and buccaneers; a style in which, from the vigour of his imagination and his unequalled power of personating the character of a rude but sensible narrator, De Foe was admirably calculated to excel.

Of his remaining publications—of various merit, though none ever possessed or are likely to obtain the popularity of Robinson Crusoe—it will be sufficient for us to enumerate the titles; *The Dumb Philosopher, History of Duncan Campbell, Remarkable Life of Colonel Jack, Spy on the Conjuror, Memoirs of a Cavalier, Fortunate Mistress, New Voyage round the World*.

This great genius died in London April 24th 1730, at the

age of 70, leaving a widow and a large family in tolerable circumstances, though we regret to add that his declining years were embittered by distressing family feuds.

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NORR. The Russian public, we believe, possesses one, if not more, *soi-disant* versions of the Robinson Crusoe; from which however, as they were made from the imperfect abridgement of Campe, or the still more faulty French translation, the spirit of De Foe's peculiar and admirable style has evaporated. We look forward, therefore, with anxiety to the approaching appearance of the promised translation of Mr. Korsakoff, made directly from the original — a work likely, in its form and decoration, to be worthy of the skill with which the literary portion will be executed by the able translator.

We anticipate the agreeable task of noticing more at length Mr. Korsakoff's work.

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## TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES

IN ASIA MINOR, MESOPOTAMIA, CHALDEA, AND ARMENIA.

BY W. F. AINSWORTH, F.G.S. &c.

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Much interest was excited in the religious world by the accounts of the Chaldean Christians, incidentally collected during the Euphrates Expedition; and it was stimulated rather than gratified by the information subsequently derived from the gentlemen whom the Board of American Missions sent into the interior of Asia. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge united with the Geographical Society to defray the expenses of an expedition to these interesting tribes, supposed on reasonable grounds to have preserved more of the simple forms of primitive Christianity than any of the European nations. As the country between the frontiers of Europe and the districts inhabited by the Chaldeans had been very imperfectly explored, instructions were given to the members of the expedition to examine and survey the less known parts of Anatolia, and determine the position of the principal cities, the height of as many mountains as possible, and the courses of the most remarkable rivers. The results of these investigations present a mass of geographical and geological details, which, however valuable in themselves, must necessarily appear dry and tedious to general readers; we shall, therefore,

pass them over, halting only for a moment to take a survey of one of the cave-villages of Cappadocia.

Our route lay over plains and uplands, till we approached the Sevri Hisar-hills, when we turned to the right, and entered deep and rocky ravines, at the foot of an outlying spur of the Hasan Tagh. The first we entered contained a few grottoes and caves, which kept increasing in number as we progressed, till we came to what had evidently been a very populous site, and where, superadded to the caves, were ruins of dwelling-houses, arches of stonework, &c., still standing in the valley. This place is called by the Greeks of the present day, Belistermeh. Ravines of the same character, almost without interruption to the succession of grottoes, many of which were rudely ornamented in front, led us to Gelvedery, where we were equally surprised and delighted to find a large colony of Greeks living in these caves, mostly built up in front, and occupying not only the acclivities of the hills, but also the face of the precipice to its very top, and stretching up a narrow ravine, which, towards its upper part, became choked with these semi-subterranean dwellings. We had now the pleasure of contemplating what one of these cave-villages or towns was when inhabited; and were all anxiety to get into one of the houses, but this anxiety on our part was not at all met by the natives, who were disinclined to receive us, or to hold communication with us. At length we got into a house, where was a caverned odah, but it was full of khawases; so Mr. Rassam repaired to the house of a priest, who acted kindly, and allowed us a room for the night. These Greeks, although thus secluded from the world, were not poor, and had a goodly stone church in the vale. From what conversation we had with the priests, it appears that they claim a high antiquity to the site of Gelvedery, which there is every reason to believe corresponds with Garsabora. What interested us greatly, was to endeavour to trace the origin of Greek colonies, in such remote and sequestered spots, but upon this subject they could offer us no information; their fathers had lived in the same spot, but why it was chosen by them, and what advantages it had ever offered to them, appeared scarcely ever to have been a subject of a moment's thought. It is not many years since the Osmanli government, by a rather enlightened policy, dragged the Christians from the caves of Osiana, Tattar, &c., and made them reside in the New City, and the troglodites of Gelvedery appear to have much horror of the same fate hanging over them; and thus our questions excited their suspicions, and awakened fears which all our expressions of kindly and brotherly feeling towards them scarcely sufficed to allay.

It is probable that the Christian Greeks of Cappadocia sought shelter in these caverned fastnesses from the successive

invasions of Persians, Syrians, and Ottomans, though perhaps the first of these dwellings were excavated by the ascetics, who introduced their corruptions into Oriental Christianity during the third and fourth centuries. The existing race of Cappadocians displays none of the moroseness which is usually supposed to be connected with a troglodyte life.

«The present condition of the Cappadocian Greeks shows itself under a very favourable aspect. We have seen, that while in Gelvedery and Sowanlı, they have in other places issued from these, and congregated in now flourishing and cheerful towns, as Nev Shehr and Injeh Su. In these places there is an aspect of ease, freedom, and prosperity, which never belongs to Mohammedan towns. Children are playing about, flowers are trained up the house walls, females sit at their verandahs, and trade is bustling in the market; add to this, that the Cappadocian Greeks are, generally speaking, pleasing and unreserved in their manners, and their conversation indicated a very high degree of intelligence and civilization, where there are so few books, and so little education, and consequently, little learning. In the villages, the men, marrying early, repair to Constantinople and Smyrna to trade, while to the women is left the care of the house, the flock, and the vineyard; an evil follows from this, that the females become masculine and full of violent passions, and when the men return to their homes, they are often very far from finding an echo to the subdued tones and more polished manners which they had learned to appreciate in the civilized world. The priests, who remain at home might be supposed to have some counteracting influence, but they are often old, have rarely above moderate capacities, and are frequently disregarded and disrespected. But apart from these minor considerations, these Cappadocian Greeks certainly constitute a tribe themselves, distinguished by their manners, their habits, and their independent prosperity and civilization, and not so much surpassing other Greeks in Asia Minor by their progressive civilization, as excelling them in having become less changed, and less humbled and prostrated, than other Greek communities are by four centuries of Osmanli tyranny.»

The Kurds in the vicinity of Mount Taurus are a far less interesting race than their Greek neighbours, but they are still worthy of our notice, if it were only from the similarity which all travellers describe as existing between them and the Highlanders of Scotland.

«We were now rendered aware that we were in a district of Kurds who were in the vassal, but not the subject state. The ragged garb

of the rustic was supplanted by a handsome highland and military costume, a waistcoat of brown cloth, surmounted by a braided jacket of the same material, open, with loose sleeves. The wide trowsers of blue stuff, open to the knee but tight to the legs, were upheld by a narrow waistband, so as not to impede active or prolonged exercise, and the feet were protected by good laced boots. Every man carried his gun on his back, and his pouch by his side. The latter was made of the same coloured cloth as his jacket, and adorned by two or three black tassels. The features of the men (who as usual with the Kurds, were strong, muscular, and sinewy, any one equal to two such Osmanlis as constituted the army of Hafiz Pasha,) were regular and handsome, and more expressive of reckless daring, than of that low deceitful cupidity which so often characterizes the Arab. The women were also very good-looking, and had generally fine heads of glossy black hair. They did not cover their faces. We had an excellent opportunity of contemplating these villagers, for we rested ourselves half an hour by a fountain side, in the middle of the village, and under the shade of a great plane-tree, where we were soon surrounded by almost all the inhabitants.

Our travellers had hoped that their progress would be facilitated by the presence of a Turkish army on the Syrian frontier, not anticipating the ease with which it would be routed by Ibrahim Pasha at Nizib. They proceeded, therefore, towards the camp, and saw on the road some signal proofs of the wretchedness of the arrangements made by an Oriental commissariat.

The carcasses of camels and horses, some newly dead, but others emitting most noxious effluvia, were encountered in numbers, and fully showed how severe were the tasks to which the animals were put in order to supply the wants of an army. Nor was the loss on the part of the Egyptians less in this department; for on a subsequent journey, made some time after the battle, from Aleppo to Birehjik, I saw the skeletons of nearly a hundred camels on various parts of the road. When soldiers, occupied in the commissariat, had a horse drop upon the road, they ripped up the skin and cutting a bit, carried it to the camp, as a proof that the animal was really dead. We saw a party engaged in this operation; the animal was panting with thirst, heat, and exhaustion, unable to proceed or to die, and writhing under the knife. Parties driving their loads to the camp, others hastening with unladen horses for further supplies, a few craven laggards slowly progressing to join the martial band, khawasses on their way to hurry tardy peasants or construct rafts up the river, tatars bound to the mute-sellims of distant towns, and the aghas of districts, and officers upon various duties, gleamed

through the sun's misty glare, and lent life to the great open furnace in which we all moved.

It was the good or evil fortune of the travellers to witness the battle of Nizib, for while on one hand they were gratified by the display of an unusual and picturesque system of tactics, on the other hand they were exposed to much danger from a disorganized mass, not at all unlikely to attribute their defeat to the presence of infidels in their lines, especially when their fanaticism was stimulated by their rapacity. The preliminary skirmishing of the irregular cavalry on both sides presented a novel spectacle to those who were accustomed to the movements of European troops.

«A horseman gallops, as if towards the foe, an opponent advances to the rencounter; when sufficiently near they discharge their pistols at one another; Kurd followed Kurd, and Anazeh, Anazeh: and the second pistol of the first Kurd was fired with the first pistol of the second Anazeh, while the second pistol of the first Anazeh was fired at the first pistol of the second Kurd, and so on in succession; horsemen continually relieving one another, and each cavalier sweeping round, so that by the time his pistols were unloaded he was in the rear to load again. Success in these manœuvres depends considerably upon the horse, which must be very quick in turning round, or else the cavalier would come unarmed upon a third opponent; and also upon the horseman in the rear, who must be quick enough to take new opponents off the hands of an old antagonist. The horses were, indeed, so well trained, that they often performed their part of the service after they had lost their rider, who had been shot on the first or second rencounter, but the relief from behind was frequently uncertain and ill regulated.»

Even more curious was the appearance of the martial dervishes, half idiots and half hypocrites, whom the Turks regard with superstitious reverence, pardoning their roguery for the grimace of devotion with which it is accompanied.

«There was a martial dervish in the camp who wore a sword, and being tolerated for his many oddities used to take great liberties with the Pasha; to-day he afforded us no small merriment by his prowess. Drawing his sabre he rushed forward, as if to the enemy, but took care to turn round before reaching the scene of action; he then came galloping up to the Serasker brandishing his weapon; and proclaiming that he had challenged Ibrahim Pasha, as the enemy of God, the prophet Mohammed, and his viceregent the Sultan, but that no one had dared to fight him. He performed a variety of

other equally ridiculous antics. There was also another more harmless idiot in the camp, who was deformed, and subject to religious hallucinations; this man had followed the soldiers from Malatiyeh, he was a great favourite with them, and had received a good Nizam dress. He was admitted into the Serasker's tent, where one of his frequent amusements was to come and stroke me behind when engaged in conversation, on which occasions I could scarcely preserve my gravity, but the Mohammedans considered this a token of favour and success. I never saw either of these camp oddities after the battle, and almost doubt if they effected their escape.

In the end, the Turks were routed, and the travellers, finding it impossible to enter into Mesopotamia by the route which they had first chosen, returned to Constantinople. After some delay they again started, and with little difficulty reached Mosul, the present capital of Mesopotamia. As the recent appointment of a British vice-consul to that city confers upon it some commercial importance, we shall extract Mr. Ainsworth's notice of its trading capabilities.

«While busy in improving the offensive and defensive capabilities of this place, surrounded as it is on all sides by lawless tribes, the Kurds of Rawanduz and Amadiyeh to the east, the Bahdinan Kurds and Mosul Ashirat of Arabs to the north, the Izedis of Sinjar to the west, and the Shammar Bedwins to the south, the Pasha has been draining the resources of the town and province to the utmost, so much so, that many would have left to seek a home where industry and the necessities of life were less insupportably taxed, but for a precaution taken by the Pasha, to allow of no one to pass the gates of the town without permission. Without these prominent evils, and with a tranquil state of the surrounding country, Mosul presents mercantile advantages of no common order. It is immediately connected with the great galls districts, and the expenses of the customs at Aleppo may be avoided by sending the galls direct to the port of Iskenderun, while there are several roads open to Persia, across the mountains, a transit of from five to seven days, and by which, considering the short distance and good roads from Mosul to Iskenderun, British manufactures might be distributed into the heart of Persia, in a time and at an expense, which the line of Trebizond, Erzurum, and Tabriz, that of Bushire and Baghdad, or the Russian line of Astrakhan, Bakhui, and Mezenderan, can never rival. Mosul is frequently devastated by plague; the period at which the natives place the re-occurrence of that calamity is every thirty-one years. The city has also suffered occasionally from famine, generally caused by fire spreading in dry weather over the fields. Several catastrophes of this kind occurred during our residence here. The fire spread



over pastures, common grass lands and corn lands, many miles in extent, and burning night and day often for a week, and sometimes embracing the whole horizon. In times of dearth, the natives mix steatitic earth with the flour, and are even said, as Humboldt relates of the Olomak tribes on the Orinooko, to allay hunger by eating it in a pure state. There is also a sweetmeat much sought after throughout the East, which contains a quantity of steatitic earth. I examined it especially at Angora; it was a silicate of magnesia and alumina, but without chrome or iron.

Mr. Ainsworth has added little to the information supplied by Mr. Rich respecting the ruins of Nineveh; but he had an opportunity rarely enjoyed by Europeans, of visiting Al Hadhr, one of the most interesting memorials of Assyrian, or perhaps Persian, antiquity, which exists in a good state of preservation.

The ruins of Al Hadhr present the remains of a principal building which apparently was at once a palace and a temple, and which surpasses in extent and in the perfection of its style the ruin known as the Tak i Kesra, or Arch of Chosroes, at Ctesiphon, the residence of the kings of Persia of the Arsacidan dynasty. It consisted of a series of vaulted chambers or halls, of different sizes, all opening to the east, or towards the rising sun and planets, and regularly succeeding one another from north to south, and was divided into two parts by a wall; while in the front was another row of edifices, guard-houses, &c., at the southern end of which was a great hall, with ornamented vault and tall columns, similar to what is observed in the chief edifice. The whole of these buildings were inclosed within a wall about 1360 yards square, which left a considerable space open in front, and this open square was in the exact centre of the town, which is nearly a perfect circle, surrounded by a rampart, about 3 miles 180 yards in circumference. Portions of the curtain, which was 10 feet 3 inches in width, still remain on this rampart; and there also are the ruins of thirty-two bastions, placed at unequal intervals. The space occupied by the town still contains the ruins of tombs and other edifices, and is everywhere covered by mounds of ruined buildings. There is also a spring, and a channel for water, not straight but tortuous, which crosses the town: and there were apparently four gates, having straight roads leading from them to the central edifice. Every stone, not only in the chief building but in the walls and bastions, and other public monuments, when not defaced by time, is marked with a character, which is, for the most part, either a Chaldaic letter or numeral. But some of them could not be deciphered either by Mr. Rassam or by a Jewish rabbi of Jerusalem, whom we consulted at Mosul; for it is necessary to

remark that the Chaldeans, or Chaldees, since their conversion to Christianity, have uniformly adopted the Syriac letters which were used by the Apostles and Fathers of the Church, regarding the pagan writing (or Tergum, as they call it) as an abomination. The Jews, however, who learned it in their captivity, have retained, except in their Talmud and some other works written in the Hebrew character, the use of Chaldean letters. Some of the letters at Al Hadhr resembled the Roman A, and others were apparently astronomical signs, among which were very common the ancient mirror and handle, emblematic of Venus, the Mylitta of the Assyrians, and Alitta of the Arabians, according to Herodotus; and the Nani or Nannania of the Syrians. These letters were generally about one or two inches in size, and carefully sculptured, one in the centre of the face of each stone; this, still obtaining in a comparatively modern Chaldean town, appears to have been in perpetuation of the practice, observed and carried to a much greater extent in the inscriptions on bricks in the older Assyrian, Chaldean, and Babylonian cities."

A Chaldaic inscription in the great hall is supposed by Mr. Ainsworth to refer to the Jewish captivity; it was translated for him by a Rabbi, who stated its purport to be—"In justice to thee who art our salvation, I hope from thee, O God, help against mine enemies." We wish, however, that Mr. Ainsworth had given us a transcript of the inscription; we have no confidence in the translations of Jewish rabbis; they have long been accustomed to play the same tricks on credulous antiquarians that the Brahmins practised on poor Wilford; and when they found that Mr. Ainsworth was ignorant of Chaldee, and anxious to discover any memorial of the Captivity, they would be very likely to invent a translation which would gratify his curiosity and support his theory.

A visit to the Yizidis, or Izedis, reprobated in the East as worshippers of the Devil, has enabled Mr. Ainsworth to add something to our information respecting this singular people, and particularly to refute the strange tale of their worshipping a sanctified peacock. From the accounts previously published, we were led to conclude that in all probability they were an offset from the ancient Manichees, preserving more of the old Persian Dualism than that impostor. Their reverence for the Evil Principle does not appear to be greater than that which many of the followers of Zoroaster expressed for

Ahriman, and chiefly consists in not speaking of him disrespectfully. Our travellers were, perhaps, the first Christians who ever explored one of the temples of this mysterious sect.

‘We scarcely expected to overcome so far the religious scruples of so severe and so mysterious a sect as the Izedis, as to be allowed to penetrate into their sanctuary; but after taking a rapid sketch of the building, which stands at the base of a perpendicular cliff, and has two conical spires, one larger than the other, pointed, and supporting copper balls and crescents, we continued our way, and were met by the guardian of the place, who, with some slight expressions of distrust, ushered us to a gateway, which led into a vaulted stone passage, through the centre of which ran a stream of cool water. This passage was about forty paces long, and led into an outer court, overshadowed by large cisterns of clear water, besides separate bathing-rooms for the ablutions previous to prayer. Tempted by the refreshing appearance of the water, as well as from policy, without speaking a syllable foreign to the ears of those present, we washed ourselves, and taking off our shoes, were admitted into a second and larger court-yard, with arched recesses along the sides, and the temple at the bottom. This spot was as clean, cool, and inviting as the first yard; and we could not help thinking what a delightful summer residence Sheikh Adi would make. Descending a flight of steps, we now entered into the building itself. It was a great vaulted apartment, like an ordinary mesjid. On an elevated terrace within it, and screened by green curtains, was the coffin said to contain the remains of Sheikh Adi; round this were spots where fires of bitumen and naphtha are made at the time of the annual festival. Beyond this hall is an inner one, to which access was refused us. I, however, opened the door, and saw an apartment lower than the chief one, and containing only a few planks and other lumber,—a place most decidedly neither of sanctity nor of mystery. We now asked the Izedis present concerning the peacock, of which they at once declared their ignorance. The question was put to them publicly, and so abruptly, that no opportunity was given to prepare an evasive answer. I carefully watched the expression of their countenances, and saw nothing that indicated deceit; on the contrary, the expression was that of surprise at the inquiry; and I am strongly inclined to think that the history of the Melik Taus, or king peacock, as related by Father Maurizio Garzoni, M. Rousseau, Buckingham, and more modern travellers, as Mr. Forbes, is a calumny invented by the Christians of these countries. I venture this assertion, however, with diffidence; for it is curious that a Christian, residing at Kathandiyath, in the neighbourhood of the place, still persisted in the truth of this tradition. The Kurd muleteer remarked to me, that I had myself found it to be a falsehood.’

Mr. Ainsworth is inclined to adopt Dr. Grant's theory, that the Yezidis are descended from the lost tribes of Israel; but the grounds for such a conjecture are so vague and unsatisfactory, that it is not worth the labour of an examination.

In our 708th Number, we examined at some length Dr. Grant's account of the Christian tribes in the Chaldean mountains: Mr. Ainsworth more than confirms the Doctor's favourable description of this interesting people.

'At the village of Hayis, we found Ishiyah, bishop of Berrawi, with its attendants, waiting for us; although an old man, he had walked from his residence at Duri, a distance of nine miles, to meet us. The first specimen of a chief dignitary of the Chaldean church was highly favourable. I had expected a bishop with a dagger and sword — perhaps, as it was time of war, with a coat-of-mail; but, instead of that, we saw an aged man, of spare habit, with much repose and dignity in his manners, and a very benevolent and intelligent aspect, his hair and beard nearly silver-white, his forehead ample and unclouded, and his countenance, from never eating meat, uncommonly clear and fair. Welcoming us in the most urbane manner, he held his hand to be kissed, a custom common in this country, and accompanied the ceremony by expressions of civility and regard. Dr. Grant describes the same bishop as a most patriarchal personage. The bishop wished to walk back; but we offered him the use of a horse. I was not fatigued, and preferred walking; but he had never been accustomed to ride, and it was with some difficulty that we got him to mount a loaded mule, where he could sit safe between the bags. We then started, Kasha Mandu, and a poorly-dressed man carrying a hooked stick, walking ceremoniously before. The happy moral influence of Christianity could not be more plainly manifested than in the change of manners immediately observable in the country we had now entered into, and which presented itself with the more force from its contrast with the sullen ferocity of the Mohammedans. The kind, cordial manners of the people, and the great respect paid to their clergy, were among the first-fruits of that influence which showed themselves. Nothing could be more gratifying to us, after a prolonged residence among proud Mahomedans and servile Christians, than to observe on this, our little procession, the peasants running from the villages even a mile distant, and flocking to kiss the hand of the benevolent white-haired dignitary. This was done with the head bare, a practice unknown among the Christians of Turkey in Asia, and so great was the anxiety to perform this act of kindly reverence, that little children were held up in the arms of their fathers to partake in it. Kasha Mandu also came in for his share of congratulations and welcomings.

Everywhere the same pleasing testimonies of respect, mingled with love, were exhibited.

We must however say, that there are circumstances which make us disposed to receive some of our author's statements on the religious state of the Chaldeans with a little caution. Mr. Ainsworth is animated by that fierce ultra-protestant feeling which threatened to come into fashion when he was leaving England; he is pertinacious in his use of the vulgar term papist, and he favours us with very strong opinions on controverted points of divinity, more becoming a professor of theology than of geology. Mr. Ainsworth, however, has recorded sufficient evidences of his incapacity to act as judge of the controversies between the Romish and English churches, for he has in more than one place misrepresented the doctrines of both.

The American missionaries and Mr. Ainsworth concur in stating that the Chaldean Christians are very anxious to obtain the assistance of religious societies to educate their clergy and their children. Schools, indeed, have been already opened by persons sent from the American Board of Missions, and the reports of their progress are gratifying; they have succeeded in training several of the young natives to act as their assistants, and they particularly mention that the Chaldeans, unlike most other orientals, exhibit a great anxiety that the benefits of instruction should be extended to their daughters. We know not whether the Chaldean churches will be included in the very indefinite diocese of the new Bishop of Jerusalem, but we sincerely hope that the Christian Knowledge Society will redeem the promise made by their delegates to this secluded race of people.

Soon after his return to Mosul, Mr. Ainsworth received information that the Geographical Society would dispense with his farther services; he therefore returned home through Armenia, by which proceeding he appears to have traversed the country too rapidly to collect any important information. This is the less to be regretted, as this province has recently excited much attention, and is at this moment being explored by some of the enthusiastic antiquarians of Germany. Mr. Ainsworth promises to

describe the scientific results of his journey in some future work ; it would , therefore , have been well to have spared some of the minutiae of geographical and geological details which fill a very large space in these volumes ; we could also have dispensed with some of his woodcuts , which though generally characteristic , are below the average of illustration in the present state of art.

(THE ATHENÆUM.)

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## HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

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### THE LIONESSE.

Lieutenant Carlisle was one of the noblest, best, and most generous youths that ever sought the shores of India. He was exactly sixteen when he sailed from England, leaving behind him many true and sterling friends, that his many virtues and amiable disposition had won for him. He was of a most sanguine temperament, and one of the handsomest lads I ever beheld. From infancy we had been brought up together.

Some ten years had elapsed , when an apparent stranger rushed into my room, and grasping me by the hand , began to pour out a thousand kind speeches of recognition. For a few moments I thought the gentleman had made a mistake, and was about to tell him so, when a peculiar smile for a single instant lighted up his countenance, and I immediately recognised it as that of my old excellent friend , Perceval Carlisle. Yes! the emaciated, care-worn, and haggard being who now now shook me cordially by the hand, was no less than the dear companion of my boyhood. Occasionally , indeed, I could trace the speaking eye , the fine countenance

of my early friend. But, alas! all signs of health and youth had fled. Ten short years had robbed Carlisle of all his bloom, and much of his wonted high spirits. The fire of his eye, and the joyous tone of happier days were gone. His good heart, his generous soul alone remained, alone were saved from the general wreck of his once buoyant mind and athletic body. At first I thought ill health, the warmth of eastern climes, or probably dissipation had caused the havoc I beheld. Perceval, however, soon undeceived me. He saw my distress. He marked my horror, as I tried to recall his once handsome features; and reading my thoughts, he at once exclaimed,

• I see you are startled by my altered looks. I expected no less; but I thought, as I had sent you an account of my accident, you would have been better prepared to anticipate the change in my personal appearance. •

• Accident! I never heard of any. I have received no letters from you these three years. •

• Then my epistles have gone astray, that's all. But as they have done so, I will tell you how the affair took place; that is to say, if you wish to hear it. •

I expressed my desire to do so, and he repeated to me the following circumstances, which I give as nearly in his own language as possible.

• I was quartered high up the country, commanding a detachment, at least fifty miles from any other European. My only recreation was lion-hunting, which I occasionally indulged in, and succeeded in destroying several of these superb animals, which were here so numerous and so bold, as often to approach our tents, and carry off our provisions.

• I was thus amusing myself one morning, well-mounted on a fleet Arab, followed by a dozen men on foot, and armed with an unerring rifle, when one of my people suddenly discovered the prints of a lion's paw in the sandy plain over which we were passing, apparently inclining towards a deep jungle some two hundred yards in advance of us. I instantly dismounted to examine the foot-marks, and was carefully tracing them, when a sudden cry of terror made me look

up. I did so, and beheld immediately in front of me a magnificent lioness, which had suddenly bounded out of the covert. Not a moment was to be lost. I sprang towards my horse; my *sice*, however, alarmed by the appearance of the queen of beasts, had quitted the rein, and before I could reach him, the frightened animal was half across the open space. My servants had all fled. I was alone. The lioness was lashing her sides with her tail; she was evidently meditating an attack. I had but one resource left. After vainly calling on my servants to return and support me, I levelled my rifle, and, just as she rushed forward, fired. For a single instant I was not quite sure whether I had hit her or not. She suddenly halted, threw up her head, and gave a terrific roar. I was now convinced she was wounded; but, alas! seemingly not in any mortal part. She glared on me. Human nature could stand no more. I threw down my gun, and foolishly overcome by fear, I fled. In another second I was conscious of my error. I heard her come panting along close beside me. It was all over with me; I knew my fate was sealed. I threw myself down; the lioness actually, in her haste to overtake me, sprang over me. I heard a shot, and a piercing cry from the animal told me she was again hit; but I did not once dare to look up to see how seriously.

After about half a minute, I could not resist the temptation, the desire I felt to read my doom. I slightly turned my head, only the least in life, and beheld the lioness licking her paw, through which a ball had evidently passed; the blood was also flowing copiously from her jaw, where my discharge had in the first instance taken effect. She was sitting up on her haunches, in evident agony. No sooner, however, did she perceive the very slight movement which I had made than she sprang up, and in the next moment I felt her teeth penetrate my back-bone, while one of her claws tore my left shoulder bare of flesh; in the next, she lifted me off the ground, and carried me forward. This, however, was evidently an effort to her. Her wounded jaws refused to meet; but still she held me, screaming, struggling, praying for death, tightly in her teeth, as she bore me on with the



same ease with which she would have raised a kitten. I shouted to my servants to fire. It seems they feared to do so, lest by accident they might destroy me instead of the animal. Alas! little did they know my feelings at that moment! Instant death, a release from the excruciating tortures I was then suffering, would have been the greatest favour they could have conferred on me.

Thus I was carried for about a hundred yards, when, overcome by pain, the lioness dropped me, and lying down, began to lick the blood which streamed from my wounds. I could feel her rough tongue as it passed along the bitten parts, and tore open the toothmarks, I could feel her warm breath as she placed her mouth to my lacerated shoulder. One gripe more, one single wound in my throat, to which she was close, and I knew all would be over. I even attempted to turn over to her to offer it to her jaws. She placed her paw on the bare bone of my shoulder, and rolled me back, adding another, and, if possible, a more acute pang, to my sufferings. Again she began to suck up my blood as I lay groaning beneath her.

My servants, I supposed, rallied and alarmed her; for she suddenly once more started up, and making her teeth meet in my left arm, began to drag me away. Great Heavens! I feel even at this moment the same agony I then endured. In recalling the tortures of that instant, I almost fancy I again experience the pain she caused me as she dragged me along, evidently bearing me towards her lair to feed her whelps. Suffering as I was, I knew all this; I read my doom, and shuddered at it. Twice did the flesh break away from my arm, and twice did she renew her savage hold on me, and that so powerfully, that she succeeded in getting me inside the jungle. Here she paused, unable from pain to proceed further. Two or three shots were fired at her without success. At length, finding her situation perilous, and her prey likely to escape, she retired a few paces, and determining on one effort, raised herself, and opening her huge jaws, suddenly bounded on me. I felt her teeth, but they closed not: I felt her whole weight on me, but she stirred not. In the

next moment I heard a human voice. I was released from the ponderous load, and lifted up, — the lioness lay dead at my feet. She had expired in the very act of destroying me. She had ceased to exist as she attempted to destroy me. She had died on me. I fainted. I was taken in a palanquin, in a state of insensibility, nearly three hundred miles, and I was treated for two years as an invalid. At last I was recommended to try the air of my native country. I returned to Europe, and here I am."

Poor fellow! he is now no more. Escaped from the perils of the East, he has found a grave in his native land. *Requiescat in pace!*

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ONE TOO MANY.

It is all very well to talk of native princes, and paint them (when speaking to those who know nothing about them) as great monarchs, armed with uncontrolled powers of life and death, possessed of revenues and jewels far beyond the most glittering hopes of Christian kings, surrounded by lovely nymphs, gorgeously-attired ministers, and every luxury that can inflame the imagination. But their true position is little known, little cared for by the majority of our countrymen, or they would cease to envy the borrowed splendour of these potentates, who are in real truth nothing more nor less than state-prisoners, forbidden to issue a single edict, unable to stir from their palaces, without the permission of the British resident, (a term meant to be synonymous with ambassador,) who is placed by Government at the court of each of these petty princes, for the purpose of watching and keeping them in good order.

This officer is bound to see that the monarch's salary (for the nawab only receives a certain income from the East India Company, in lieu of his extensive revenues) is properly expended; that he meddles with no political affairs; that he confers no honours, receives no guests, without the authority

of the British rulers. In order to withdraw his mind from dwelling on what *he is*, and what he *might be*, the resident encourages the prince in giving fêtes, flying kites, (this they actually do for thousands of pounds,) forming hunting-parties, and making a great fuss about little affairs. To prevent his highness from bribing any one, the said officer has the charge of the royal jewels, which he only gives out on state occasions. He manages to employ one third of the nawab's servants, and keeps the *swaree* (or train) of elephants in his own grounds. In a word, a sovereign prince, reigning over a territory in British India, has about as much power as a state prisoner in the Tower, who, though flattered by an outward, an apparent respect, cannot command a single moment of real liberty.

The greatest difference, however, exists between these potentates and those who have refused to submit to our rule. I remember well a scene which passed with one of the latter, when I was secretary to the resident at Moorshedabad. An envoy had arrived from the Nawab of—to the British resident, his mission having for its object the cession of a considerable territory to the East India Company. The utmost secrecy was to be observed: a single word betrayed might ruin the whole affair, and involve the prince in a serious affair with his neighbours. It was therefore with some difficulty that the native envoy would even consent to my being present, so jealous was he lest the subject of his embassy might transpire.

Mr. A——, the resident, received him with due honour in the large hall of his magnificent mansion, where he ordinarily held his *durwan*, or court. It was a magnificent chamber, floored with marble, and fitted up with several European looking-glasses. To do honour to the guest, these mirrors were now uncovered, and the mats, which occasionally covered the floor, were rolled up, and placed in a corner of the room. The conference had begun. Several points had been mooted and settled, when I remarked the Envoy's eye fix itself steadily on one of the glasses, as if he beheld some object of interest in it. He, however, made no remark, and went on

conversing. The interview was nearly over, when he slowly rose, and walked towards the corner of the room. He saw the surprise of Mr. A——. He read his astonishment at this strange proceeding in the midst of an important discourse; but he calmly turned round, and remarked,

• You will excuse me, great sir, if I am mistaken. You will, I hope, pardon me if I am correct in my supposition, and agree with me that my present act is dictated by justice and prudence. Those high in position cannot be too cautious. •

The Resident stared, unable to comprehend the proceeding.

• I may be mistaken; but I think not, • added the native chief. Then, suddenly drawing his dagger, he plunged it into one of the rolls of matting. A hollow, a deep groan issued from it as he quickly repeated the blow. Then turning, with a look of triumph and satisfaction, to Mr. A——, he quietly said, • I knew it was so. •

• You have killed some one. I am sure that cry proceeded from no beast of prey. It was a human voice I heard. •

• Precisely, • replied the other, without changing a single muscle of his countenance, — • precisely, • and he coolly unrolled the mat, in the centre of which a corpse lay weltering in its blood.

• What have you done? You have murdered him. •

• By stopping the slave's mouth I have saved the lives of thousands. He will never attempt to betray his master again, • added he, spurning the body with his foot. • But I see, great sir, you don't like the sight of the wretch. If so, do not let us think of this little incident any more; but, with your leave, we will adjourn to another room. •

The Resident assented. The cession of territory was agreed on. The dead black-man was thrown into the Ganges. It would have been *impolitic* to have made any stir about the matter.

## STRANGE GAME.

No country in the world, perhaps, offers such temptations for the true sportsman as India. The quantity of game, (particularly in Bengal), exceeds the most sanguine ideas of an untravelled Briton. The sport itself is considerably more majestic, and more imposing. The wild peacock, the florikin, the black cock of India, are incomparably beyond the puny game of the West. The traveller, who has hunted the tiger, the lion, and the wild boar, may almost venture to look down on fox-hunting as a childish amusement. The very dangers which environ the Eastern chase give it an excitement as superior to that of Great Britain, as the fox-hunt boasts over the capture of a tame cat, or the destruction of a harmless rabbit. Remember, I am an Indian; I speak as an Indian; I write as an Indian. Were I an Apperly or Nimrod, I might then view the subject in a different light.

The whole face of the country in the East seems alive. A thousand species of birds unknown in Europe—a thousand different kinds of animals, omitted by some of our best zoologists—a thousand venomous, but beautiful reptiles, vivify the scene. With a gun over the shoulder, a host of objects, besides those which are styled 'legitimate game,' offer themselves to tempt a shot, (not that I ever had the craving desire, which some men feel, merely to kill and destroy, for the sake of wanton cruelty,) from their gay plumage and curious form.

It was strolling through a wood 'high up the country,' with my Manton on my shoulder, my thoughts all centred in Europe, when I heard a curious noise in a tree almost immediately above me. I looked up, and found that the sounds proceeded from a white monkey, who skipped from branch to branch, chattering away with delight at beholding 'a fellow-creature of a larger growth,' for so he decidedly seemed to consider me. For a few moments I took no notice of his antics, and walked quietly along, till suddenly a large branch

fell at my feet, narrowly escaping my head. I again paused, and found that the missile had been dropped by my talkative friend. Without consideration I instantly turned round, and fired at him.

The report had scarcely sounded, when I heard the most piercing, the most distressing cry that ever reached my ears. The agonised shriek of a young infant burst from the little creature whom I had wounded. It was within thirty paces of me. I could see the wretched animal, already stained with blood, point to its wound, and again hear his dreadful moan. The last agony of a hare is harrowing to the tyro, and I have seen a young sportsman turn pale on hearing it. The present cry was, however, more distressing. I turned round, and endeavoured to hurry away. This, however, I found no easy task; for, as I moved forward, the unhappy creature followed me, springing as well as it could from bough to bough, uttering a low wailing moan, and pointing at the same time to the spot whence the blood trickled. Then regarding me steadily, but mournfully, in the face, it seemed to reproach me with my wanton cruelty. Again I hastened on, but still it pursued me. When I stopped, it stopped; when I attempted to go forward, it accompanied me. Never in the whole course of my life did I feel so much for a dumb animal; never did I so keenly repent an act of uncalled-for barbarity.

Determined not to allow the poor monkey thus to linger in torture, and at once to end the annoying scene, I suddenly came to a halt, and lowering my gun, which was only single-barrelled, I was about to re-load it for the purpose of despatching the maimed creature, when, springing from the tree, it ran up to within about half a dozen paces of me, and began to cry so piteously, and roll itself in agony, occasionally picking up earth, with which it attempted to stanch the blood by stuffing it into the wound, that, in spite of my resolution, when I fired, I was so nervous, I almost missed my aim, inflicting another wound, which broke the animal's leg, but nothing more. Again its piercing shriek rang in my ears. Horrified beyond endurance, I threw down my gun, and actually fled.

In about half an hour I returned, for the purpose of fetching my Manton, fully expecting that the poor animal had left the spot. What, then, was my surprise to find a crowd of monkeys surrounding the wretched sufferer. As I advanced under the shade of some trees, I stole almost close to them before they perceived me. I took advantage of this circumstance to pause for a moment, and watch their movements. The stricken monkey was crying out in the most piteous manner; the others were busily employed in tearing open the wound, trying to destroy the already dreadfully maimed creature. A shout drove them all away, save the dying animal. I advanced; the little monkey was rolling in agony. I took up my gun, which lay beside him. I fancied he cast one look of supplication on me, one prayer to be relieved from his misery. I did not hesitate; with one blow of the butt-end I dashed out his brains. Then turning round, I slowly returned to my quarters, more profoundly dispirited than I had felt for many months.

Take my advice, sensible reader, if you must live in India, never shoot a monkey.

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

On seeing «Justice lies here» inscribed on the Tomb-stone of a notorious Liar.

We thought when on his head the dust we threw,  
No more on earth his influence would be known—  
From the dry bones the tablet takes its cue—  
As lied poor Jemmy, lieth still the stone!

IDEM ALITER REDDITUM

A bumpkin gazed upon the stone—no sigh  
Burthened his breast, but with a droll delight,  
Scratching his ear, I heard the rustic cry:  
«Dang it! its queerish—but ECOD YE'RE RIGHT!»

*Qui pro quo.*

## ROMANCE OF THE WOODS.

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### THE WILD HORSES OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIES.

BY T. B. THORPE.

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The head-waters of the Arkansas and Black rivers flow through a country abounding in singular variety, with high and broken land and level prairie. Many of these abrupt eminences spring up from the plain, run along for a few miles and again disappear in broken ridges. Standing upon one of these abrupt eminences, if it is a favourable season of the year, the eye is greeted with a sight of life, in the spring-time of its existence, as beautiful and glorious as the age and decay of the old world is desolate and heart-breaking. There is a freshness in the whole scene, as vast as it is, that rests upon the landscape like dew upon a new-blown rose. The sun here sends its morning rays, through an atmosphere so dewy and soft that it seems to kiss the prairie flowers gently, only meeting the side of the abrupt hills with its noon-day heats. Among the prairie and broken land lives every species of game, the Antelope, the Deer, the Turkey, the Bear, and the Buffalo,—these are all found in abundance, but the most prominently attractive object is the Wild Horse. Here the noble animal has roamed untrammelled until every trace of subjection, which marked his progenitors, has disappeared. They are now children of the wind, and only need but one more touch of freedom to mount the air. The high-mettled racer, wrought up to the perfection of civilized beauty, as he steps upon the turf causes indescribable emotions of pleasure. But the animal falls incomparably behind the wild horse of the prairie, in every point where mere beauty is concerned. There is a subjection in the gait and in the eye of the «blood» that tells of slavery, while the wild horse is the very personification of the free-



dom of his life, and proudly and nobly indeed does he wear his honours. To stand upon the high hills that rise up from the plains in this rich country of their home, and mark the wild horses as they exhibit their character, is one of the most interesting sights in nature. At one time browsing with all quietness and repose, cropping the grass and herbs daintily, anon starting up as if in battle array, with fierce aspect and terrible demonstrations of war. Changing in the instant, they will trot off with coquettish airs, that would, for affectation, do honour to a favourite troupe of ballet girls; then as the thought of their power comes over them, they will with lightning swiftness dash in straight lines across the plains, mingling into one mass, so obscure will they be by their flight. Changing still again, they will sweep round in graceful curves, rivalling the sportive flight of the eagle, then breaking into confusion, pursue a pell-mell course for a few moments, until suddenly some leader will strike out from the crowd, and lead off single file, thus stringing out over the plain in lines, looking in the distance like the current of some swift-running river. Approach them nearer, and see what beauty, as well as power. That stallion, whose mane floats almost down to his knees, shakes it as a warrior of the crusades would have done his plumes; he springs upon the turf as if his feet were dainty of the ground; and how that mare leaps, and paws, and springs into the air; she would teach her colt to fly, one would think,—and then, as the sun shines obliquely on the crowd, their skins betray the well formed muscle and darken and glisten like silver and gold. The groom of the stable labours in vain for such glossiness—it is the result of health—it's nature.

The wild Indian loves the horse, herein showing his humanity, and his soul. He has his traditions, that his ancestors were once without them, and the Great Spirit is daily thanked that he now possesses the treasure. The 'happy hunting-grounds' are filled with the noble animals, and the warrior, if he reposes in peace, is beside his steed, which, sacrificed on his grave, follows him in spirit to the land of the Indian's fathers. In the Indian horseman the centaur of the ancients

may be said to still exist, for as he dashes across his native wilds he forms almost really part of the animal on which he rides; without saddle or bridle, if he chooses, he will spring upon the bare back, and be off with the wind. The loose parts of his dress streaming out, and mingling with the flowing mane and tail of his charger so perfectly, that they seem literally and positively one being. Taming the wild horse forms, as may be imagined, one of the great characteristics of the distinguished Indian. Horsemanship being considered, as among enlightened nations, not only useful, but one of the splendid accomplishments. The noisy pride of exultation never rings louder in the forest than when the spirit of the untamed steed is first conquered, and his fiery impatience submits to the will of a rider.

On the banks of the «shining river» was encamped a successful war-party of the Osages. They had stolen into their enemies' country when a majority of their men were off on a hunting expedition; and with their customary warfare they had butchered every living being they had met with. The scalps taken were numerous, and many were the «braves» who, for the first time, bravadoed over the bloody trophy, although it might once have graced the head of a young girl, or infant. Songs, dances, and exultations were rife, old men forgot their dignity, and grew gay and jocular. The women sang songs of victory, and the children emulated their sires in mimic warfare, and in the imaginary shedding of blood. It was a jubilee, and the spirit of all was for excitement. As the sun set on this animated scene, a hundred fires curled up into the air, and with their forked tongues lighted up the rude buffalo skin tent and its swarthy inhabitants, and showed off by the indistinct light the forest trees, as mysterious traceries of tremendous limbs, suspended as if by magic in the surrounding gloom.

The bustle and confusion was beyond description, but of all the sports exhibited on this occasion, none were so prominent as feats of horsemanship. Gradually as the evening wore away, every thing centered in this chivalrous amusement, and the whole scene became more than ever striking

and peculiar. The animals, alarmed by the glare of torches, and the shouts of the crowd, seemed crazed and confused, at one time they trembled at the voices of their masters, at other times, starting off in the swiftest speed, as if endeavouring to escape; all these caprices were taken advantage of by the riders, to display their skill, for at one time they would bound upon their horses' backs, like panthers, and dash off into the woods, or, if the steeds were quietly disposed, mount their backs and shame the Ducrows and Norths by their evolutions. Occasionally a horse would dash by us, apparently without rider, when suddenly there would rise up from the side opposite to the spectators, the form of an Indian, who had sustained himself by the slightest pressure of the foot on the horse's back and a hold in the mane. Another would follow at full speed, when the rider, as if suddenly paralyzed, would disappear, and as you involuntarily looked on the ground for his place of fall, you would hear his shrill cry ringing in the distance, as he was borne off on his steed. These feats involved some of the stratagems used in war, for the Indian cavalry, as they bear down upon their enemies, will pass them at full speed without a rider being seen; while the fatal arrow, or lead, will fly from under the horse's neck.

In the midst of these amusements, a strong, muscular Osage came into the camp, leading by a halter one of the largest black stallions ever seen among the tribe; he was powerfully built, his mane almost touched his knees, and his tail trailed upon the ground; his nostrils were distended to the largest diameter, and his eyes contracted and dilated like flames of fire. A more beautiful creature could not be imagined, and as he stared and snorted at the crowd, he seemed to say that the halter around his neck only confined his body, and that his spirit was still free. There were marks of the rope upon his sides and legs that showed a fierce contest had ensued, before he was thrown, so as to saddle him,—and for all this severe treatment, it only rendered him patient in following his captor at the full end of his rope; for if any nearer approaches were attempted, he resented them by the most powerful displays of anger. As the Indian led this noble ani-

mal up and down before the assembled multitude, for the double purpose of showing his beauty, and his own prowess in catching him, the cry became universal for the owner to mount him, and there was no bound to the wonder that ensued, when the most celebrated horseman of the tribe acknowledged himself incapable of «backing» the animal before them. Twenty living men, with forms of Apollos, and the activity of the deer, offered eagerly to do it; and one, more eager than the rest, at once approached the noble prisoner. We felt for the steed, and sympathised with the spirit that resented the mounting on his back. Held as he was, that the rider might mount him, he snorted, pawed the ground, rose into the air, and fairly yelled with rage; and if any one really succeeded in getting into the saddle, no sooner was the rider left to his own resources, than he was thrown, or dismounted by the animal's trying to crush him, by rolling on the ground. This long-continued opposition, surprising to all, by its success and endurance, heightened the wish to conquer him, and we waited with breathless impatience for the swarthy Alexander that was to conquer this modern Bucephalus. The continued trials satisfied me that the Indians were all astonished at the long resistance the horse made, for the sarcastic tone of voice ceased, as one «brave» after another relinquished the task, and fell back into the crowd: and finally, as the last effort was made to ride the noble animal, and the usual want of success followed it, a general shout of good-natured exultation followed it, and the horse remained quietly a prisoner unconquered among his captors.

Had it now been in our power, we would have been proud at this moment to have stepped forward and released the noble captive; we would have been delighted to have seen his heels as he bounded off among his fellows over the wild prairie; we would have exulted in his freedom, and prayed that he might never wear the badge of laborious submission. But this pleasure was denied us.

Among those associated with the Osages, was a white hunter, who, from his prowess, had gained the name of the «horse tamer.» The Indians had often spoken to me about

him, and as he presented himself before the camp, at this particular time, his welcome was boisterous. The unsuccessful efforts to ride the horse before him were soon detailed, and he was challenged to make a trial himself. The hunter on this occasion, was evidently fatigued,—the pack of fresh skins he brought into the camp on his shoulders, was a mule's burthen; the torn moccasins and leggings, as well as the slow walk, all denoted a long and laborious chase.—Still, the hunter did not refuse the task; he bantered awhile with words, to see how much honour there would be in riding the horse, and when he once discovered that there was so much to be gained, his pride prompted him to accept the task.

It was with no common interest that we watched the proceedings of the 'horse tamer.' The Indians, who had given up the trial in despair which the jaded hunter before me so confidently accepted, were men of powerful strength, of the most astonishing activity, and the best equestrians I ever saw, or imagined; and that they could be beaten, seemed no less than a miracle. The 'horse tamer' approached the stallion, and examined the girth of plaisted hair that held the rude trapping attached to it in its place. He took hold of the pommel, which rose like a goose neck from the saddle, to see if it was firm; then with cautious and critical care, he drew gently upon the bridle reins to see if the slip nooses at the ends which encircled the horse's snout would readily tighten, for the Osage bridle has no bit. All these things being to his satisfaction, he next proceeded to roll up an Indian blanket into a hard body, which he fastened to the long pommel of the saddle in such a way that the ends of it would firmly bind upon his thighs, if once mounted; then, with a small deer-skin thong, he tied the wooden stirrups underneath the horse, so that they could not fly above the level of the animal's belly. All preparations being ended, the tamer proceeded to mount. Four of the most powerful Indians seized hold of the animal's bridle, and pulling his head down, held the poor stallion so firmly that he could only use his heels; but in spite of their flying about, the 'horse tamer' gained his seat, and sang out, 'let him go.'

The order was accompanied by a shout, that made the welkin ring. The stallion, more than ever alarmed, gave one of his most furious efforts to throw off his burthen, but this had been anticipated, for as he threw himself, into the air, the blanket bound the rider to his seat — for the second effort, that of rolling on the ground, also failed; for as the horse threw himself on his side, the tamer landed gracefully on his foot, the deer-skin thong kept the stirrups in their places, and at the next instant, as the «galled jade» sprang to his feet, the rider went up with him. A long, bearty, and prolonged shout followed the inimitable exhibition. The wild horse for the first time felt the possibility of defeat, his proud bearing was already half gone, for all his succeeding efforts were those of despair. Vain indeed were his displays of power; the tiger with his deadly hold upon the haunch of the buffalo, could not be more securely fastened to his victim, than was the tamer to his. The rearing, pitching, shying, plunging, running and suddenly stopping, seemed all known before hand and met with a perfect guard, that displayed the most consummate judgment, and skill, in horsemanship. At last, the «tamer» seemed tired of the cruel sport, and taking advantage of his infuriated victim, as he threw his fore feet in the air, he slipped off quietly behind him, and with a slight jerk, careened the horse over on his back, driving his head deeply into the soft turf. Stunned and confounded, the poor animal rolled upon his side, and the «tamer» threw his bridle over his neck and left him. The poor creature was completely conquered: trembling, from head to foot, and half drowned with the profuse sweat that rolled from him like foam, he cast a look of imploring despair at the crowd, and the big tear rolled down his cheeks. His spirit was completely broken.

A little coaxing brought him on his feet, the saddle was removed from his back, and the bridle from his head, and he walked slowly off, to be found by a singular law of his nature, *associated with the pack-horses of the tribe*, and waiting for the burthens of his master.

Louisiana, March, 1842.

# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

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\* \* \* Of the Merchant of Venice there are two 4to. editions in 1600, one by Heyes and the other by Roberts. The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Francis Egerton have copies of the edition by Heyes, and *they vary importantly*.

\* \* \* It must be acknowledged that *this* is a very easy and happy emendation, which does not admit of a moment's doubt or dispute.

\* \* \* Readers in general are not all aware of the *nonsense* they have in many cases been accustomed to receive as the genuine text of Shakspeare!

*Reasons for a new edition of Shakspeare's Works, by J. Payne Collier.*

I believe there are few  
But have heard of a Jew,  
Named Shylock, of Venice, as arrant a «Screw»  
In money transactions, as ever you knew;  
An exorbitant miser, who never yet lent  
A ducat at less than three hundred per cent,  
Insomuch that the veriest spendthrift in Venice,  
Who'd take no more care of his pounds than his pennies,  
When press'd for a loan, at the very first sight  
Of his terms, would back out, and take refuge in *Flight*.

It is not my purpose to pause and inquire  
If he might not, in managing thus to retire,  
Jump out of the frying-pan into the fire;  
Suffice it, that folks would have nothing to do,  
Who could possibly help it, with Shylock the Jew.

But, however discreetly one cuts and contrives,  
We've been most of us taught, in the course of our lives,  
That «Needs must when the Elderly Gentleman drives.»

In proof of this rule,  
 A thoughtless young fool;  
 Bassanio, a Lord of the Tom-noddy school,  
 Who, by showing at Operas, Balls, Plays, and Court,  
 A «swelling» (Payne Collier would read «swilling») «port»,  
 And inviting his friends to dine, breakfast, and sup,  
 Had shrunk his «weak means,» and was «stump'd» and «hard up,»

Took occasion to send  
 To his very good friend  
 Antonio, a merchant whose wealth had no end,  
 And who'd often before had the kindness to lend  
 Him large sums, on his note, which he'd managed to spend.

«Antonio,» said he,

«Now listen to me:

I've just hit on a scheme which I think you'll agree,  
 All matters considered, is no bad design,  
 And which, if it succeeds, will suit your book and mine.

«In the first place, you know all the money I've got,  
 Time and often, from you has been long gone to pot,  
 And in making those loans you have made a bad shot;  
 Now do as the boys do when, shooting at sparrows  
 And tom-tits, they chance to lose one of their arrows,  
 —Shoot another the same way—I'll watch well its track,  
 And, turtle to tripe, I'll bring both of them back!—

So list to my plan,

And do what you can

To attend to and second it, that's a good man!

«There's a Lady, young, handsome beyond all compare, at  
 A place they call Belmont, whom, when I was there, at  
 The suppers and parties my friend Lord Mountferrat  
 Was giving last season, we all used to stare at.  
 Then, as to her wealth, her Solicitor told mine,  
 Besides vast estates, a pearl-fish'ry, and gold-mine,

Her iron strong-box

Seems bursting its locks,

It's stuff'd so with shares in «Grand Junctions» and «Docks,»  
 Not to speak of the money she's got in the Stocks,

French, Dutch, and Brazilian,

Columbian, and Chilian,

In English Exchequer-bills full half a million,  
 Not «kites,» manufactured to cheat and inveigle,  
 But the right sort of 'flimsy,' all sign'd by Monteagle.  
 Then I know not how much in Canal-shares and Railways,  
 And more speculations I need not detail, ways  
 Of vesting which, if not so safe as some think 'em,



Contribute a deal to improving one's income ;

In short, she's a Mint!—

—Now I say, deuce is in 't

If, with all my experience, I can't take a hint,  
And her 'eye's speechless messages,' plainer than print  
At the time that I told you of, know from a squint.

In short, my dear Tony, .

My trusty old crony,

Do stump up three thousand once more as a loan—I  
Am sure of my game—though, of course, there are brutes  
Of all sorts and sizes preferring their suits  
To her, you may call the Italian Miss Coutts,  
Yet Portia—she's named from that daughter of Cato's—  
Is not to be snapp'd up like little potatoes,

And I have not a doubt

I shall rout every lout

Ere you'll whisper Jack Robinson—cut them all out—

Surmount every barrier,

Carry her, marry her!

—Then hey! my old Tony, when once fairly noosed,  
For her Three-and-a-half per Cents—New and Reduced!—

With a wink of his eye

His friend made reply

In his jocular manner, sly, caustic, and dry,  
•Still the same boy, Bassanio—never say 'die'!  
—Well—I hardly know how I shall do 't, but I'll try,—  
Don't suppose my affairs are at all in a hash,  
But the fact is, at present I'm quite out of cash;  
The bulk of my property, merged in rich cargoes, is  
Tossing about, as you know, in my Argosies,  
Tending, of course, my resources to cripple,—I  
've one bound to England,—another to Tripoli—  
Cyprus—Masulipatam—and Bombay;—

A sixth, by the way,

I consigned t' other day

To Sir Gregor M'Gregor, cacique of Poyais,  
A country where silver's as common as clay.

Meantime, till they tack,

And come, some of them, back,

What with Custom-house duties, and bills falling due,  
My account with Jones, Lloyd, and Co., looks rather blue;  
While, as for the 'ready,' I'm like a Church-mouse,—  
I really don't think there's five pounds in the house.

But, no matter for that,

Let me just get my hat,

And my new silk umbrella that stands on the mat,

And we'll go forth at once to the market—we two, —  
 And try what my credit in Venice can do;  
 I stand well on Change, and when all's said and done, I  
 Don't doubt I shall get it for love or for money..

They were going to go,  
 When, lo! down below,

In the street, they heard somebody crying, «Old Clo'!»  
 —«By the Pope, there's the man for our purpose!—I knew  
 We should not have to search long. Salanio, run you,  
 And, Salario,—quick!—haste! ere he get out of view,  
 And call in that scoundrel, old Shylock the Jew!»

With a pack,  
 Like a sack

Of old clothes at his back,  
 And three hats on his head, Shylock came in a crack, ;  
 Saying, «Rest you fair, Signor Antonio! vat, pray,  
 Might your vorship be pleased for to vant in my vay?»

—«Why, Shylock, although,  
 As you very well know,

I am what they call 'warm,'—pay my way as I go,  
 And, as to myself; neither borrow nor lend,  
 I can break a rule, to oblige an old friend;  
 And that's the case now—Lord Bassanio would raise  
 Some three thousand ducats—well,—knowing your ways,  
 And that nought's to be got from you, say what one will,  
 Unless you've a couple of names to the bill,

Why, for once, I'll put mine to it,

Yes, seal and sign to it—

Now, then, old Sinner, let's hear what you'll say  
 As to 'doing' a bill at three months from to-day?  
 Three thousand gold ducats, mind—all in good bags  
 Of hard money—no sealing-wax, slippers, or rags?»—

«—Vell, ma tear,» says the Jew,

«I'll see vat I can do!

But Mishter Antonio, hark you, 'tish funny  
 You say to me, Shylock, ma tear, ve'd have money!

Ven you very vell knows

How you shpit on ma clothes,

And use naughty vords—call me Dog—and avouch  
 Dat I put too much int'resht by half in ma pouch,  
 And while I, like de resht of ma tribe, shrug and crouch,  
 You find fault mit ma pargains, and say I'm a Smouch.

«—Vell!—no matters, ma tear,—

Von vord in your ear!

I'd be friends mit you bote—and to make dat appear,  
 Vy, I'll find you de monies as soon as you vill,  
 Only ~~von~~ littel joke musht be put in de pill;  
     Ma tear, you musht say,  
     If on such and such day  
 Such sum, or such sums, you shall fail to repay,  
 I shall cut were I like, as de pargain is proke,  
 A fair pound of your flesh—chest by vay of a joke.

So novel a clause  
     Caused Bassanio to pause;  
 But Antonio, like most of those sage «Johunny Raws»  
     Who care not three straws  
     About Lawyers or Laws,  
 And think cheaply of «Old father Antic,» because  
 They have never experienced a grip from his claws,  
 «Pooh pooh'd» the whole thing.—«Let the Smouch have his way—  
     Why, what care I, pray,  
     For his penalty?—Nay,  
 It's a forfeit he'd never expect me to pay;  
     And, come what come may,  
     I hardly need say,  
 My ships will be back a full month ere the day.»  
 So, anxious to see his friend off on his journey,  
 And thinking the whole but a paltry concern, he  
     Affixed with all speed  
     His name to a deed,  
 Duly stamp'd and drawn up by a sharp Jew attorney.

Thus again furnish'd forth, Lord Bassanio, instead  
 Of squandering the cash, after giving one spread,  
 With fiddling and masques, at the Saracen's Mead,  
     In the morning made play,  
     And, without more delay,  
 Started off in the steam-boat for Belmont next day.  
     But scarcely had he  
     From the harbour got free,  
 And left the Lagunes for the broad open sea,  
 Ere the 'Change and Rialto both rung with the news  
 That he'd carried off more than mere cash from the Jew's.

Though Shylock was old,  
     And, if rolling in gold,  
 Was as ugly a dog as you'd wish to behold,  
 For few in his tribe 'mongst their Levis and Moseses  
 Sported so Jewish an eye, beard, and nose as his,

Still, whate'er the opinions of Horace, and some be,  
 Your *aquila* generate sometimes *Columbae*.<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Like Jephthah, as Hamlet says, he'd «one fair daughter,»  
 And every gallant, who caught sight of her, thought her  
 A jewel—a gem of the very first water;

A great many sought her,  
 Till one at last caught her,  
 And upsetting all that the Rabbis had taught her,  
 To feelings so truly reciprocal brought her,  
 That the very same night  
 Bassanio thought right

To give all his old friends that farewell «invite,»  
 While old Shylock was gone there to feed out of spite,  
 On «wings made by a tailor» the damsel took flight.

By these «wings» I'd express  
 A grey duffle dress,

With brass badge and muffin-cap, made as by rule  
 For an upper-class boy in the National School.  
 Jessy ransack'd the house, popped her breeks on, and when so  
 Disguised, bolted off with her beau—one Lorenzo,  
 An «Unthrif», who lost not a moment in whisking

Her into the boat,  
 And was fairly afloat  
 Ere her Pa had got rid of the smell of the griskin.

Next day, while old Shylock was making a racket,  
 And threatening how well he'd dust every man's jacket  
 Who'd helped her in getting aboard of the packet,  
 Bassanio at Belmont was capering and prancing,  
 And bowing, and scraping, and singing, and dancing,  
 Making eyes at Miss Portia, and doing his best  
 To perform the polite, and to cut out the rest;  
 And, if left to herself, he, no doubt, had succeeded,  
 For none of them waltz'd so genteelly as he did;

But an obstacle lay,  
 Of some weight, in his way,  
 The defunct Mr. P. who was now turned to clay,  
 Had been an odd man, and though all for the best he meant,  
 Left but a queer sort of «Last will and testament,»—

Bequeathing her hand,  
 With her houses and land,  
 &c., from motives one don't understand,  
 As she rev'renced his memory, and valued his blessing,  
 To him who should turn out the best hand at guessing!

(1) *Nec imbellis feroces  
 Progenerant aquila columbam.*—Hos.

Like a good girl, she did  
 Just what she was bid,  
 In one of three caskets her picture she hid,  
 And clapped a conundrum a-top of each lid.

A couple of Princes, a black and a white one,  
 Tried first, but they both failed in choosing the right one.  
 Another from Naples, who shod his own horses;  
 A French Lord, whose graces might vie with Count D'Orsay's;  
 A young English Baron; a Scotch Peer, his neighbour;  
 A dull drunken Saxon, all mustache and sabre;  
 All followed, and all had their pains for their labour.  
 Bassanio came last—happy man be his dole!  
 Put his conjuring cap on,—considered the whole,—

The gold put aside as  
 Mere «hard food for Midas,»  
 The silver bade trudge  
 As a «pale common drudge;»

Then choosing the little lead box in the middle,  
 Came plump on the picture, and found out the riddle.

Now you're not such a Goose as to think, I dare say,  
 Gentle reader, that all this was done in a day,

Any more than the dome  
 Of St. Peter's at Rome

Was built in the same space of time; and, in fact,  
 Whilst Bassanio was doing

His billing and cooing,

Three months had gone by ere he reach'd the fifth act;  
 Meanwhile, that unfortunate bill became due,  
 Which his Lordship had almost forgot, to the Jew,

And Antonio grew

In a deuce of a stew,

For he could not cash up, spite of all he could do;  
 (The bitter old Israelite would not renew.)

What with contrary winds, storms, and wrecks, and embargoes,  
 his

Funds were all stopped, or gone down in his argosies,  
 None of the set having come into port,  
 And Shylock's attorney was moving the Court,  
 For the forfeit supposed to be set down in sport.

The serious news

Of this step of the Jew's,

And his fix'd resolution all terms to refuse,  
 Gave the newly-made Bridegroom a fit of «the Blues,»

Especially, too, as it came from the pen  
Of his poor friend himself on the wedding-day,—then,  
When the Parson had scarce shut his book up, and when  
The Clerk was yet uttering the final Amen.

«Dear Friend,» it continued, «all's up with me—I  
Have nothing on earth now to do but to die!  
And, as death clears all scores, you're no longer my debtor;  
I should take it as kind  
Could you come—never mind—  
If your love don't persuade you, why don't let this letter!»

I hardly need say this was scarcely read o'er  
Ere a post-chaise and four  
Was brought round to the door,  
And Bassanio, though, doubtless, he thought it a bore,  
Gave his Lady one kiss, and then started at score.  
But scarce in his flight  
Had he got out of sight,  
When Portia, addressing a groom, said, «My lad, you a  
Journey must take on the instant to Padua,  
Find out there Bellario, a Doctor of Laws,  
Who, like Follett, is never left out of a cause,  
And give him this note,  
Which I've hastily wrote,  
Take the papers he'll give you—then push for the ferry  
Below, where I'll meet you—you'll do't in a wherry,  
If you can't find a boat on the Brenta with sails to it—  
—Stay!—bring his gown too, and wig with three tails to it.»

Giovanni (that's Jack)  
Brought out his hack,  
Made a bow to his mistress, then jump'd on its back,  
Put his hand to his hat, and was off in a crack.  
The Signora soon follow'd, herself, taking as her  
Own escort Nerissa her maid, and Balthazar.

• The Court is prepared, the Lawyers are met,  
The Judges all ranged, a terrible show! •  
As Captain Macheath says, and when one's in debt,  
The sight's as unpleasant a one as I know,  
Yet still not so bad after all, I suppose,  
As if, when one cannot discharge what one owes,  
They could bid people cut off one's nose,  
Yet here, a worse fate,  
Stands Antonio, of late

A Merchant, might vie e'en with Princes in state,  
 With his waistcoat unbutton'd, prepared for the knife,  
 Which, in taking a pound of flesh, must take his life;  
 On other side Shylock, his bag on the floor,  
 And three shocking bad hats on his head as before,  
 Imperturbable stands,

As he waits their commands,

With his scales and his great *snicker-snee* in his hands;  
 Between them, equipt in a wig, gown, and bands,  
 With a very smooth face a young dandified Lawyer,  
 Though his hopes are but feeble,  
 Does his *possible*

To make the hard Hebrew to mercy incline,  
 And, in lieu of his three thousand ducats take nine,  
 Which Bassanio, for reasons we well may divine,  
 Shows in so many bags all drawn up in a line.  
 But vain are all efforts to soften him—still

He points to the bond

He so often has conn'd,

And says in plain terms he'll be shot if he will.  
 So the dandified Lawyer, with talking grown hoarse,  
 Says, «I can say no more—let the law take its course.»

Just fancy the gleam of the eye of the Jew,  
 As he sharpen'd his knife on the sole of his shoe  
 From the toe to the heel,

And grasping the steel,

With a business-like air was beginning to feel  
 Whereabouts he should cut, as a butcher would veal,  
 When the dandified Judge puts a spoke in his wheel.

«Stay, Shylock,» says he,

«Here's one thing—you see

This bond of yours gives you here no jot of blood!  
 —The words are 'A pound of flesh,'—that's clear as mud—  
 Slice away, then, old fellow—but mind!—if you spill  
 One drop of his claret that's not in your bill,  
 I'll hang you like Haman!—By Jingo I will!»

When apprized of this flaw,

You never yet saw

Such an awfully mark'd elongation of jaw  
 As in Shylock, who cried. «Plesh ma heart! ish dat law?—»

—Off went his three hats,

And he look'd as the cats

Do, whenever a mouse has escaped from their claw.

«—Ish 't the law?—why the thing won't admit of a query—»

There's no doubt of the fact,  
Only look at the act;

*Acto quinto, cap: tertio, Dogi Falieri—*

Nay, if, rather than cut, you'd relinquish the debt,  
The Law, Master Shy, has a hold on you yet.  
See Foscari's statutes at large—'If a stranger  
A citizen's life shall, with malice, endanger,  
The whole of his property, little or great,  
Shall go, on conviction, one half to the State,  
And one to the person pursued by his hate;  
And, not to create  
Any farther debate,

The Doge, if he pleases, may cut off his pate.  
So down on your marrowbones, Jew, and ask mercy!  
Defendant and Plaintiff are now *wisy wersy*.

What need to declare  
How pleased they all were

At so joyful an end to so sad an affair?  
Or Bassanio's delight at the turn things had taken,  
His friend having saved, to the letter, his bacon?  
How Shylock got shaved, and turn'd Christian, though late,  
To save a life-int'rest in half his estate?  
How the dandified Lawyer, who'd managed the thing,  
Would not take any fee for his pains but a ring,  
Which Mrs. Bassanio had giv'n to her spouse,  
With injunctions to keep it, on leaving the house?

How when he, and the spark  
Who appeared as his clerk,  
Had thrown off their wigs, and their gowns, and their jetty coats,  
There stood Nerissa and Portia in petticoats?  
How they pouted and flouted, and acted the cruel,  
Because Lord Bassanio had not kept his jewel?

How they scolded, and broke out,  
Till, having their joke out,  
They kissed, and were friends, and all blessing and blessed,  
Drove home by the light  
Of a moonshiny night,  
Like the one in which Troilus, the brave Trojan knight,  
Sat astride on a wall, and sigh'd after his Cressid?

All this, if't were meet,  
I'd go on to repeat,  
But a story spun out so's by no means a treat,  
So, I'll merely relate what, in spite of the pains  
I have taken to rummage among his remains,  
No edition of Shakspeare, I've met with, contains;  
But, if the account which I've heard be the true one,  
We shall have it, no doubt, before long, in a new one.



In an MS., then, sold,  
 For its full weight in gold,  
 And knock'd down to my friend, Lord Tomnoddy, I'm told  
 It's recorded that Jessy, coquettish and vain,  
 Gave her husband, Lorenzo, a good deal of pain;  
 Being mildly rebuked, she levanted again,  
 Ran away with a Scotchman, and, crossing the main,  
 Became known by the name of the «Flower of Dumblane.»

That Antonio, whose piety caused, as we've seen,  
 Him to spit upon every old Jew's gaberdine,  
 And whose goodness to paint

All colours were faint,  
 Acquired the well-merited prefix of «Saint,»  
 And the Doge, his admirer, of honour the fount,  
 Having given him a patent, and made him a Count,  
 He went over to England, got nat'ralis'd there,  
 And espous'd a rich heiress in Hanover Square.

That Shylock came with him, no longer a Jew,  
 But converted, I think may be possibly true,  
 But that Walpole, as these self-same papers aver,  
 By changing the *y* in his name into *er*,  
 Should allow him a fictitious surname to dish up,  
 And in Seventeen-twenty-eight make him a Bishop,  
 I cannot believe—but shall still think them two men  
 Till some sage proves the fact «with his usual *acumen*.»

## MORAL.

From this tale of the Bard

It's uncommonly hard

If an Editor can't draw a moral.—'Tis clear,  
 Then,—In ev'ry young wife-seeking Bachelor's ear  
 A maxim, 'bove all other stories, this one drums,  
 «PITCH GREEK TO OLD HARRY, AND STICK TO CONUNDRUMS!!»

To new-married Ladies this lesson it teaches,  
 «You're 'no that far wrong' in assuming the breeches!»

Monied men upon 'Change, and rich Merchants it schools  
 To look well to assets—nor play with edge-tools!

Last of all, this remarkable History shows men,  
 What caution they need when they deal with old-clothes-men!

So bid John and Mary

To mind and be wary,

And never let one of them come down the are'!

T. I.

*Tappington, April 1.*

## MISCELLANEA.

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### YOUNG AND DELCAMBRE'S TYPE-COMPOSING MACHINE.

The type-composing apparatus we are about to describe to our readers is similar in principle to that which was brought out about a year and a half ago, by the same parties, and excited at that time a considerable sensation; (see *Mec. Mag.* vol. xxxiv. p. 319) but so wonderfully simplified and improved in all its details as to be in effect quite a new machine. With a spirit and perseverance deserving of the highest praise, the patentees, Messrs. Young and Delcambre, have gone on surmounting difficulty after difficulty, till at length they have produced a machine which effectually accomplishes nearly all they had in view, while it is wholly free from that multifariousness and complexity, which were said, not untruly, to characterize their first attempts. The machine of itself will not set up types in a state fit for printing from, for that is not what the inventors ever proposed it should do; but it will facilitate the art of composition so as to enable that to be done by the labour of females and children, which is now performed by the hands and heads of able-bodied men of good education, and done, too, a great deal quicker. Some things there may be to which it is not equal, with manual aid of any sort; as, for example, the setting up of pages in a number of different characters, as Roman, Italic, Greek, &c., or the setting up of

algebraic calculations — but after so much has been already accomplished by it, we should be hardly warranted in considering these as more than a few remaining difficulties, which the mechanical genius of the country is sure ultimately to overcome.

The machine may be now daily seen at work at the premises of Messrs. Young and Delcambre, 110, Chancery-lane. It very much resembles in its general appearance a cottage piano, divested of its case. Like that instrument it has a set of keys, at which the compositor is seated, when about to compose, (instead of standing, as usual.) Of these keys there are as many as there are letters of the alphabet, and varieties of these letters likely to be required, with a due accompaniment of numerals, spaces, doubles, &c. Each key has one particular letter or character engraved upon it; and the keys are so arranged that the letters and characters most in request are placed at one side, where the compositor is seated, and those least wanted furthest off. Attached to these keys are an equal number of upright steel levers, which are connected at top with a series of long brass channels, filled with types, each of the sort corresponding with that marked on the key of the lever in connection with it. The office of the lever is to abstract from the channel above, one type every time it is acted on by the depression of the key; and to check the precipitating tendency of the types, which might interfere prejudicially with the action of the lever, the channels are placed in a position considerably inclined, and the lever made to act sideways in detaching the lowest type of the column. Behind the channels, and at right angles with them, there is an inclined plane, which has a series of curved grooves cut out in its surface, corresponding in number to that of the channels, and communicating with them—all leading to one general reservoir, or receiving-spout, as it is called, at bottom, and all so nicely curved and graduated, in respect to one another, that work as fast as the compositor may, when a type is once liberated from its channel, and dispatched down one of these grooves, it is impossible (except from some accidental obs-

truction) for any subsequently liberated type to reach the goal before it.

So much being premised as to the general construction of the machine, let us now suppose that it is to be set to work. The first thing to be attended to is to see that the channels are all duly and proportionally filled. This is done by boys, who set a quantity of each letter up in wooden sticks, (a process exactly similar to that followed in type-foundries) and transfer them from the sticks to the channels—the former part of which operation they do with astonishing rapidity. A machine in constant work will require the services of two boys for this purpose. The channels being filled, and the compositor seated at the instrument, she (for in the case of the machine exhibited it is a young lady who officiates,) begins with repeating on the keys the letters of the manuscript before her; and, as she depresses the keys one after another, she sends corresponding letters down to the receiving-spout—the action of the levers on the columns of type being so adjusted that only one type can be detached at a time. The spout is curved downwards towards its termination for about 10 or 12 inches, and when the machine commences work, is filled with quadrats the whole length of such curve, which serve as a support for the letters to fall on, till a sufficient number of letters have accumulated to furnish an abutment for those which follow. Each type as it reaches the termination of the straight part of the spout is pressed forward by a small vibrating beater acted upon by an eccentric, which is put in motion by a small train of wheels driven by a boy. From the spout the types are passed forward along a horizontal brass rail, to the justifying box, where they are placed in lines, and spaced out, or, as it is technically called, justified, by an assistant composer. This justifying-box answers in every respect to the ordinary composing-stick, and is used with equal, if not greater facility. When the proper number of lines have been justified, they are taken out and placed in a galley, in the same way exactly as a composing-stick is usually emptied. With the subsequent process of imposing,

or arranging the set-up matter in chases for printing from, the present invention does not interfere.

After types have been printed from, the present practice is for the compositor to *distribute* them, that is, return them to their original repositories in the case at which he stands; but with the machine the task of distribution is performed by two boys, while two others, as before stated, are occupied in setting the types in lines with which they fill the different channels.

The number of persons required to work a machine is seven altogether; namely, one to play the keys, another to justify, a third to work the eccentric movement, two to supply the channels, and two to distribute; and it is herein at first sight that the machine suffers most in comparison with the ordinary mode of composition by a single hand. Of these seven persons, however, two are females, and five very young boys; and they can set up, after three months' practice only, 6000 types an hour, while a good compositor cannot in the ordinary way, set up on an average more than 1700. The seven female and infant hands, therefore, do the work of at least three able-bodied men, and in consequence of requiring less wages, the average cost per thousand (brevier) is only two-pence, which is at least one-half less than the most ordinary book-work can now be done for with the help of apprentices.

But when the young women employed in playing the keys and justifying, have acquired the greater dexterity which length of practice alone can give, we make no doubt that they will be able to set a great many more than 6000 types an hour; The labour, too, of the boy employed in working the eccentric may be wholly saved; for he does nothing which might not be equally well performed by a pedal movement, acted on by the person who plays the keys, (after the manner of the old spinning-wheel,) or by connecting the eccentric movement by means of a band, to the steam engine (where one is employed to work the press, as is now so usually the case.)

The maker of the machine now exhibiting in Chancery-lane, is Mr. J. G. Wilson, of Clerkenwell, and to the assistance

which the patentees have derived from his skill and ingenuity, much of the perfection at which they have recently arrived is, we understand, owing. The cost of a machine is about 100*l.*, in addition to which the patentee propose to charge a small sum annually for licence to use it.

(MECHANICS' MAGAZINE.)

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NEW METHOD OF HATCHING GAME, AND WHICH MAY BE APPLIED TO  
THE HATCHING CHICKENS, &C., AT ANY SEASON.

It is a trite proverb that there is nothing new under the sun, but we think that the sporting world will acknowledge that there is some novelty in an apparatus intended to *Hatch and Rear* Game by means of hot water; and is so very simple in its construction and mode of operation that a person of the most ordinary capacity may attend to it with perfect safety, and it occasions but very little trouble.

It is small, circular in form, will occupy a very small space, and may be moved about at pleasure. Its size is about thirty inches in diameter and twenty-four inches in height, but it can be made much smaller, and will hatch from about eighty to one hundred and twenty pheasants' eggs at one time.

It is composed of an outer case, and cover of iron japanned and zinc and copper, and is therefore very durable. The interior arrangement consists of a zinc boiler, containing the hot water, upon which is placed an iron tray, lined with wool, to contain the eggs, and a small zinc saucer to hold water, for the purpose of conveying the necessary moisture to the eggs. Beneath the boiler is a compartment lined with cloth, in which the young birds are placed, with doors to admit of their running out and in.

The water in the boiler is kept hot by means of a small copper furnace, containing a lamp which will burn for about eight hours at a time, and in which the common solar oil may be used. As far as I have been able to judge, the consumption of oil in an apparatus of one of the smaller sizes is about one gallon in three weeks; in those of the largest size consumption will of course be something more.

regulated by a very simple contrivance. The hot water in the boiler is conveyed by a short pipe into a tube, fixed to the outer case, containing a float, and this float is connected by a short wire, with a valve in the chimney of the furnace containing the lamp. When the water in the boiler gets too hot it swells in the boiling and raises the float — this in its turn raises the valve in the chimney, which closes and stops the draught of the furnace, and the result is that the lamp burns less strongly until the water in the boiler getting a little cooler, recedes, the float and valve drop again into their places, the draught in the furnace is restored, and the lamp burns again as strongly as before, and this action continues whenever necessary, and I have found it to be a most complete self-regulator. I have, however, to make the regulation of the heat more accurate if possible, for this is a most important feature in the apparatus, fixed in the iron cover, a small syphon containing mercury upon Dr. Arnott's excellent principle, which, whenever the thermometer (also fixed in the cover) rises above the proper heat, immediately rises also, opens a small valve, and allows the heat to escape. As soon as this is done sufficiently the mercury falls, and with it the valve, and this I have also found to answer its purpose exceedingly well. The whole trouble of managing the apparatus consists in turning the eggs once every day, and at the same time putting fresh water into the saucer for moistening them, trimming and feeding the lamp when necessary, and adding a little fresh water to the boiler once in three or four days to replace that which may have evaporated in the boiling. When the young birds are hatched they require attention for the first twenty-four hours, until they have gained a little strength, and are then placed in the compartment beneath the boiler, which is quite warm enough for them, and allowed to run out and in; they will not eat for the first day or so — after that they will feed themselves; the best food for them is split groats soaked in warm water. There are now in the garden of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park, two ducks which were hatched in the apparatus, and  
The heat of the apparatus, 100 degrees of Fahrenheit, is

kept in the compartment beneath the boiler for eight days, and then sent to the Zoological Gardens and brought up by hand. I was compelled to send them away because they did not agree very well with some red-legged partridges which were hatched about the same time.

This apparatus is the invention of Monsieur Lemare of Paris, and has been introduced to this country by Mr. Appleyard, of No 9, Montague-Street, Russel Square, where it may be seen by any of our readers who take an interest in the subject.

(NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE.)

When Blanchard the actor was in America, he relates the following, amongst other amusing incidents, to a friend. 'Then, again, my dear boy, they would be boring me with the wonders of their 'awful fine 'city of New York,—(I must say it is fine, as far as it goes,) and be everlastingly asking if I did not think it magnificently grand.—(I was born, my boy, in York—Old York, as I call it,) which I allow it is to a certain extent, and considering the comparative short time of its existence. But to dare to compare it with London,—our blessed old London,—is about as reasonable as to compare Billy Shakspeare with that Mr. Somebody, who wrote that precious bad farce in which I had a miserable part (it was damned the first night.)'

You must bear me in mind, my boy, that they are most active enterprising people! 'Go a-head' is the cry; and they do go a-head. It has ever been a wonder to me how they have done so much in so short a time, in every way too. (I thought it wonderful the rebuilding Covent-Garden in a few months, after it was burnt in 1808; but they would have done it, I really believe, 'pretty considerably' quicker.)

I was lounging one day on the 'front of the theatre, looking attentively, and I must say admiringly, at some of the fine buildings.—(very fine many of them are, 'my boy,) when a young fellow came up to me, (somebody, I suppose, I had been introduced to by somebody, my friend the Colonel, perhaps.)



• Well, said he, 'I guess you never saw a finer city than this New-York of ours, Blanchard, eh!

• 'Didn't I?' said I—'Why, did you ever?' said he.

• Once or twice, I should think I have, my boy,' said I.

• 'Where?'

• 'Where!' said I, 'Why, where the devil do you think I should see such?'

• 'Why, you don't mean Philadelphi, do you?'

• 'No,' said I, 'not Philadelphi.'

• 'Well, I calculate you mean your London, perhaps; for I know you English are mighty prejudiced.'—'I do,' said I.

• 'Well, you are all of you awful fond of London, but is it as fine as New-York?'—'What do you mean by as fine?'

• 'Well, I mean is it as big as New-York, for one thing?'

• 'New-York!' said I; 'my dear boy, New-York is fine, very fine, I allow; but recollect it is *New York*. But if you were to take a piece the size of it out of the map of London, it would never be missed. That's what London is, my boy!

• 'Well, you are a strange fellow,' he said, and off he walked (praise be given.)

—Of the written Bathos, an amusing instance is afforded in the published tour of a lady, who has attained some celebrity in literature. Describing a storm to which she was exposed, when crossing in the steam-boat from Dover to Calais, her ladyship says,—'In spite of the most earnest solicitations to the contrary, in which the captain eagerly joined, I firmly persisted in remaining upon deck, although the tempest had now increased to such a frightful hurricane, that it was not without great difficulty *I cou'd hold up my parasol!*

—As a worthy companion to the above, we copy the following affecting advertisement from a London newspaper. — 'If this should meet the eye of Emma D—, who absented herself last Wednesday from her father's house, she is implored to return, when she will be received with undiminished affection by her almost heart-broken parents. If nothing can persuade her to listen to their joint appeal—should she be determined to bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—

should she never mean to revisit a home where she has passed so many happy years—it is at least expected, if she be not totally lost to all sense of propriety, that she will without a moment's further delay,—*send back the key of the tea-caddy.*

**AGE OF ANIMALS.**—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long lived, Pompey lived till the age of seventy. The average age of cats is fifteen years; a squirrel and hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the Sun, and let him go with this inscription: Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun. This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five or thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four years. Ravens frequently reach the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred and seven.

**RATES OF SPEED ON RAILWAYS.**—The following are the average rates of speed observed on seven of the principal English railways; London and Birmingham, 27 miles per hour; North Midland and Midland Counties, 29; Newcastle and Shields, and London and Brighton, 30; Great Western, 33; Northern and Eastern, 36.

—In a trial, where a German and his wife were giving evidence, the former was asked by the counsel, "How old are you? I am *dirty*." — "And your wife!" — "Mine wife *dirty-two*." — Then, Sir, you are a very nasty couple, and I wish to have nothing further to say to either of you.

— "I wish to consult you upon a little project I have formed," said a noodle to his friend. "I have an idea in my head." — "Have you?" interposed the friend, with a look of great surprise; "then you shall have my opinion at once: keep it there! — it may be some time before you get another."

—In a Shrewsbury Address to James I.; his loyal subjects expressed a wish that he might reign over them as long as sun, moon, and stars should endure. — "I suppose, then," observed the monarch, "they mean my successor to reign by candle-light."

—A wealthy tradesman having ordered a fish-pond at his country-house to be 'cleared out, the foreman discovered, at the bottom, a spring of ferruginous coloured water; and on returning to the house, told his employer that they had found a *chalybeate*. "I am glad of it," exclaimed the worthy citizen, "for I never saw one. Put it in the basket with the other fish, and I'll come and look at it presently."

"—Young woman," said a magistrate to a girl who was about to be sworn, "why do you hold the book upside down?" — "I am obliged, Sir, because I am left-handed."

—In the postscript to a letter a man hoped his correspondent would excuse faults of spelling, if any, as he had no knife to mend his pens.

—A man who had accused his neighbour of falsehood, was called on for an apology, which he gave in the following amphibological terms:—"I called you a liar,—it is true. You spoke truth: I have told a lie."

—To the pseudo-connoisseurs, who bring their own narrow professional feelings to the appreciation of a work of art, we recommend the following authentic anecdote:—A thriving tailor, anxious to transmit his features to posterity, enquired of a young artist what were his terms for a half length. "I

charge twenty-five guineas for a head, "was the reply. The portrait was painted and approved, when the knight of the thimble, taking out his purse, demanded how much he was to pay. "I told you before that my charge for a head was twenty-five guineas. — I am aware of that," said Snip; "but how much more for the coat? — it is the best part of the picture."

—We may admire the wit, without acknowledging the truth of the repartee uttered by a bachelor, who, when his friend reproached him for his celibacy, adding that bachelorship ought to be taxed by the government, replied, "There I agree with you, for it is quite a luxury."

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED,

*St. Petersburg, August 1st, 1842.*

P. KORSKOFF, CENSOR.

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A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM HERAUT TO OURENBOURG,  
ON THE CASPIAN, IN 1840, BY CAPTAIN SIR RICHMOND SHAKESPEAR.

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[This is a narrative consisting of the journal taken by the author upon his route in 1840. Being a subaltern in the army of the Indus after the taking of Ghuznee, he was employed upon an important diplomatic mission, the object of which was to obtain the withdrawal of the Russian army, which was at that period advancing upon, and within three day's march of, the city of Khyva. Sir R. Shakespear, having marched from Heraut to Khyva, was successful in the arrangement of a treaty between the Khan of Khyva and the Russian General, the prominent conditions of which were, on the part of the latter, that he should withdraw the Russian army within the limits of the Russian empire; on the part of the former, that the Khyvans should restore to the Russians all the Russian prisoners who had been taken and held in slavery by the Muscovian subjects of the Khan of Khyva. The detention of these prisoners had always formed the pretext of Russia for its advance against the Khan's dominions; and, in order to destroy this effectually for the future, Sir R. S. guaranteed to the Russians the restoration of *all* the prisoners within the Khan's dominions — and for this purpose, personally undertook to collect and march them in safety into Russia. He accordingly liberated and took charge of these prisoners, upwards of 500, and with the whole number crossed from Khyva to the Caspian. He left the prisoners at Ourenbourg, passed through Russia, being everywhere received with enthusiasm by the countrymen of the prisoners, and on his arrival at St. Petersburg obtained a ratification of the treaty from the Emperor, and had the honour of receiving his thanks publicly.]

On his arrival in England, he received promotion and rank for his services, and is now Military Secretary to the Commander in

Chief of the Bengal army, at present in the Khyber pass on its way to relieve General Sale.]

On the 11th of May 1840, a packet arrived at Heraut, from Sir W. H. Macnaghten, with important instructions for Captain Abbott. As this officer was absent from Khyva, Major Todd considered it advisable to depute me to carry out the wishes of Government, and on the evening of the 13th I made my farewell call on the Vuzeer, Yar Mahomed Khan, who insisted on accompanying me to my halting-place, a village about two miles from the city. This is certainly a delightful part of the world to one fond of excitement. A fortnight ago, I was thinking of putting coloured glass in my windows, and making other alterations in my quarters, as there appeared every prospect of my remaining at Heraut for many a day; it was then decided that I should go with despatches to Cabool, and, just as my arrangements were completed for this trip, I received instructions to move towards Khyva! If I fail in getting to Khyva before the Russians drive the Khan Hukarat from that city, I have every chance of being carried away in the uproar; the whole country will be in confusion, and, though my party is a respectable one, it is any thing but invincible; the chances, however, are in my favour, as all the chiefs through whose country I pass are in friendly correspondence with us, and each of them knows that civility to me is sure to be profitable to him. In short, the chances of distinction are so great, and the hazard so slight, that the heart of even a wren would be gladdened by the prospect. I halted until the evening of the 14th to take leave of all my native friends, and the party of Englishmen with whom I have been so long.

My party consists of the Cazeer Moollah Mahomed Hassan, who, from his being somewhat of a conspirator, we have been in the habit of calling "Brutus"—his son, Mahomed Daood, an active young fellow, who is so fond of adventure that he cheerfully leaves his young wife to come with us—Khoda Woodee Khan, a man of old but ruined family, who ought to be faithful, if there is such a thing as gratitude in this

part of the world ;—and lastly, Fazil Khan, a fine specimen of the troopers of the irregular horse of India, true as steel, fearing neither man nor devil, and obeying the orders of his immediate superior to the very letter. Brutus, I should say, is about 60 years old ; he is a man of considerable rank, a Mooltah and Cazee, whose family in former years possessed great influence and wealth in the valley of Heraut ; he is passionate and violent, but of unflinching courage, and has much influence with the tribes I shall have to pass through ; his opinion of his own rank and consequence is very great. His son is invaluable ; he looks after the horses, loads the mules, ties my turban, helps to cook the dinner, and appears at that meal in a good dress, humour, and appetite. Khoda Woordee proceeds more leisurely about his work ; he is a quiet gentlemanly man, blessed with a most luxuriant beard, and whether doctoring a mule or eating his food, he is always sedate, and seems to think a good deal, but never speaks if he can help it. Fazil Khan is, simply, the most faithful, single-hearted creature I have ever met with. With the above party I am to dine, breakfast, and associate for an unknown time, and I would not change any of them. In addition to the above, I have seven Demauk Kipchag troopers from the Vuzeer, who look as if they were good men for work. One of them is called 'the Wolf,' from a curious habit which he is said to possess of rushing into danger. I dare say we shall have occasion to put his vaunted courage to the test.

I am writing this at 9 A. M., on the 15th May, not having had time, in the multiplicity of arrangements previous to my departure, to keep a journal. I took leave at sunset yesterday of my brother officers, at about five miles from the city. All the mules had passed us, and the only absentees were Mahomed Daood and Khoda Woordee. Brutus explained the absence of the former, by saying he had sent him on duty to the city ; but Khoda Woordee's absence could only be imagined by supposing he was thinking of something which every body else had forgotten. The march was to Purwaunah, about six and a half miles, through the range of hills north of Heraut ; a capital road, fine moonlight, and only one false

alarm on the route. Just as I had taken off my boots and called for a pipe, Khoda Woordee galloped into the court, saying, that when close to the halting-place he had been chased; that a poor wretch, who was on foot in his company, had been seized, he feared, by the seven horsemen from whom he had thought it judicious to flee. He begged that I would allow him to take some of the Kipchag troopers and go to the rescue of his companion. I consented, and had some idea of going myself; but I am glad I did not, for while Brutus was groaning and praying for his son Mahomed Daood, who, he feared, must have fallen into the hands of Khoda Woordee's pursuers, in came young Daood in convulsions of laughter, saying, that seeing some one riding a-head of him, and wishing to have a chat, he put his horse to a canter, and that the person a-head of him increasing his pace, he (Mahomed Daood) called lustily to him, in the name of the Prophet, to pull in his horse, but the louder he cried the quicker fled the leading horseman, who, I need hardly say, was Khoda Woordee, who for once thought too much, in as much as he mistook a young stripling for «seven Turcomans on a chupas.» Some time afterwards, when my convulsions of laughter had somewhat subsided, I saw Khoda Woordee sneaking about the door of the ruin, which was my halting-place, and asked why he had remained behind the party? But I could not find it in me to quiz him, particularly as he gave an excellent reason for stopping behind. Old Brutus and I had a good cup of tea, and sweetmeats, before going to bed, and the «lovely moon smiled on our slumbers.» We have just eaten a capital breakfast, without feeling the want of knives and forks, or tables and chairs. I have been advised to adopt the Affghan dress on this trip, and find it far from an unpleasant costume, and—shall I confess it?—becoming. The most objectionable part is the nether garment, which, in direct opposition to an Englishman's ideas of fashion, is so preposterously wide as to be inconvenient; those made for me (I begged for small ones) have nearly a circumference of six feet for each leg; in fact, as a facetious friend of mine observes, «the thing is not a pair of breeches, but a divided



petticoat. Mine are of a bright red colour, and my shirt is of the same blushing hue; my coat is something like a long surtout, without a collar. It is made of a light blue chintz, and trimmed with cashmere shawl. The cloak is made very full, with long sleeves, and of a light brown colour. The turban is of white muslin, and arranged with great skill by Mahomed Daood, in large folds. The wristband is a light striped shawl, and the boots much like those of the Horse Guards, but with pointed toes. At Heraut I always found, when conversing with a native of the country who had never before seen the European costume, that he was so absorbed by astonishment at the difference of dress that he could think of nothing else, and that instead of listening to my arguments he was counting my buttons. I have nearly 300 ducats tied round my waist under my clothes; and Brutus, Fazil Khan, and two private servants, are similarly loaded in different amounts, making a total of 1500 ducats, or about L.900. Our party consists of thirty, and we have thirty-five horses and mules.

*May 16th.*—Khoosh Robat—Made a very pleasant march yesterday of twelve and a half miles. The road generally excellent and the weather delightful. Crossed a pretty little stream, where are the remains of an old bridge. The Khoosh is a small stream; the caravanserai here is magnificent, large enough to quarter a brigade of infantry; the roof is still in good order; I could not get any tradition concerning it. About halfway we passed a reservoir of water. These buildings prove the wealth and generosity of former kings, who little thought that their works would last longer than their own fame.

*May 17th.*—Killa-i-Juppat, forty-five and a half miles. I am ashamed to say quite knocked up. I rode an Arab horse, who could not walk with the Turcomans, and shook me dreadfully. We stopped at two places on the road, one for a cup of tea and the other for a few hours' sleep. The first seventeen miles of the road are truly beautiful; you cross over the crest of the hills, which must be, I should say, at an elevation of 7000 feet. There are hundreds of hills sloping

off in all directions, and covered with the most luxuriant grass; every variety of colour was to be found in the weeds, and every little valley had its own peculiar stream of the purest water. The Herautees may well boast of the beauties of Bad Khyss (as this part of the country is called) in spring. The remainder of the road is in some places destitute of water. Saw several khails with large flocks of cattle. When we passed the khails old Brutus was very anxious to make some little show, so the troopers fell into something like order, the mules got an extra hint to step out, and my running footman was requested to dismount, and place himself a-head of his master. This was all very grand, as the little boy's book has it; but, alas! all the men of the khails were absent, and the women and children hardly deigned to come out of their black tents to look at us. Brutus, however, had the satisfaction of passing in state a considerable kafilah bound for Heraut. A rather amusing conversation took place between Brutus and an old Turcoman who had joined our party. The latter ventured to hint that the nether garment of the Affghans was a *little* too large, and by this remark brought down a torrent of ridicule from the old conspirator, according to whom Turcomans are mere savages, who dip a bit of bread into a melted sheep's tail, and pronounce a long and solemn grace over this *meal*. The old Turcoman was very wroth, and as the dispute appeared to get too warm, I came to the Tartar's rescue, saying, that the best soldiers were those who cared least for their food and comforts; and that, as for the Affghans, they required one mule for their turban, and another for their nether garments. Old Brutus is a surprising old gentleman for work; when every one of the party but he and the Wolf wished to stop, he persisted in pushing on, and I could only get a little rest by throwing myself off my horse and calling for my servants. The cause of all this haste is to get out of the country of the Jumsheedee Demauks, who are said to be notorious and expert thieves. This place is on the banks of the Khoosh River. Plenty of grass.

*May 18th.*—Yesterday evening I made the acquaintance of a patriarch amongst the Jumsheedees, a very pleasing old

gentleman, of mild and winning manner. He took us to his khail near the road, and gave us buttermilk, and sent his son to show us the road. His khail was a large one; the khurgahs, of which there were about twenty, were arranged in lines, and the calves and lambs inside the square. The females seemed very busy at their domestic arrangements, and the children fat and happy. My old friend said he had suffered very much from the Persian force, which, during the late siege of Heraut, was sent to this valley; he and all his tribe, with every moveable thing, retreated to the hills; but they fled so precipitately, and to so great a distance, that they lost several hundred cattle. We marched eighteen miles during the night; the first half of the road is through the different little valleys close to the banks of the Khoosh, the remaining distance is along the bed of the river, which you cross at a tolerable ford.

At sunrise started again, and moved twelve miles along the banks of the Khoosh. Our place of rest during the heat of the day was ill chosen; heat great, flies troublesome, grass indifferent, and water distant. Total distance thirty miles.

*May 19th.*—Travelled six and three-quarter hours last night; road generally good, but many quicksands in crossing the Khoosh; in one of them the Wolf got a most effectual ducking, and lost his gun, which, however, we found again after some search. The sleeping-place was in a damp grassy spot; but if it had been in the bed of the river, I don't think I should have objected, being most completely tired. At sunrise loaded and mounted again, and marched five and a quarter hours: total distance forty-four miles, to the Moorghaub, a muddy, rapid stream, the banks of which are thickly fringed with tamarisk jungle. Here we found a kafilah of grain bound for Heraut, and a man with a note from the Cazee of Yellatoon to Major Todd, in which I found it written that Captain Abbott had not only succeeded in stopping the advance of the Russian army, but had reached St. Petersburg, and procured an order for the return of the force and the destruction of the forts. I don't believe this, though what on earth could make this Cazee of Yellatoon write such a

falsehood, is difficult to imagine. At any rate, I shall go on to Khyva; I have decided on sending the Wolf back with this letter; he promises to reach Heraut in two days, and to return to me at Merve on the sixth day from this date.

*May 20th.*—Before starting yesterday, the Cance came to my tent and said that three Turcomans were carrying away some natives of Heraut as slaves. On coming out, I found young Daood had seized the bridle of the leading Turcoman, and was bringing the party to our camp. There were ten slaves, two females, and the rest boys—mere children. I am ashamed to say that I was silly enough to let my anger lead me into the absurdity of expressing the disgust and horror which I felt, and was guilty of the folly of lecturing Turcomans on the evil of their ways. The poor children seemed thin and harassed, but not the least frightened, nor very anxious for their release; though it is possible that fear of the three Turcomans prevented their speaking out on this subject. I asked Brutus to sit by me and write the names of the slaves, of their relatives, and the people who sold them. They had been sold, it appeared, by the Jumsheedees and Hazarehs. I had no power to release these poor creatures, and had I taken upon myself to do so, I should most probably have defeated the object of my mission, which will amongst other things, I hope, lead to the cessation *in toto* of this most detestable traffic. Had I turned the poor children loose, they would soon have been retaken. We let the party therefore go, and passed them again about three miles from the river. Both the females and the smallest of the boys were mounted on the camels. I trust that this humane arrangement was not made merely while I was passing. My party could not be restrained from showering curses on the Turcomans; and Fazil Khan begged me with moist eyes to release the slaves. We moved this night twenty-two miles; plenty of wood and grass along the road, which is generally good, though there are some steep sandy ascents. The valley of the Moorghaub, along which we are now moving, is narrow, and bounded by sand-hills, which are covered with bushes of camel-thorn and other stunted herbs. The valley itself has a fine soil, and has been

highly cultivated in former years, but it is now deserted. Stopped to sleep and feed the cattle for a few hours, and started a little after sunrise; passed a place called Sundook Koochan. Connected with this spot is a tradition, viz, 'That once upon a time a box fell to the ground here.' (The ark?) This is all I could get from the Turcomans, who grinned and said, 'Yes, a box fell there, and therefore it is called Sundook Koochan.'

*May 21st.*—Started before sunset, and marched twenty-two miles. This particular spot is much dreaded by travellers and kafilahs, as the Turka Turcomans often cross it when on plundering excursions. Very heavy jungle on this part of the road, which is still along the Moorghaub; slept and fed the cattle at about two miles from the Bundi-i-Yellatoon, or bank which throws the water of the Moorghaub into the canal of Yellatoon. The flood this year has been so great as completely to destroy this bank, and the canal is consequently dry. At sunrise, started again, and rode ten miles; heat oppressive; total distance thirty-two miles.

*May 22d.*—Marched nineteen to the camp of a friendly Turcoman, who did his 'little possible' to make me comfortable, and brought me his son and a colt, both of which he said were my property. I of course thanked him, but I told him that I only received one kind of Peshkush, (present,) viz. slaves. At sunrise moved eight miles to Yellatoon, where there is a governor and cazee. Old Brutus was very anxious, when we came near this place, to see whether these worthies would come out to meet us, and at one time he fondly hoped they had done us that honour; for being short-sighted, and seeing some troopers coming towards us, a complacent smile crossed his coarse features, and stroking his beard, he muttered, 'After all, they are Mussulmen;' but Daood soon dispelled the charming illusion, saying, «Oh father! these are dogs and sons of dogs, and have sent *servants* to meet us.» Great was the old man's ire, and deeply he vowed not to enter their tents; but seeing several people collected a little distance off, I made up to them, and, on dismounting, found they were the authorities of Yellatoon. They gave me a

heartily, though rough welcome, and led me to a tent which had been pitched for the occasion. One or two words of prayer, and a stroke of the beard, took place immediately we were seated, and raisins and bread were brought in and devoured. The Turcomans have not the slightest pretensions to politeness; they do exactly whatever suits their fancy, and expect their guest to please himself in every way. They have one custom which I found sufficiently troublesome: they consider it impolite to leave their guest alone, and unless you keep the door shut, you have a constant flood of visitors, who enter, sit down, stroke their beards, and exit. Last year the governor of Yellatoon stole Mahomed Daood's cloak,—at least so sayeth Brutus. This governor is of the same tribe as the Khan Huzarut, upon whom he is entirely dependent. He is much interested in making it believed that the Russians have retreated, and seems much vexed if any one doubts this circumstance. This advance of the Russians on one side, and our own in Afghanistan on the other, have greatly alarmed the more intelligent among the Asiatics, who say, "Do you think we are such dolts as not to perceive what will be the end of all this? You and the Russians will meet and shake hands, and we shall be crushed in the operation." Just as I was leaving Yellatoon, the governor brought me two superb hawks, which he begged me to accept. I pleaded the impossibility of carrying them with me; upon this he immediately gave me an old man to take care of them, and the only way of escape was to give the old man a couple of ducats, and tell him to look after the hawks until my return. Brutus says that the birds are celebrated for their speed, and worth at least four slaves each.

*May 23d.*—Marched last night about ten miles, good road, and this morning came to Merve, about twelve more. There is a small shell of a fort here, and a considerable bazaar. We are shut up in a small enclosure, and no one allowed to come and see us. The authorities of this place were very anxious that Brutus should halt at some other spot, but he has refused most stoutly to leave me: he is so enraged at the treatment which I have received, that he has done nothing since

our arrival but abuse the fathers, grandfathers, and relations of all Turcomans, and he now appears to be much relieved. For my part, I am heartily glad of the arrangement, and trust the exclusion of visitors will be continued, though officially I have remonstrated against it. The governor, in reply to my question, "Whether the Khan Huzarut of Khyva wished me to be treated as a prisoner during my stay at Merve?" has sent a very humble answer, saying that he feared some of my property would be stolen, and my rest disturbed by visitors, and that therefore he prevented any Turcomans from entering the square assigned for my residence.

*May 24th.*—Brutus very anxious for the visit of the governor, but I feel confident he will not do us that honour. To-morrow is the grand market-day, and horses, camels, grain, and slaves, may be had in great abundance. I must buy camels, as I have to carry water and grain for ten days for my party.

*May 25th.*—The governor sent his servant to say he could not call, as he was in mourning for his brother, who, by the way, died eight months back; he wants me to call on him, but this I have not agreed to. I said, if he had made the excuse the first day I would have called; but as he was a servant of the Khan Huzarat, who was our friend, I thought it due to the latter to make the customary present before leaving; so I sent a Cashmere shawl. He is a dog, but it is as well to throw him a bone, as I am compelled to pass through his kennel. The Wolf returned to me before sunset; he reached Heraut from the Moorghaub, a distance of 140 miles, in 36 hours; at Heraut he got a fresh horse, and rejoined me at Merve, a distance of 260 miles, in 105 hours! He has brought me an English newspaper dated 4th March, 82 days from London to Merve! Before his arrival I was talking over with Brutus the chance of his getting safely through the perils of the journey; "Why," said Brutus, "fatigue can't kill him, and no one in this country *will* kill him, for it is more profitable to sell him; and as the Wolf has already been three times sold to the Turcomans, a fourth will make no great difference." The horse he has ridden here

from Heraut is ruined ; if he survives, he can never be of service during this journey, his back being dreadfully wounded by the saddle. It may be as well to describe here the khurgab, (literally donkey-house,) which is the dwelling of the Turcoman tribes. I am now living in one which is eighteen feet high. The wall is five feet high, and is formed of dried willow boughs, crossing each other diagonally. At each cross a leather thong is passed through both the pieces of willow, so that the whole can be shut up and placed on a camel. This wall is first pitched, and a broad strap of carpeting passed round it, binding it to a doorway. The roof is formed of a ring of willow-boughs, having holes in it for the insertion of other willow-boughs, covered at one end, which radiate from the ring, and slope down, to the top of which they are firmly fixed ; over this framework thick felts are bound ; and, with good carpets on the floor, a dwelling is formed, which keeps out heat, cold, and rain, and is easily removed to any other spot. It is certainly better than any tent, and has the advantage of excluding thieves. The camels are bought, the leather bags for water ready, all supplies laid in, and off we go to-morrow.

*May 26th.*—Called after all on the governor. The fact is, I could not omit this attention without appearing to slight the Khan Huzarut. I found a very old gentleman, with a very white beard, sitting under an awning. He did not move one inch to receive me, (served me right for calling, and yet I think I was right, and the old fellow wrong, in spite of his grey beard.) I fear I must bring this insult to the Khan Huzarut's notice. Called immediately afterwards on the Khuleefa, another greybeard, but a very different character ; he received me like a patriarch. This old gentleman has very great influence with all Turcomans, by whom he is much respected and trusted ; he is considered almost a saint ; and the Turcomans are only too glad to make him the distributor of their charitable donations. I believe he is well worthy of the trust, though they say that some of his attachés eat an unconscionable share of the poor-rates. The Khuleefa is a very small man, of very quiet and retiring manners—a rara



avis—a bashful Turcoman. His face is pleasing, notwithstanding the loss of the bridge of his nose, which was caused by frost. The two sexes appear very similar, except that the women here all wear red head-dresses of a curious shape. Brutus is much scandalized at their wearing no veils. I have seen one or two tolerable beauties amongst them; their morals are not spoken highly of, but they appear to me to be quiet, careful housewives. There are several Jews at Merve, and, to my surprise, I found one located here, who astonished me by offering me 100 ducats for a bill on Heraut. True to his caste, he asked exorbitant interest. He is now busy getting the fair sex of this khail to make up covers for my horses' ears and bellies, a precaution necessary, owing to the number of venomous flies on the road we are taking. There are two roads from Merve to Khyva, or, as it is more generally called here, Corgunj. One is called the Rah-i-chushmah; we take the former, as it has more water.

*May 27th.*—After many intrigues, on the part of the governor's servant, to detain me and to prevent the guide I procured yesterday from coming with me, I at last got away from the khail, and marched sixteen miles; water and grass abundant, camelthorn most luxuriant, wood rather scarce; stopt during the heat of the day. It now appears that the guide, who is to receive eight tillahs from me, only knows one road, and that that road is impassable; he has, however, he says, found a Turcoman who has just come across the desert from his khail on the Khyva road. In the evening, we moved seventeen miles and a quarter to the river Moorghaub; grass scarce, wood plentiful.

*May 28th.*—Marched in the morning fifteen miles along the banks of the Moorghaub, which we crossed at an excellent ford—the stream about thirty yards wide, three and a half feet deep, and bottom hard. The river is, however, full of quicksands, and the greatest care must be taken in searching for a good ford. There is but little grass on its banks, wood abundant, the air cool and pleasant. In the evening started again, intending to make a long march, but at five miles came on another stream; very foolishly tried to find

the ford myself, and got into a bad quicksand in which I nearly lost my horse. The mules and camels crossed lower down without any accident.

*May 29th, Friday.*—The Turcoman who is to receive eight tillahs from me, is missing; his mare trotted into our camp last night covered with mud and water; and we fear the poor wretch must have been drowned, as it is known that he could not swim: I have now only the guide whom he had provided for me to trust to. Moved this morning four miles, when we came to a third stream of the Moorg-haub, where we had difficulty in finding a good ford. We are halting on the bank while the people go to search for the body of the unfortunate Turcoman. At one P. M., no light being thrown on the Turcoman's fate, we started, and moved fifteen miles, when we came to a fourth stream, nearly as large as the first, which detained us two hours. We then moved four miles into the desert. I sent for the Governor of Merve's servant and my only remaining guide, and cross-questioned them as to where they intended to take me. The Governor's servant acknowledged that he had no idea whatever of the road. The guide said, he knew of two reservoirs of water in the desert, and that he would stake his life on taking me to them before twelve o'clock the next day; he confessed he was much surprised at coming on the last stream, as he thought we had been clear of the river, but that he had crossed much higher up. He is a very intelligent-looking young fellow, and I will trust him. I take with me water sufficient for one day, and have told this young guide that he shall have the eight tillahs promised to the deceased Turcoman, whose family I will try to provide for. He says that he is confident of finding the water, and that my sword is on his neck if he fails.

*May 30th.*—Started last night at half past one, and moved eleven miles and a quarter; when the first dawn of day appeared, it was fine to see the young Turcoman gazing like a startled antelope from side to side, scampering up to every mound and peering over every sand-hill. He saw me using a telescope, and begged to be allowed to look; upon my giv-

ing him the glass he seemed a little frightened, suspecting infernal agency; but summoning up his courage, he shouted, "In the name of God!" and applied the glass to his eye, prepared for the worst that might happen. It was long before he could arrange the focus to suit his eye; but at length an exclamation of "God is great!" showed that he began to see the use of the instrument. He had been most anxious, during the last two miles, for a certain mark which he said he must be near. At length he pulled up, and said, that if I would give him a trooper to go with him, he would find the water and return to me. I complied, and lay down in the mean time for a nap. My dream was a confusion of drowning Turcomans, telescopes, streams of water, and the horrors of dying of thirst. In an hour and a half these dreams were disturbed by shouts and yells, and on getting up I saw the Turcoman, with his cap in his hand, screaming, and urging his horse towards us. Long before he reached us, his shouts of, "Water, I have found the water, there is plenty of it!" were to be heard, and after five miles we reached it. The reservoirs were mere pools dug in the bed of a small ravine; the water was muddy, but of good flavour; and the coarse grass on the edges of the banks proved a *bonne bouche* to the horses. Having reached this water, the difficulty is to hit upon the road from Merve to Khyva. The Turcoman says he hopes before night to hit upon a road from Meshed to Bokhara which crosses the road to Khyva. Started again in the evening, and marched fifteen miles, until it was so dark that we feared the camels might lose our track. No signs of the road as yet, but my guide says he can go as well by the stars as by daylight; he says, we must move all night, and warns us that we shall not reach water until late to-morrow.

*May 31st.*—Moved last night thirteen miles at the tails of the camels; it is dreadful work, crawling along at two and a half miles an hour, particularly without any road. At last, by the greatest good-luck, in the middle of the night, and without a moon, the road was discovered. It was pointed out to me, and though I dismounted and tried hard to distinguish it, I failed. The Turcomans of the party, however,

were very positive, and took the greatest trouble in tracing it. After marching some hours they begged me to halt until the morning, lest the track should be lost. We slept two hours, and then started again. By daylight even, it was difficult to trace the road, the soil being nothing but loose sand, which drifts with every breeze. The only good marks are the bones of dead camels and other animals, of which there are great quantities. Some public-spirited people have been at the trouble of occasionally putting the skeleton of a camel's head on a bush near the road, and this is considered an infallible sign. At one or two places branches of trees are also heaped together as a mark, but these are few and far between. This desert is very uneven. I have seen one very like it in India, which extends along the eastern bank of the Indus near Bhawalpore. There are innumerable bushes of a dwarf description, and in places the ground is almost hard, but some of the sandhills are of great height and of the finest red sand. We came on twenty-seven miles this morning; the heat was dreadful, and the loose sand and the fatigues of the previous night added much to our thirst: all the water we had in the leather bottles with the riding-horses was consumed, the camels were far in the rear, and there was no appearance of a well. The Turcoman guide, however, was positive as to the vicinity of a well, and in reply to my question of "Whether my sword was on his neck if he failed?" he laughingly said, "Yes, I will find the well if you'll find the tillahs;" and on we plodded, a fiery hot wind blowing. At length I almost despaired, and Brutus wanted to lie down, but I thought on the Turcoman's former successes, and pushing up the sand-hill over which he had gone, had the happiness to see him dismounted and leaning down peering into the long-sought well. My panting steed got an extra kick from my heels, and I was soon by the guide's side pulling up a bucket of water, which, alas! was so very offensive in smell and taste, that I could not drink it. The servants, however, and the horses, drank it most greedily. The Turcomans say that there is nothing injurious in this water; on the contrary, that it is cooling to the blood. It is strongly impregnated

with saltpetre, is perfectly clear, but of so unpleasant a flavour and so offensive to the nostrils, that, notwithstanding the heat and my excessive thirst, I could not swallow it; and with parched lips I waited four long hours until the camels arrived. I derived some little advantage from making the servants pour quantities of this nasty water over me while I held my nose. I was so nervous lest the camels should lose the road that I could not sleep. Late in the evening a man arrived, saying the camels were near. Fazil Khan mounted immediately, and shortly returned with two leather bags of good water, and Brutus and I drank large draughts. They may talk of nectar, &c., but I never enjoyed any thing so much as this water, of which, by the way, we had some capital tea made in a short time. It was fortunate that I kept Khoda Woordes with the camels; for the Kipchag Sowars, headed by the Wolf, suffered so much from the excessive heat that they lost all sense of discipline, and tried to detain the camels until the cool of the evening helping themselves in the mean time from the water bags; but Khoda Woordes behaved with great firmness, and succeeded at last in frightening even the Wolf, who, being an opium-eater, felt the heat so much that at one time he threw himself from his horse, vowing *his hour* had arrived. We are now on the high-road to Khyva, the *Rah-i-tukht*; twelve hours' travelling will carry us to another well which contains sweet water; and in three days all the difficulties of the road will be overcome. Total distance, forty miles.

*June 1st.*—We halted until late this evening, to allow the cattle to recover in some measure from the fatigues of yesterday. Moved in the evening six miles—the same broken sandy ground, and the same ugly dwarf bushes.

*June 2d.*—Moved during the night thirty miles. At daylight I was pushing on a-head with the young Turcoman, when he suddenly reined up the old mare, and listened attentively, crying, after a pause, *«Inshallah, we'll have a sheep to-day;»* and before I could make enquiries as to the why and wherefore, off went my friend at a gallop, leaving me to follow as I best might. In about five minutes I heard the

bark of a dog; a shout was then raised for the shepherd, and in due time a creature appeared, much like the drawings of Robinson Crusoe. The young Turcoman and the shepherd were old friends, and their meeting was very animated. The shepherd hoisted himself about, leaning on his staff, and the young Turcoman, throwing his left leg over the pommel of the saddle, appeared to be giving an amusing account of our party, for they both grinned, and now and then laughed loudly. In a few minutes we reached the well, which proved to contain most delicious water, and near it we found a camp of Turcomans, with large flocks of cattle; they are about to move to the river Oxus, finding it impossible to feed their cattle any longer in the desert. The water for their sheep was drawn up by slaves. Our party have been very busy this day, drinking buttermilk and water, and praising the young Turcoman guide. Total distance thirty miles.

*June 3d.*—Moved during the night twelve miles, and then slept till near daylight, after which, came on six miles to the much-talked-of Tukht. This is rather a large sand-hill, nothing else. The Turcomans believe that Solomon paid it a visit. If he came here on business, he was, of course, not to blame, but if he came here for pleasure, he must have been much disappointed, and showed no great proof of wisdom. The river Oxus is said, in former years, to have flowed near this spot. That wretch of a guide who was sent with me by the Governor of Merve, lost the road last night, and went back with the camels towards Merve. He was found this morning by young Daoood, close to the last watering-place. Some travellers from Khyva are here, who confirm the report of the Russian retreat. Total distance eighteen miles.

*June 4th, Thursday.*—Came on last night eighteen and three-quarter miles, then slept for two hours, and this morning came on twenty-two miles to the river Oxus; the heat was very great. We are pitched on the edge of a small stream from the river, and the half-starved cattle are enjoying themselves among luxuriant grass and pure water. I have not yet seen the river. The last twenty miles of this road was generally hard, and the sound of the horses' hoofs was

pleasant, after having waded through so much deep sand. The name of this place is Ruppä Kalla; there is the ruin of an old fort here. Total distance forty and three-quarter miles.

*June 5th*—Delayed until three o'clock this morning, by the non-arrival of the camels. At four miles from Ruppä Kalla we passed a fort called Koosh Gullah; the road is along the banks of the Oxus, which is a magnificent stream, with rather high banks. I should estimate the distance between the high banks at three miles. Through this channel the body of the water takes a serpentine course, now on one side, and now on the other, leaving large portions of dry ground, which are invariably covered with most luxuriant jungle. Immediately you ascend the high bank you are on the desert, and, I think, the same would be found on the other side. This noble stream flows on its stately course without deigning to hold any connexion with the barren wilderness on its banks; a fine image for one poetically disposed—vanity of vanities. If I have not been guilty of the presumption of comparing my wretched little *dribble* of a course to this noble stream, perhaps I may derive some little hope by thinking, that after its long uninteresting route through barren un congenial wastes, it at length reaches its long-sought ocean. God grant that my wanderings may bring me to old England! About halfway, I should say the stream was five hundred yards, and there was a small sand-bank near our side.

*June 6th*.—Last night came on eighteen miles. At three miles passed a ruined fort, the gate of which has some slight pretensions to architectural ornament. Slept until daylight, and came on this morning eleven miles to a high mound. Here we marched off into the bed of the river for water, and passed, before we reached it, through four miles of ground that has been highly cultivated, but is now neglected.

*June 7th*.—Last night came on sixteen miles. At four miles passed a spot which is sacred in the eyes of Turcomans, as having been the tomb of Huzuruti-Maduri-Baba-Adam, literally *Adam's mother*! They made offerings here, by turning loose a mare and horse; their progeny are said to be numerous, though I cannot say that I saw any of them. At

nine miles came to the separation of two roads, one leading inland, and the other following the river; we took the latter; it is said to be the longer of the two, but we are sure of water and grass. Total distance thirty miles.

*June 8th.*—Came on seventeen miles, a good road, through heavy jungle, in immediate vicinity of the river, and sandy ground on the high bank. Brutus was taken ill with dysentery during the night. I should pity the old man more if he did not groan so much; we are now halting on his account.

*June 9th.*—Last night came on twenty-five miles. After the first eleven miles left the river, and turned inland. Slept until daylight, and this morning came on ten miles. At two miles from sleeping-place we came to a small village, with a few trees and some cultivation, in a hollow, the ascent from which was rather precipitous; these are the first fixed habitations we have seen since leaving Merve. About one mile from this, passed another village, still smaller, and soon afterwards came in sight of this village, "Phitunk," which is very extensive, thickly populated, and appears to be highly cultivated; large trees in every direction, and many carts. Total distance thirty-five miles.

*June 10th.* — Wednesday, came on this morning thirteen miles, about a mile of which was through the village of Phitunk, and then eight miles across rather high barren ground, and the remainder through a cultivated country; round this place, "Hazar Asp," (thousand horses,) there is a fort of some size, but no strength. The Inak's garden seems a fine one, and the wealth and prosperity of the inhabitants, and the fertility of the soil, have surprised me greatly: From all accounts which I have ever read of Turkistan, the whole of the country is described as a desert, and the people as a miserable race, living in tents and possessing a few flocks of cattle; but from Merve I marched through thirty miles of cultivation watered by the Moorghaub. This cultivation appeared to extend for many miles inland, the khails being very numerous; and here the whole face of the country is a garden, and each family appears to have its own farm-house. The carts of the



country meet you at every corner; they are invariably drawn by a stout pony. Their construction is coarse in the extreme; the wheels are of an enormous height, and the felloes absurdly deep; there is no tire, but the breadth of the wheel is not more than that of a common cart; the naves are exactly double the thickness necessary, and with all this wood the body of the cart is not larger than a good-sized wheelbarrow. The whole affair looks like the *grandpapa* of the carts of the present century in England. Iron is too precious a metal at Khyva to be used if any substitute can be found, and consequently the carts here have hardly a single nail in them, and roll along screeching ludicrously on wooden axles. Instead of using iron bolts for the different fastenings, they fix them by a very strong glue which they procure from Russia, and which does not separate by immersing the parts so joined in water. This is the seat of the Inak, the brother of the Khan Huzarat of Khyva, and a very powerful and influential person in all affairs of government. He received me very kindly, assigning me quarters in the house of his Vuzeer, who is the brother of the Khan Huzarat's minister.

*June 11th, Thursday.* — Came on this day thirty-eight miles, the road very circuitous, and through the cultivation, which is divided alone by small ranges of sand-hills. I have never in India seen the ground more carefully cultivated, nor more densely populated — the whole country is beautifully wooded.

*June 12th, Friday.* — Entered the city of Khyva. There is a fort of some size here, but of no strength; all the houses are made of mud, the outer walls being solid and the inner partitions supported by wooden frame-work; they are of a considerable size, and the rooms are lofty, but unornamented; and without windows; if sufficient light cannot be procured from the doorway, a hole is knocked in the roof. Water is so near the surface that it is necessary to lay a foundation of wood or stone for all the walls. The gardens in the neighbourhood of the town are very numerous, and appear to be kept with much care. The bazar was crowded, the streets narrow and dirty: the climate is delicious. In the evening I

was summoned to the Khan Huzarut's presence. His highness received me very graciously. There is no pomp or show about his court, no guards whatever, and I did not see a jewel of any sort. The court robes are the same as those of the working people—a cotton stuffed cloak, and a high black lambskin cap. I was informed that it would be out of order if I appeared before the Khan without my boots. It was in vain to point to my Wellingtons—*these* were pronounced as *nothing*; so, rather than be suspected of disrespect, I pulled on a large pair of Afghan riding-boots over my gold-laced pantaloons: these, with my beard, made rather curious additions to the undress uniform of the gallant Bengal artillery. I fancy by appearing booted it is meant to show that you are ready to obey the Khan's orders at a moment's notice.

*June 13th.*—Summoned again to the Khan Huzarut's presence. I was taken to a garden seat, a favourite spot. I passed through a long gallery, with a flat roof supported by beams, and, after one or two zig-zags, entered a court surrounded by buildings, containing a large pond of water, on the edge of which there were many fine trees. From this court we made one or two zig-zags to another similar court, and from thence to a third, the zig-zags from which led to the Khan's dwelling. After ascending two or three flights of narrow steep steps, I found myself in a large verandah, and in the presence of Khan Huzarut. The interview passed off very pleasantly, and the Khan was pleased to give me access to his presence at any hour.

*June 14th.*—This evening I waited on Khan Huzarut on business at the garden seat. I have omitted to mention that the eldest son of Caze Moollah, Mahomet Hassan, who had been sent several months previously with money and letters for Captain Abbott, returned to Khyva on the day of my arrival. It appeared that he reached Khyva after Captain Abbott's departure, and followed him to Mungishauk on the Caspian sea. There he heard that Abbott had moved along the Caspian to Nova Alexandroff, a Russian fort; and following his traces, he at length found Abbott a prisoner and

wounded among the Cuzzacks. It appears that fifty Cuzzacks at night attacked Abbott's small party, and soon overpowered them. Abbott was four times beaten to the ground, and in protecting himself from sabre cuts, lost the fore and middle fingers of his right hand, and received several other wounds. He was found by the Cazee's son in a wretched state, seventeen days after the attack; three of his servants had been allowed but little food, and deprived of all his property. The presence of the Cazee's son, and some of the Khan Hazarut's Sowars who accompanied him, frightened the Cuzzacks, and Abbott was allowed to move to the camp of a neighbouring Turcoman, who received him very hospitably. After a short time the Cazee's son accompanied him to the vicinity of Nova Alexandroff, where they parted, Captain Abbott telling him to wait three days, and, if in that time no letter arrived, to return to Khyva.

On the fourth day, no news having arrived, the Cazee's son came back to this city; but before he left, he heard that Captain Abbott had been received by the Russian authorities at Nova Alexandroff, by whom he had been placed on board a ship which was to carry him across the Caspian. Brutus's head is in the skies in consequence of his son's valour and perseverance; and he may well be proud of him, for there are few men who would have entered upon the journey which he undertook, and but very few who would have succeeded in reaching Abbott. I have done my best to bring the young man's conduct to the notice of government, and have given him a handsome red Cashmere shawl, to let the Turcomans see that we can appreciate such good service.

We have heard much of Turcoman horses and Turcoman horsemanship—I confess my opinion of both is, that they are alike contemptible. I had for my own riding a horse called Choorlie, which had been bought of the Turka Turcomans by the chief of the tribe of Hazarah Demauks, by whom it was presented to government. This horse's speed and powers of endurance were so famous amongst the Turcomans, that every man I met had heard of him, and the importance of my mission was considerably enhanced by the possession of this ani-

mal; and yet I would not give, in India, 400 rupees for him.

He is a perfect horse in the eyes of the Turcomans, and whenever he is taken to water, the people collect to look at him; he is a dark bay, strongly formed about the hind quarters, with a long high-ridged back-bone, rather heavy shoulders, and stands about fourteen-three.

On reviewing the journey from Heraut hither, I would divide the distance thus: from Heraut to Merve, 265 miles, from Merve to Khyva, 432 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; total distance, 697 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles, which we crossed (not including the halt at Merve) in twenty-five days, (I count to Koosh Robat, only one stage from Heraut,) or an average of twenty-eight miles a-day. We should have done it in shorter time, but the fording of the Moorghaub and the sickness of Brutus detained us. The only part of the road which was trying to man and beast, was the 170 miles across the desert from the Moorghaub to the Oxus, and this portion was very fatiguing, uninteresting, and disagreeable. The heat during the six days we were in the desert was very great, and the doubt as to finding water was harassing. During every other part of the road, particularly in the cool of the evening, it was pleasant enough pushing along with the mules. On these occasions, all the Kipchag horsemen, except the Wolf, took the lead; the Wolf's duty seemed, by his own choice and general approval, to be confined to looking after the loads of the mules while on the road—and he was most active in the execution of this duty, jumping off, jerking a box to one side, tightening a rope, and mounting again in a moment. After the mules, came our baggage ponies, and the man who rode the last always held the rope of the led horse—the Arab which I have already mentioned. Immediately after the led horse, Brutus and I followed, and then my two private servants, one carrying leather bottles of water, tea apparatus, and bread and sweetmeats, and the other my pipe; for this he had large holsters, and a pan of burning charcoal swinging from his saddle. Under his pony he had also a leather bottle of water; so that, without stopping, I could have a *kullian* at a moment's warning. After three or

four pulls, the pipe was handed round to any one disposed for a whiff, and old Brutus was *then* a constant smoker; but since his arrival here he has requested my man not to bring the pipe to him, as he says his character as a Cazee will suffer in the estimation of these hounds (the Turcomans) if he is seen smoking—but, to proceed regarding our procession. After the servants came Brutus' servant and Mahomet Daood; Khoda Woordee and Fazil Khan brought up the rear. We generally shuffled along at four miles an hour, and Brutus would tell me some anecdotes of his very curious life, varied now and then by an admonition to the muleteers of 'push on, ye rascals—step out, ye lazy knaves,' while I in turn gave him stories of 'Yankee Doneah,' as people of this part of the world invariably call America. Khoda Woordee, for the express benefit of Mahomed Daood, would tell them some tale of years gone by, in a sort of chant, with a strong nasal twang, and Fazil Khan would think on his bhae (brother) and the last order he received from me; these two, I firmly believe, being the only ideas that ever entered his head. Thus we would while away the time until eleven or twelve at night, when a good place for grass was selected, the loads unpacked, the tea cooked, and then for 'tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.' Before daylight some one would awake and shout to Mahomed Daood to commence loading; he, thoroughly tired with his exertions and the last day's march, would turn round, muttering 'Barley, muleteers, give barley;' but here 'his exposition of sleep,' as sweet Bully Bottom hath it, would be too much for him; but another shout being raised to load, up he jumps, shouting 'Up, ye muleteers! sons of burnt fathers, arise, will ye? Oh may your houses be ruined! will you sleep all day?' and a hearty kick or two makes the grumbling tired mule-drivers rub their eyes, and growl out a sulky 'beehushum' of obedience. Another cup of tea before starting, and on we go until about ten A. M., when we pull up at a convenient spot for the cattle. About two in the day, something or other was brought for dinner; if we had killed a sheep the day before, I always liked to have Brutus, his son, Khoda Woordee, Fazil Khan, and the commander of

the Kipchag Sowars at dinner; but these were feast-days, and rice and a few raisins was often our only food. I was most fortunate in the selection of my party.

The country from Herat to the crest of the hills is mountainous and picturesque, but it has the defect (common to all Afghanistan) of being destitute of foliage. From the crest of the hills you gradually descend to a plain which extends, with little variation, from the river Moorghaub to the mountains. When, with the army of the Indus, we ascended the Bolan pass, I little thought that I should penetrate through the whole of the hilly range of Kohistaun, and at length descend on a plain, equal in flatness and in extent to the plains of Hindostan. I crossed the river Moorghaub a few miles above the spot where it is lost in the desert, and before the floods caused by the melting of the snow in the mountains had subsided. The road along the Oxus is travelled by the carts of the country, and grass and wood are very abundant. The river is navigated by boats of considerable size, and appears to be admirably adapted for steam navigation. In the wood and grass on its banks I saw several pheasants, and one wild ass. Being anxious to endeavour to fix the latitude of Khyva, I commenced taking an observation of the altitude of the moon, but soon found that I excited much suspicion. Having occasion to see the Khan that evening, I put my box sextant into my pocket, and the conversation, as usual, turning on the skill of Europeans in manufactures, I produced my instrument as a sample, and made the Khan himself, much to his surprise, bring down the sun, and move the image of one of his courtiers about from right to left. The whole court was in raptures, and I was asked in plain terms to make an offering of the toy to the Khan. This I promised to do before leaving, but in the mean time I can amuse myself without any suspicion of sorcery.

*June 30th.*—I was this day summoned to one of the Khan's summer houses, to be present at one of the feasts which he is in the habit of giving at this season of the year. We were shown into a large court, in one corner of which there was a kurgah pitched: in this was his highness, invisible to vul-

gar eyes. Sixty moollahs (priests) extended in one line down one side of the court, and sixty of his highness's relations and the nobles of his court, down the other side. We (Brutus and I) were taken to the right side, and seated next the princes. When we arrived, the moollahs were loud in the discussions of some theological question, which they tore to pieces at a sad rate, without (in my eyes) a proper respect for the presence of royalty. The Koran was then brought, and a passage read, one of the moollahs attempting to expound; but he never could get through a sentence without meeting with interruption from some opponent: three or four would join in on either side, and both parties were equally positive. I saw something very like jostling, and his majesty was more than once compelled to send his Vuzeer to call the parties to order. Three long hours did these theological discussions last: they were carried on in Turkee, and explanatory of a book in Arabic. The sitting with the knees doubled on the bare ground was painful, and I was much rejoiced to see preparations making for the feast. At length long slips of chintz were brought in, and laid in front of the lines of visitors — these were our table-cloths. On these were placed cakes of bread, which were brought in by thirty slaves, marching round in procession; taking the time from the senior officer of the household, we tore up these cakes and eat them. The thirty slaves again entered in procession, each carrying two small china plates, which contained preserved fruits. After this another procession; the thirty slaves entered, carrying each a large bowl which contained a sort of national soup, which had such a very objectionable appearance that I did not touch it. The next procession of slaves brought in dishes of pillaw, which was not well cooked; and on their being removed, a great number of slaves entered bearing raisins and dried plums, which they deposited in front of the spot where his majesty was supposed to be still sitting; meaning by this to show, that those who received them should understand that they came direct from the hands of majesty. On some of these being handed to us, Brutus whispered me to take a large handful and pocket them, which of course I

did. A great number of loaves of sugar were now brought in, and placed in the centre of the square. About a dozen of these were split into two equal portions, but all the rest were broken into small pieces; the half is only given to men of rank, and Brutus appeared gratified at our receiving this distinction, and begged me to pocket mine. Luckily I wore an Afghan dress with large *pockets*, or I know not what I should have done with the spoils. After the sugar had been pocketed, all hands rose and moved towards the door, and so ended this festival. I was so cramped that I could hardly walk; and the idea of 120 human beings marching out, each with one pocket full of sugar, and the other full of raisins, was trying to one's risible faculties; but I followed the customs of the court, and carried off my spoils as grave as a judge.

The Khan is a good-natured, unaffected person of about forty-five years of age; he has invariably treated me with much kindness, and appears very anxious to gain information regarding England, and Europe generally. He is much respected by his subjects, with whom he bears a high character for justice. He has a very large hawking establishment, and is very partial to this sport, for which he is in the habit of making frequent excursions on the opposite banks of the river, where game is said to be very abundant. He also moves out annually in the spring, to superintend the opening of the canals for irrigation. The whole of the cultivation is dependent on the supply of water drawn from the river by these canals, as the showers of rain are very slight. The fish in the Oxus are very abundant, of excellent quality; and lower down the river, at Rurrakulpauk, the natives subsist entirely on them. The trade is chiefly with Russia, from whence the sugar and broad cloth are sent in caravans. The teeth of the sea horse, from the polar regions, are also an article of commerce. From Mungisbauk to Khyva, a camel can carry his load in twenty-two days; and from Petersburg to Mungisbauk there is one uninterrupted communication by water. Peter the Great formed the canal communication between Petersburg and the Volga, and thus won from Cowper the memorable line,



«The astonished Caspian hears the distant Baltic roar.»

With such advantages, it is unnecessary to say that we can hardly hope to compete with Russian merchants in the Khyva market. Owing to the late war with Russia, no merchandise reached Khyva, except through Bokhara, from Ourenbourg; but a glance at the map will show that the proper outlet for merchandize from Eastern Russia into Northern Asia is not from Ourenbourg, but from Astrakhan, from whence sailing vessels cross in two days to Mungisbauk. So that, in twenty-four days, the Russian goods can be sent from one of their large towns directly to the capital of Toorkistaun. If the Khan of Khyva and his successors consult their own interest by giving protection to merchants, I think there is very little doubt of their having the whole of the Russian trade with Northern Asia carried through their city.

*August 3d.*—I have been too busy with office matters to resume this rambling journal up to this date; in the mean time the following occurrences have taken place:—Brutus has returned to Heraut; the Khan Huzarut has made over to me all the Russian prisoners, and I am to take them to a Russian fort on the eastern shore of the Caspian. The announcement of this determination put the mettle of my establishment to a severe test. The sufferings of Captain Abbott and his party, among the Cuzzacks, have not been forgotten; and as I gave out that I should take ship at Nova Alexandroff, it is hardly surprising that some of the muleteers and understrappers should have begged to be excused sharing my fortunes any further. Old Brutus seemed to consider it a matter of course that I should take him; and on my first breaking to him my determination to send him back to Heraut, he was loud in his exclamations of the impossibility of returning without me—He might live a thousand years, but he never would return to Heraut unless in my company. How could he? would not his face be blackened to all eternity? Heaven be praised! neither his father nor grandfather had eaten the salt of ingratitude; and as for himself! what petition should he make? was it not evident to all people that he lived but in the favour of the gentleman, &c. &c. The old man, I

really believe, had I wished it, would have accompanied me with the best grace in his power ; but his age and infirmities prevented my ever dreaming of such a thing.

I moved out to Zaca, a village about nine miles N. W. of Khyva, the first five miles being through very rich cultivation, and the remainder across a spur of the sand-hills. I am pitched in a garden belonging to H. M., and am to receive charge of the prisoners to-morrow.

*August 4th.*—Busy all day paying the unfortunate prisoners. There are as yet 325 males, eighteen females, and eleven children ; the latter were all born here. The average number of years of slavery of Toorkistaun is thus :—males, ten years and a half ; females, nearly seventeen. One of the males has been sixty years in slavery, and some of them only six months. With one exception they were all in fine health, and appear to be strong, stout men. They are all Christians of the Greek church. The poor women are small and plain ; their husbands and children are with the party. The women were all seized near Ourenbourg ; the men were seized thus :—256 males fishing on the eastern shores of the Caspian, thirty-eight near Ourenbourg, and thirty-one bought or seized from the Persians ; the last-mentioned chiefly belonged to the regiment of Russian deserters which was in the Persian army under Samson. I gave each man a ducat, and have hired a camel for every two. They all seemed, poor people, very grateful, and altogether it was one of the pleasantest duties I have ever executed. This evening one of the Russian women came to me in great distress, saying, that her two children were still detained in Khyva. I have promised to secure their release. The other Russian prisoners have told me of several of their countrymen who are still in captivity, and the collecting them will cause much delay. The minister came out here to see me this morning, which is considered a very high honour. I took the opportunity of speaking to him regarding the two children and the other slaves still detained, and he has promised to have them sent to me.

*August 5th.*—Started at sunrise and marched fifteen miles, nearly the whole of the road through rich cultivation. Gar-

dens are to be seen on every hand ; small villages and detached farm-houses are very numerous. At nine miles passed a large village called Caizabad, where there is a considerable bazaar, one mile from which crossed a very fine canal about thirty-five yards in breadth. The halting-place was at one of the numerous formal gardens. Before sunset started again, and marched twenty miles during the night, chiefly along the edge of sand-hills. This was merely a slip of sand, the cultivation being on either side of it. The river is said to be only a short day's march from this, about, I suppose, twenty miles ; it is said to have encroached very much of late, and on this account the estates here have been much neglected. This place is called Dusht Houz ; total distance this day, thirty-five miles. Caruley Yuz Bashe, the commandant of cavalry, accompanying me, is a handsome active man, and I am well pleased with him. He is much in favour with the Khan, and has received orders never to appear again at court unless he can give a good account of me. I was repeatedly asked by the Khan, before leaving, to fix the number of troopers I would like to have with me ; but this I always refused, saying, I was his guest, and would go with one or two horsemen, or with a thousand ; but until I reached the Russian frontier I trusted to his majesty for protection, with whom the disgrace must rest if any misfortune happened to me, as he could alone take the necessary precautions. Caruley was one of the party sent by the Khan to oppose the Russian advance under the Khoosh Beggie. This party succeeded in surprising and carrying off 200 camels belonging to the Russian army ; but as no blood had been spilt, they decided on attacking a small Russian detachment which had taken up a position behind a slight intrenchment. Their mode of attack, after mature deliberation, was to drive on the camels which they had just seized, and to advance in their rear ; the result was, as might have been anticipated, that the camels being wounded and frightened by the fire opened on them from the Russian intrenchment, turned on the Turcomans, throwing the latter into hopeless confusion ; taking advantage of which, the Russians succeeded in securing such of the ca-

mels as had not been shot ; this Russian force did not exceed 10,000 fighting men and forty pieces of artillery. The reports so industriously spread in India of an intended invasion on our provinces were altogether without foundation, as no idea of an immediate advance beyond Khyva could have been entertained. The expedition failed from the excessive severity of the winter, which destroyed all the camels : but, apart from this, when it is remembered that from Ourenbourg to the mouth of the Oxus is a distance of 800 miles, and that in the whole extent there is not one fixed dwelling ; that no supplies whatever could be procured, and that even fuel was not to be found ;—I say, when these obstacles are taken into consideration, we can hardly be surprised at the failure of the expedition. There are two men appointed to collect and superintend the hired camels, of which I find we require 220. One of these is a Cuzzack, by name Niaz, an enormously fat creature without any beard, but of a pleasing, good-humoured expression of face ; the other is a haggard, dissipated-looking Chowdoor Turcoman, from whose face I have no hopes. To add to my annoyances, they have given the power of collecting the Russian prisoners to this man, whose name is Khojah Mahomed. Now the Chowdoors are the chief dealers in Russian slaves ; they are settled about Mungisbauk, and have seized at different times several fishing boats ; in these they embark, and capture the unfortunate Russian fishermen on the Caspian. It is not likely that any of this tribe should assist me in collecting the Russian prisoners, especially as it is known that one of the objects of my journey to the Caspian is to put a stop to their piracy ! Accordingly, Khojah Mahomed made great protestations of his zeal and promises of activity, but did nothing whatever. The Russian prisoners released themselves occasionally and came to me, but none were brought by him. At last two Russian prisoners, with chains on their feet, escaped from Khojah Mahomed's own house, and came to me. This was too much for my patience, and I declared my determination of bringing his rascality to the Khan Huzarat's notice ; but Caruley and Niaz begged me to overlook the man's offence, saying, that the Khan Huzarat would cer-

tainly have put him to death if I complained of him. The creature, too, humbled himself before me, and said he had eaten dirt, and begged me to forgive him, binding himself by all possible oaths to behave better in future. He had the collecting of half the camels, and it would be difficult to get away without him, so I consented at last to spare him; but there is no hope of the man, villain is written too legibly on his face, and he will be a calamity during the whole march. I have a Yamoot with me, by name Beerdee, an ugly little fellow, but invaluable; he has been once or twice to Heraut, and been treated very kindly by Major Todd. The minister wrote to me, saying that the two children, concerning whom I spoke a few days back, were in the hands of a very influential person, a lady in the palace; that after much negotiation he had succeeded in procuring the release of the youngest, a boy, whom he sent to me, but that it was impossible to effect the liberation of the other child, a girl nine years of age. The mother on hearing this became frantic, vowing that nothing should tear her from her child, and that she would prefer remaining in slavery with her darling *Shureefa* to freedom without her. She then taunted me with the promise I had made to effect the child's release; and, to make a long story short, I at last ordered my horse, and rode that night into Khyva, arriving about ten in the morning. My arrival occasioned some alarm to the minister, who was exceedingly anxious to know the cause of my sudden visit; but I considered it advisable to lead him astray on this point, saying I wished to see the Khan on various subjects, and hoped to be admitted that evening: this request was complied with, and after discussing many points, I was at length told I might retire. There is a Turcoman superstition regarding a petition made by a person on the eve of departure, and to refuse this request is supposed to bring ill-luck on the journey. Taking advantage of this, I urged that his majesty had given me all the prisoners, but that there was in his own palace a child detained. The khan urged that she did not wish to go; I pleaded her not being of age. He was silent for some time; at length, turning to the minister, he muttered

ed, "Give him the child." Shortly afterwards, a beautiful little girl was brought to me. It was very dark, so, taking a lamp, I advanced to have a closer view of my hardly-earned prize, when the little puss screamed out lustily, vowing nothing should make her go to "that *Russian slave-dealer!*" The Turcomans were greatly amused. Luckily, I had brought Beerdee Yamoot with me, and the little "Shureefa" made no objection to going with him, jumping up behind his pony, and looking much alarmed when I approached. She was about nine years old, and I think I have seldom seen a more beautiful child. We rode the whole of the night on our return to our camp, and Shureefa gave Beerdee an account of her separation from her mother, which he translated to me. "She was torn from me, and, striking me on the forehead, exclaimed, Oh, luckless one, would that thou hadst never been born!" On reaching our camp, the Russians gave a shout at the sight of Shureefa; and the next morning she and her little brother were brought by their mother to make their bow to me. But still the little rogue feared my Persian robes, and appeared much alarmed.

*August 12th.*—That rascal, Khojah Mohamed, still fails in bringing in any of the Russian prisoners, and I fear I shall be detained here for some days. Fortunately, the khan is coming here on his road to a shooting excursion, and I shall be able to see him if necessary.

*August 14th.*—The khan arrived this morning, and I obtained an audience. After pointing out the exertions I had made to recover the prisoners, I showed the khan a list of those whom I knew to be still detained, and said in plain terms, that unless assisted by him, I must beg to decline the share in the transaction which had been assigned me; that it was quite useless to go to the Russian frontier unless I could take *all* the prisoners, and that my "head was confused" with the trouble I had already taken in this matter. His majesty was astounded at my plain speaking, and gave his minister an order in a tone which made him *shake*. I have been advised to move one stage further, and have been promised all

and every one of the prisoners, and have received an order threatening death to any one who shall detain them.

*August 15th.*—Left Dusht Houz this day, and was delighted to find one of the officers of the household waiting with seventeen of the Russian prisoners. I have cross-questioned all the prisoners, and find there is the son of one of them still a prisoner on this side. The head of the village where he is detained has been sent for. The only others of whom I can hear are three on the other side of the river, and Caruley has sent troopers to fetch them. On the 18th, the head of the village came to camp, and swore on the Book that the lad concerning whom I had sent was dead; but the next day the father saying that he had positive intelligence of his son being concealed, and still alive, Caruley sent three troopers to the spot, and after much difficulty they succeeded in digging him out from a vault in the granary. From Dusht Houz to Arbogue, we marched a distance of  $125\frac{1}{8}$  miles, along the alluvial soil near the river Oxus. There were frequently several khails of Turcomans in sight in all directions, but the only fixed village is Old Ooregunge, which is 109 miles from Khyva. It is on the site of the ancient city, which is said to have existed in the time of the Fire-worshippers.

The Russian prisoners amounted to 416 souls, and as my own party was considerable, it was decided by the united wisdom of "They the Tutor," Caruley, Niaz, and Beerdee, that half the Russian prisoners should march the first day under Niaz; that Caruley and his Sowars should accompany me on the second day; and that Khojah Mahomed should bring up the rear with the remaining half of the prisoners—I took the precaution of leaving ten of Caruley's Sowars as spies on Khojah Mahomed. This arrangement was found to answer very well; and, thanks be to God! not a man, woman, nor child, was lost during the whole of this most fatiguing march. We were most truly fortunate in every respect, the weather was most favourable, neither too hot nor too cold, and I am not aware of a single instance of any of the prisoners suffering from thirst or hunger. Not a horse or camel even was lost. When crossing one of the stages over this steppe, the

whole of the prisoners were together—it was a glorious sight to pass them. They speak no European language but their own, and our only mode of salutation was the *«Az salam Al-liekounm.»* This they shouted out to me as I rode by them; and thus the salutation which a true Mussulman will not exchange with an infidel, became the only greeting between Christians.

The plain was so open that the camels crowded together, and marched over *en masse*, the children and women riding on panniers, singing and laughing, and the men trudging along sturdily; all counting the few days which remained ere they should rejoin their countrymen, and escape from what they must have long considered a life of hopeless slavery.

The release of these poor wretches has surprised the Turcomans amazingly, and, to crown all, the Khan has granted orders, prohibiting, under the penalty of death, the seizure of Russian subjects, or the purchase of natives of Heraut. This prohibition of the slave trade is quite novel in Toorkestaun, and I humbly hope that it is the dawn of a new era in the history of this nation; and that ultimately the British name will be blessed with the proud distinction of having put an end to this inhuman traffic, and of having civilized the Turkoman race, which has been for centuries the scourge of central Asia. About eight marches from Nova Alexandroff, I sent one of the Russian prisoners with a Cuzzack to give information of our approach, sending by them an English letter to the governor of the fort. On their arrival at Nova Alexandroff, they were looked upon as spies; my letter could not be read, and the intelligence of the release and approach of so many fellow-subjects was too astounding to be credited! a whole night was necessary to convince the Russians in the fort of the truth of the good tidings. It was pleasing to see the rush of the prisoners to greet their countrymen. That evening we pushed on one stage, and the next morning approached the fort. The war between the Turcomans and Russians has hitherto been carried on with such barbarity, that it was not surprising that Caruley should remind me, about six miles from the fort, that he had already exceeded his instructions



in accompanying me so far ; the camelmen also began to grumble loudly at the danger of going too near the fort. Now this was a little perplexing, for though the Russian prisoners had not much property, they had still much more than they could possibly carry ; and to leave it on the ground and march on the prisoners, almost naked, would have a bad effect ; to say nothing of the chance of the Russian prisoners (finding themselves in a large majority) helping themselves to the camels. However, I gave the order to unload, and made Caruley himself count the camels. This being done, I asked the people from whom the camels were hired, whether they had received their beasts ; and on their replying in the affirmative, I asked Caruley whether the Khan Huzarut's orders had been obeyed, and he answered "Yes." I told him to stand on one side, that I had nothing to do with him ; but I would give ten ducats to any man who would lend me twenty camels to carry some property to Nova Alexandroff, and would be security for the safe return of the camels. The twenty camels were soon procured, and with the aid of my own and "They the Tutor's," we got on well enough, and made a grand appearance. The men marched in a line with the camels, carrying the women and children close in the rear ; and thus we approached the Russian fortress. The worthy commandant was overpowered by gratitude ; his receiving charge of the prisoners would make a fine picture, and was a scene which I can never forget. The fortification here is small, but constructed on scientific principles ; it is on the edge of the high shore of the Caspian sea.

*September 17th.* — This morning parted with Mahomed Daood and the establishment. Well, good-luck to them, they have followed me over many a weary mile, and, *Inshallah*, if I rise, they shall rise too ; never had man better servants. The only difficulty was to persuade them to go back, though the terrors of the sea were before them if they accompanied me, and these terrors were, in their imagination, any thing but contemptible, to say nothing of the unclean animals ! The Russians gave me a feast, and drank the healths of the Queen of England and Emperor of Russia, and

did me the honour of toasting me also. • They the Tutor, much alarmed at the guns and hurrahs, and much scandalized at the bottles.

*September 18th.*—The prisoners came on board, and the worthy commandant bade God spare us. Gave him three cheers on leaving. Sailed at sunset, light but favourable breeze.

*September 19th.*—Progressing but slowly. • They the Tutor, was rather unwell yesterday, and has not been seen this day. We are sailing over a smooth sheet of water, as clear as crystal, and not eight feet deep; you may count every seaweed. Land has been in sight all day to the south. They say the waters of the Caspian decrease yearly. <sup>(1)</sup>

*September 20th.*—Land in sight occasionally this day, and the water not above eight or ten feet deep. A dead calm about noon, which lasted all night.

*September 21st.*—A strong breeze sprang up right in our teeth. Took advantage of a slight favourable change in the wind, and moved about twelve miles into deeper water. Here the wind settled against us, and we were twenty-four hours anchored, a heavy swell running and shaking this little boat as if it were but a cockleshell.

Late on the evening of the 22d, we got a puff in our favour, and gradually the wind came round and brought us in, in gallant style, early in the morning of the 23d, to the anchorage of Oochuck, as it is called by Turcomans and Cuzacks, or Goorieff by Russians, as pretty a spot for fever and ague as I have seen. The vessels are surrounded by high grass which covers their decks, and the mud is black and glutinous. This place is at one of the mouths of the Ooral river. We are now waiting while people go to fetch carriages for us from the neighbourhood. • They the Tutor, • and indeed all but the old sailors, suffered dreadfully from sickness. He said that the riding on a camel's back in kajores

(1) It is a curious fact connected with the sea, that by the last Russian surveys, it appears that the sea of Aral is 104 feet, and the Black Sea 116 feet above the Caspian, thus making the Aral and the Black seas nearly on a level with each other, with the Caspian in a hollow a little more than 100 feet below and between them.

(panniers) was painful, but that the shaking in this vessel was something he could never have dreamt of; two days more, he protests, would have killed him. Long and loud are his exclamations of *Shookr. Alham-dullillah!* Thanks to Almighty God!

On the evening of the 24th, five or six carts and carriages were brought for our conveyance to Goorieff. They the Tutor, a German naturalist, a Russian doctor, and I, started in a sort of phaeton, drawn by three ponies; off we went like mad. They in a dreadful perturbation; I really sometimes think that these shakings and novelties will be too much for him.

This place, Goorieff, is chiefly a village of fishermen; the houses are all of planks, comfortable and clean. It is only within the last few years that the Caspian has retired from this ground. Enormous quantities of fish are caught here, and a considerable trade is carried on in consequence with Astrakhan.

*October 1st.*— Arrived at Ourenbourg after a most harassing and tiresome trip by the post carts. There was a village of *boxes*, (for the dwellings cannot be called houses,) and a small field fortification at every station; but the only place of any consequence is Ooreilsky, which is a considerable town, with some fine houses. It is the headquarters of the *hettman* of the Ooral Cossacks, a very agreeable, accomplished gentleman. The arrangements regarding post-horses are excellent, and the pace good, but, oh! the carts, they are dreadful. I have travelled far, and in barbarous countries, but never did I suffer so much *pain* as on this journey. The tract of country from Goorieff to Ourenbourg is occupied by the Cossacks of the Ooral, who are amongst the hardest soldiers in the Russian ranks; they have many privileges connected with the fisheries on the river. The fish is caught in very great quantities, and is a considerable article of traffic.

On my arrival at Ourenbourg I parted with my long-cherished beard, and inserted myself into the tight garbs of Europe. Here I found a very pleasant society. There is a considerable fortification, and a large force. The bazar is a

very busy scene, and natives from all parts of Asia may be seen wandering about, staring at the wonders of European skill and science. Since my arrival, the natives of Khyva, who had been so long in confinement, have been set at liberty, and are to be allowed to return to their homes with their property. The total number of natives of Khyva at Ourenbourg, Oureilskee, and Astrakhan, who thus owe their release to English mediation, is 640, which added to the 416 Russians brought with me, makes a very satisfactory little total in our favour, to say nothing of the numbers which the prohibitory orders may be hoped to save from a life of slavery.

From Ourenbourg I posted to Moscow, *via* Lunbeersak. At Moscow I took a place in the diligence, and arrived at Petersburg on the 3d of November, where I had the honour to receive the thanks of the Emperor for the kindness which I had found it in my power to show to his subjects. This city, and the road to it from Ourenbourg, have been often described by many more able persons than myself; and having carried my unfortunate reader safely into civilized life, I will now make my bow, and wish him, when next he moves, a pleasanter journey with a more amusing companion.

(BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

## PASSAGES IN THE CAREER OF EL EMPECINADO.

### THE BETRAYAL.

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The obstinate persecution of the Empecinado by the French, afforded that chief numerous opportunities to display his natural talent for guerilla warfare — a talent he possessed in common with many of his country-men, but in a supereminent degree. With a handful of men, aided by the nature of the country, and a perfect knowledge of localities, he not only managed to elude the pursuit of forces more than fifty times as numerous as his own, but also found means to harass and annoy the enemy, much in the same way that, on a sultry July day, one may sometimes see a horse tortured and driven nearly frantic by the active and persevering attacks of a solitary fly.

Encouraged by the too sanguine reports of some of his spies, to believe that the French were beginning to relax their vigilance, the Empecinado, after remaining some time in the mountains, ventured back to the plains of the Duero; but soon found it would be impossible to continue there, so numerous were the detachments of hostile cavalry that patrolled the country. In retiring towards the

Sierras of Burgos, the guerillas were compelled to cross the Duero at the ford of the *Puente Caido*, or Fallen Bridge, which is within sight of Aranda. The garrison of that town having caught a view of the Empecinado and his band, a regiment of dragoons were sent out, which chased them as far as the town of Coruna del Conde, <sup>(1)</sup> but there dropped the pursuit; while the Spaniards took refuge in the Sierra of Arlanza, and fixed their headquarters at a Benedictine monastery, situated in the very wildest and most savage part of those mountains. Hence emissaries were dispatched in every direction, who soon returned with news that the French were determined to surround the Sierra on all sides, and not to raise the blockade till the Empecinado had fallen into their hands. Upon receiving this intelligence, and after some consultation between the Empecinado and Fuentes, the partida was divided into four detachments of twenty-five men each. The same night, Fuentes, at the head of one of these parties, left the mountain, and, passing through the French lines, made a forced march in a southerly direction, following the course of the Duero: Sardino and El Manco, subordinate officers of the Empecinado, with other two detachments, took the direction of Arragon, but by different roads; while Diez himself remained in the Sierra with the last twenty-five men.

A week passed away, during which time the French, having posted troops round the mountain in which they conceived the guerillas to be lurking, waited patiently till hunger or an attempt to break through the lines should place their troublesome enemy in their power. On the seventh day, however, news came to the general commanding, that on the road to Arragon a party of troops escorting a quantity of clothing, and some sick and wounded, had been attacked by the band of the Empecinado. A few hours later, and while the French were yet chafing with fury at the escape of the Guerilla whom they had made so sure of capturing, another messenger arrived, and reported that a courier had been surprised and taken, and his escort of twenty dragoons cut to pieces, at the

(1) The *Clunia* of the ancient Romans; and birthplace of the Emperor Calba.

village of Magaz, on the Valladolid road, also by the *Empecinado*. Heartily cursing their ubiquitous enemy, the French commanders marched with all their forces to the provinces of Valladolid and Sigüenza, leaving forty troopers with the depot at the headquarters in the town of Covarrubias, which is situated at the foot of the Sierra of Arlanza, and little more than half a league from the Benedictine monastery where the *Empecinado* had all the while remained.

It was on the second morning after the French troops had marched from Covarrubias, that eight or ten of the dragoons remaining there in garrison, were lounging about in front of the large stable where they were quartered, grumbling at the routine of duty that had consigned them to the dulness of the depot, while their comrades were riding over the country, and perhaps engaged with the enemy. After having sufficiently lamented their hard fate in being left to ennuy themselves in an insignificant Castilian town, and after having discussed, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion, the means by which the *Empecinado* had slipped through their fingers, some of the idlers were making a move in the direction of a neighbouring tavern, and others, stretching themselves on the straw inside the open door of the stable, seemed disposed to indulge in a forenoon nap, when a shrill voice from the further end of the street called the attention of both the sleepy and the thirsty.

*Barquillos! Barquillos! Quien quiere barquillos!*

The person who uttered this cry, common enough in the Spanish towns, was a woman who carried, suspended from her arm by a broad leathern strap, a tin-box nearly three feet in height, serving as a receptacle for a quantity of the thin wafer-like cakes called *barquillos*, and having a sort of dial-plate painted on its circular top.

*¡Vamos, señores; a probar la suerte.* Try your luck, sirs, said the wandering cake-merchant, setting down her moveable warehouse, and giving a vigorous spin to the brass needle poised in the centre of the dial.

The *Barquillera* was a strapping wench of some five-and-twenty years of age apparently, whose lower person acquired

additional amplitude from a multiplicity of coloured woollen petticoats, while a tight boddice of coarse black stuff encased her broad shoulders and well-defined bust. Her hair, instead of hanging in a plait down the back, was tucked up, probably to protect it from the dust of the roads, under a straw hat, whose wide leaf had, however, been insufficient to keep the sun from her face, which was tanned almost a mahogany colour. Her features were regular, although somewhat large and coarse, and when she pushed her *sombrero* a little back upon her head, and cast her great black eyes around with an assured and smiling glance, she exhibited quite sufficient charms to secure the attention and admiration of the soldiers. Taking up her station at the stable-door, she repeated her cry of "*Barquillos*," and the light-hearted Frenchmen, crowding around in high glee at having found the means of killing a few minutes, began twirling the needle, at a rate that bid fair to empty the tin box and fill the *barquillera's* pocket with copper coins.

"*Mille sabres! quelle gaillarde!*" exclaimed an old dragoon, bestowing an admiring glance on the wide shoulders and well set-up figure of the *barquillera*, "hang me, if I don't think an army of such stout-built lasses would have a better chance of successfully opposing our troops, than any Spanish division I ever yet set eyes on."

"They would have as good a one at any rate," said another soldier sneeringly. "I see no reason that a hard-fisted peasant girl should not pull a trigger from behind a tree, or a bank, as well as any he-guerilla that ever carried a rifle."

"Every one has his own way of fighting," replied the first speaker, "and I am not sure that the Spanish way is the worst. They know they cannot stand against us in a fair charge on the plain, and so they take to bush-fighting. But they are not altogether to be despised, when a fellow like this *Empecinado* manages to keep a whole division running after him for weeks and months, without being able to catch a sight of his horse's tail. I trust they soon will, though, and have a pull at it too. At any rate, we have got him out of these mountains, which is one point gained."



The cakes having all disappeared, some wine was sent for, of which the *barquillera* partook, joining in the conversation of the soldiers, and replying with much readiness, and in a mixture of Spanish and bad French to their rude jokes and witticisms. After half an hour spent in this way, she took up her box and prepared to depart.

• *Adios, senores, y muchas gracias,* said she, turning round when a few paces from the dragoons, and laughing so as to display a row of brilliant white teeth.

The soldiers were already moving off in various directions, some to their quarters and others to the wine-shop; but one of them, either inclined for a stroll, or seduced by the good looks of the *barquillera*, lounged down the street in her company. They soon reached the extremity of the town on the side looking towards the mountains; but the dragoon, amused by the lively chatter of his companion, paid little attention to the direction she was taking, and was nearly half a-mile from the last houses, when he remembered that it might be unsafe to proceed much further, at a time and in a country where the ploughman and vine-dresser pursued their labours with a gun lying in the furrow beside them, ready for a shot at any straggling Frenchman. Before turning back, however, he threw an arm round the *barquillera*'s waist, and made an attempt to kiss her. She held him off for an instant, and looked behind her as though to see if any one were following them along the road. Not a creature was in sight, and she no longer opposed the young Frenchman's embrace. But as his lips touched her cheek, a piercing cry burst from them, and the dragoon fell backwards, a *dead man*. The *barquillera* remained standing in the middle of the path, curiously inspecting a long glittering knife she held in her hand. There was a small stain of blood within an inch of the haft, which she carefully wiped off, and then buckling the sabre of the dead soldier round her own waist, she plunged into a thicket that bordered the road.

On the same morning on which this incident occurred, the Empecinado was walking up and down in front of the Benedictine monastery, in company with one of the monks. His

charger and those of his troop were there, saddled and bridled in readiness for a march, and the guerillas stood about in groups, fully equipped, and apparently only waiting the order to mount and away. Presently a horse was pushed full speed up the steep rocky path leading to the monastery, and a lad of eighteen in his shirt sleeves, and with a woman's straw hat upon his head, but armed with a sabre, flung himself off.

• What news, Pedrillo? • asked Diez. • Have you been into the town? •

• I have so, Senor • replied the youth, • and might have stopped there all day, before those muddle-headed *gavachos* would have found out my disguise. Besides, they believe you to be far enough off—in Arragon at the nearest. I have spoken with several of them, and they are entirely off their guard. One fellow, indeed, was kind enough to accompany me out of the town, but I doubt if he will find his way into it again. •

• And why not? • enquired Diez.

The peasant made no reply by words, but slightly touched the haft of a knife sticking in his girdle.

• Mount! • shouted the Empecinado, and his men sprang into their saddles.

The unsuspecting Frenchmen were dispersed about the streets, and had left only half a dozen men on guard in their stable, when the Empecinado and his band charged at headlong speed into Covarrubias. Proceeding straight to the barracks, the guard was overpowered and disarmed without a shot being fired, and the guerillas began hunting down the remaining dragoons, who fled in every direction, some secreting themselves in the houses, and others even leaving the town and seeking concealment in the vineyards. But none of them escaped, for many of the town's people and peasants joined in the chase, and showed themselves even more merciless than the guerillas, knowing, that if they left one man alive to relate the share they had taken in the affair, their necks would not be worth an hour's purchase on the return of the French division. About fifty horses, and a large number of mules

belonging to the commissariat, fell into the hands of the Empecinado, who immediately sent them off to the monastery in charge of the greater part of his men, in order that they might be placed for security in the vast caverns existing in the mountains of Arlanza—caverns that date from the time of the Moors, and which the famous Count of Castile, Don Fernan Gonzalez, used as magazines for his warlike stores and munitions.

The horses and mules had been gone some time, when the Empecinado heard from the alcalde, what he had not been previously aware of, that every day ten dragoons belonging to the garrison of Lerma were sent to patrol the road between that town and Covarrubbias, which latter place they reached at three in the afternoon, and after a short delay, returned to the garrison. The Empecinado immediately formed the project of waylaying and attacking this patrol, although he had only six men with him, and there was no time to send up to the mountain for more. He set off in the direction of Lerma, and halting at the village of Tordueles, enquired if the French had yet been seen. Being answered that they had not, but were momentarily expected, he placed his men in ambush behind a dead wall in a field, which was level with the road, and merely separated from it by a small ditch. After waiting a few minutes, the jingling, clattering noise of cavalry on the march was heard, and as the leading files passed the end of the wall where the Empecinado was stationed, he gave the word to charge, and with his favourite war-cry of "Viva la Independencia," cleared the ditch, and fell like a thunderbolt on the French patrol. The surprise and suddenness of the attack compensated for the difference of numbers, and only two of the dragoons escaped. These two men, on reaching Lerma, made a somewhat exaggerated report of the force by which they had been attacked; and the officer commanding there, exasperated beyond measure at being thus harassed by a guerrilla, turned out the greater part of the garrison, and at daybreak the next morning arrived at Covarrubbias, where he received the farther intelligence of the surprise of that place on the previous day.

The rapid movements of the Empecinado, and the division he had made of his band into four parties, completely puzzled the French, who one moment heard of his being thirty or forty leagues off, and the next found him falling upon their own outposts; so that by this time they began to think there must be three or four Empecinados instead of one, and with far larger forces than they had hitherto suspected, or than he actually had. It was determined to make an effort to get rid at least of the band which was in the sierra of Arlanza. Couriers were sent to order down fresh troops from Soria, La Rioja, Vitoria, and other places; and the pursuit recommenced with so much vigour and such overwhelming numbers, that the Empecinado found it would be impossible to keep concealed even with the small force that accompanied him. He sent off twenty men, therefore, by parties of three and four, with orders to make the best of their way to the province of Palencia, where Mariano Fuentes then was. He himself, with five men, remained at the village of Ontorio del Pinar to observe the movements of the enemy.

But it seemed to be ordained, that that sex which an eastern monarch asserted to be the direct or indirect cause of all the mischief and bloodshed occurring in the world, should be the means of getting Diez into scrapes and difficulties, the least of which would have been fatal to a less daring and fortunate man. Had he been contented to remain quiet in Ontorio del Pinar, he might have eluded all the researches of his enemies; for he had always timely information through the peasantry of the approach of any party of French troops. It chanced, however, that in the Burgo de Osma there lived a canon who was a native of the same place as the Empecinado, and this canon had a handsome niece with whom Diez had formerly been intimate. As ill luck would have it, one fine afternoon the Empecinado took a fancy to visit this damsel and her uncle. The Burgo de Osma at that time had no regular garrison, but the country was so covered with French troops, that scarcely a day went by without some detachment or piquet passing through the town. Besides this, the Corregidor and other Spanish authorities, at the above-named place,

who had been appointed by the invaders and were what was called *Afrancesados*, or favourable to the French, had received repeated orders to be on the look-out for the Empecinado, and to take him dead or alive, should he come within their reach. The risk, therefore, was great; but nevertheless the Empecinado, nothing daunted, almost as soon as the idea entered his head, got upon his horse, and, leaving the five men at Ontorio, set off on this hazardous expedition.

It was about an hour after sunset that a horseman, well mounted and armed, but dressed in peasant's clothes, and having much the appearance of a *contrabandista*, entered the ancient town of the Burgo de Osma. As he passed under a heavy old-fashioned archway which formed the entrance to one of the streets, a dark figure that was crouched down in an angle of the wall accosted him, asking alms.

« *Una limosna, Senor, por el amor de Dios.* » The horseman threw some small coins to the beggar, and in so doing turned his face towards him.

« *Santa Virgen! El Empecinado!* » exclaimed the mendicant, rising from his half recumbent posture and stepping up to the guerilla, who at once recognised a deformed object that for many years had haunted the church door of Castrillo, where he went by the name of *Nicolas el Coco*, or the lame Nicolas. Having become suspected of some petty thefts, he left Castrillo, and had since wandered over the country, living as best he might at the expense of the charitably disposed. Not over pleased at this meeting, but at the same time unsuspicious of betrayal, the Empecinado placed a piece of gold in the hand of the beggarman.

« Not a word of my being here, Nicolas, » said he, « and when alms are scanty or hunger pinches, you shall not lack a bite and a sup at the bivouac-fire of the Empecinado. »

The mendicant gazed after Diez as he rode away.

« The same as ever, » muttered he to himself. « An open hand and a kind word Martin Diez always had for the poor man, and many's the *realito* he has given me when he was only known as the best vinedresser and keenest woodsman in the province of Valladolid. Times have changed with him

now, and gold seems as plenty in his pouch as *quartos* were formerly. And well may it be so after all he has taken from the French. Carts full of treasure, they say, rich clothes, and fine horses, and well-tempered arms. *Ay de mi!* Nicolas, 'twill be long ere thy crippled carcass may share in the capture of such princely plunder. A few rags, a dry crust, and a well scraped bone, are thy portion of this world's goods. And yet there is a way, continued he, in an altered tone and as though a sudden thought had flashed across him. 'But 'twere foul treason, with his gold yet warm in my hand. Yet the sum——' And muttering broken sentences to himself, he hobbled slowly down the street.

Various persons, who had occasion in the course of that evening to visit the *corregidor* of the Burgo de Osma, observed what at first appeared to be a misshapen mass of rags propped up against the wall near the magistrate's door. On looking closer they recognized Nicolas el Coco, and more than one threw him alms, and advised him to seek some better place to pass the night. But the advice was unheeded, and the money left upon the pavement. At length, and as the town clocks were striking eleven, the beggarman started up, crawled as fast as his distorted limbs would allow him to the *corregidor's* door, and knocked hastily and loudly. The whole movement was that of a man who had worked himself up to the commission of an act of which he felt ashamed, and was fearful of leaving undone if it were delayed a moment longer. The servant, who, through a small grated wicket in the centre of the door, reconnoitred the applicant for admittance at that late hour, started back on finding his face within an inch or two of the hideous countenance and small red eyes of the deformed wretch. Recovering from his alarm, however, a few words were exchanged between him and Nicolas, which ended in the admission of the latter.

Meanwhile the *Empecinado* had been joyfully welcomed by the worthy canon and his fair niece, although they did not fail to reproach him with foolhardiness in having thus placed his head in the lion's jaws. Diez made light of their apprehensions, and having by his gayety and confidence at last

succeeded in dissipating them, declared his intention of passing the next day in their society, and leaving the town as he had entered it, in the dusk of the evening.

Owing perhaps to the unwonted softness of the bed which the hospitable canon had prepared for his guest, and which was somewhat different from the rough and hard couches he had of late been accustomed to, the Empecinado's sleep was that night deeper and sounder than usual. Thus it was that he who at the bivouac, or stretched on a paillasse in a peasant's cottage, was used to start from his slumbers at the jingle of a spur or click of a musket-lock, heard not the blows that, an hour after midnight, were struck on the door of the canon's house. The canon himself, more vigilant than his guest, looked out of an upper window, and seeing a group of persons assembled in front of his dwelling, although, from the darkness of the night, he could not distinguish who they were, suspected some danger to the Empecinado, and hastily slipping on part of his dress, hurried to arouse him. Unluckily, however, a servant, who had not yet retired to rest, had also heard the knocking, and going to the door, inquired who was there.

• *Gente de paz*, • was the answer, and the man recognizing the voice of the corregidor of the town immediately withdrew bars and bolts, and gave entrance to that functionary, followed by two other magistrates of inferior grade, and a score of well-armed alguazils. Leaving sentries at the door, the party mounted the stairs; and as the master of the house, whose alertness a life of ease and sloth had somewhat impaired, was entering a gallery leading to the Empecinado's apartment, he found himself face to face with the corregidor.

• You are doubtless proceeding to the same quarters as ourselves, Senor Canonigo, although on a different errand probably, • said the magistrate with a sarcastic smile, running his eye over the unfortunate churchman's perplexed countenance and scanty attire. • This is a serious matter, senor, • added he, resuming his gravity. • You are said to be sheltering a notorious robber and traitor, on whose head a price has been

set. Be good enough to accompany me in the search I am about to institute for the outlaw Juan Martin Diez."

And pushing the unlucky canon before them, the party proceeded along the gallery, and stopped at the door of the Empecinado's room. Making a sign to his followers to move silently, the corregidor entered a large apartment, at the further end of which was an alcove where Diez lay sleeping with his pistols and sabre on a chair beside his bed. These were removed by an alguazil; but even then, so great was the terror inspired by the well known strength and desperate courage of the partizan, that, backed as he was by twenty armed men, the corregidor's hand trembled as he laid it on the shoulder of the sleeper. A touch was sufficient to arouse the guerilla; he sprang into a sitting posture and confronted the magistrate.

"In the King's name, Martin Diez, you are my prisoner," said the latter.

"In the name of what King?" asked the Empecinado, who saw at once that resistance was useless, and that a day of triumph for his enemies had arrived; "I know of none in Spain at present."

"In the name of King Ferdinand the Seventh," replied the corregidor.

"*Vil Afrancesado!*" exclaimed Diez, his eyes flashing, and his features assuming so terrible an expression that his captor stepped a pace backward, and looked to his armed retinue as though for protection. "Add not hypocrisy to your treason, but say at once it is by order of the French you commit this base act, unworthy of a true Spaniard."

While this was passing above stairs, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, a number of persons had assembled at the door of the Canon's house, attracted by a report which had spread that an important arrest was taking place. The assemblage consisted chiefly of artizans and labourers, a class that almost, without exception, entertained a violent hatred for the French, differing in that respect from some of the higher ranks, of which many individuals had deemed it necessary to their security, or advantageous to their interests,



to side with the invaders. *Nicolas el Coco* was also there. Scarcely had he given information to the corregidor of the Empecinado's arrival in the town, when he began to be agitated by violent fears lest the large reward that had been his stimulus to the treachery should yet escape him, and be grasped by some more powerful hand than his own. Nor were his apprehensions unreasonable, considering the then confused and disorganized state of things in Spain, and the corruption of the new authorities appointed by the French. The corregidor asked him where Diez had alighted, but to this he was unable to reply. The magistrate's suspicions, however, were immediately directed to the canon, whom he knew to be a townsman and friend of the Empecinado, and to his house he forthwith proceeded, as has already been seen. The beggarman, trembling for the price of his villany, stuck close to his skirts, but on arriving at the canon's door, even his avarice was not sufficiently strong to induce him to confront the man whom he had betrayed, and he waited in the street while the capture was effected.

• What's to do neighbours? • said a burly, beetled-browed man, in the garb of a butcher, pushing his way into the midst of the crowd. • What is it that has brought you all out of your beds, and set corregidor and alcalde and the rest of them running about the town at this time o'night? •

• You know as much about it as we do, friend Esteban, • replied one of the persons addressed. • It seems they are arresting somebody, but whom I cannot tell you. •

• Somebody! • reiterated another bystander, • some dozen you mean. Why man, there were near upon thirty alguazils entered the house, armed all of them to the very teeth. It must be something out of the common way to render such a force as that necessary. •

• They are there, perhaps, not so much to seize the prey as to hold it when taken, • said Esteban. • Mayhap the corregidor has a notion that it cannot be very agreeable to true-hearted Spaniards to see their countrymen and friends thrown into prison, and hung and shot at the command of the French.

By the Holy Trinity! we are a craven and degenerate people, or such things would not be.

«Hush! man,» said another speaker in a lower tone, «such words are dangerous. But yonder is Nunez the alguazil, I will ask him what is going on.»

And making his way to the door, he exchanged a few words with one of the men that had been left to guard it, and returned to Esteban's side.

«He knows not whom they are arresting, but Nicolas the beggar gave the information.»

«Nicolas!» exclaimed the butcher, «has that crippled cur turned informer? Nay, then, let him keep clear of me. This very morning I gave him an alms and a bone, but by the tail of St. Anthony's pig, a cudgel shall be his welcome when he next crosses my threshold.»

«Where is the hound?» cried another; «'t'is but a moment since I saw his ill-omened visage in the crowd.»

Before any search could be instituted for the mendicant, the house door was thrown wide open, and the magistrates issued forth, preceding the Empecinado, handcuffed, but preserving his usual commanding gait and stern unquailing countenance, amidst the fixed bayonets of his guards.

«The Empecinado!» exclaimed Esteban the butcher, to whom Diez was personally known.

A sorrowful groan ran through the crowd on learning the name of the prisoner, and the corregidor, apprehensive of a rescue, quickened his step, and ordered the escort to close well up. The force he could command, however, would probably have been totally inadequate to enable him to preserve his prize, had not the large number of French troops, quartered within a few hours' march of the Burgo de Osma, operated as a more effectual check on the populace.

«The Empecinado!» repeated Esteban, in the tone of a man stunned and stupefied. «Ha!» roared he, and giving a bound that carried him across the street, and upset one or two of the bystanders, he grasped by the throat a figure that was endeavouring to steal away and follow the corregidor and his myrmidons.

• Help! murder! » shrieked the man, as well as his compressed wind-pipe would allow. • Help! Senor Corregidor! »

• Silence traitor! » vociferated the butcher, and dashed his captive to the ground.

Two or three lanterns were brought to the spot, and their light fell on the hideous face of the mendicant, now pallid and quivering with deadly terror.

• You betrayed the Empecinado, » said Esteban, placing his heavy foot upon the breast of the prostrate wretch.

• No! Senor, no! » cried the beggar, • 'tis false; I told no one of his coming. »

• You betrayed the Empecinado, » repeated the butcher in an unaltered tone, but pressing hard upon the chest of his victim.

• Mercy! Senor, » shrieked the unhappy Nicolas, • I betrayed him not, I knew not he was here. »

The butcher's brow contracted, and he threw the whole weight of his body upon the foot which held down the beggar.

• Liar! » he exclaimed; and a third time he repeated, • *You betrayed the Empecinado.* »

The blood gushed from the mouth of the traitor.

• *Perdon! perdon!* » he gurgled in a quenched and broken voice. • *Es verdad!* 'tis true! »

• Who has a rope? » cried Esteban. Two or three were produced.

The first sight that on the following morning greeted the eyes of the corregidor of the Burgo de Osma, was the dead body of Nicolas hanging by the neck from a tree opposite his windows. A paper pinned upon his breast was stained by the blood that had flowed from his mouth, but not sufficiently so to prevent the magistrate from reading the following words,

• *Los vendedores del Empecinado,*  
*Numero Una,*  
*Venganza!* » (1)

The corregidor could not repress a shudder as he turned from

(1) The betrayers of the Empecinado — Number One — Revenge!

the window, and thought who might chance to be *Numero Dos*.

This daring and significant demonstration, whose authors it was impossible to discover, owing to the fidelity with which the secret was kept, alarmed the authorities, and their first care was to send to the village of San Esteban de Gormaz, where the nearest French detachment, consisting of three hundred infantry, was quartered, in order to obtain a sufficient guard for the important prisoner that had been made. These troops immediately marched to the Burgo de Osma; and as the intelligence of the Empecinado's capture spread, other parties, both of infantry and cavalry, kept pouring in, until in a very short time nearly three thousand men, commanded by a brigadier-general, were assembled in the town. The Empecinado having been arrested by the Spanish authorities, it was thought proper to go through the formalities of trying him by a civil tribunal, instead of subjecting him to the more summary operation of a ten minutes' shrift and a dozen musket-balls, which would have been his lot had the French themselves been his captors. Accordingly the corregidor was charged to get all ready for the trial, and to collect the necessary witnesses to prove the murders and robberies of which the Empecinado was accused; for the French had throughout affected to consider him as a mere bandit and highwayman, and as such not entitled to the treatment or privileges of a prisoner of war.

The room in the town prison in which Diez had been placed, was a small stone-floored cell, damp and cold, which the jailer, anxious to curry favour with the French, had selected as one of the most comfortless dungeons at his disposal. It had no window or opening looking out of the prison, but received air and a glimmering sort of twilight through a grating let into the wall that separated it from a corridor. Furniture there was none; a scanty provision of straw in one corner served the prisoner to sit and lie upon. His hands were free, but he was debarred from exercise, even such as he might have taken within the narrow limits of the cell, by weighty iron manacles, worthy of the most palmy days

of the Inquisition, which were fastened upon his legs in such a manner as to prevent his walking, or even crossing his prison, otherwise than by a succession of short leaps, in taking which his ankles could not fail to be bruised and wounded by the severity of his fetters.

One morning shortly after his incarceration, the Empecinado was lying on his straw bed, and reflecting on the circumstances of his position, which might well have been deemed desperate. But Martin Diez possessed, in addition to that headlong courage which prompted him to despise all dangers, however great the odds against him, other qualities not less precious. These were, an unparalleled degree of fortitude, and a strength of mind that enabled him to bear up against sufferings and misfortune that would have reduced most men to despondency. However abandoned by friends and shackled in his own resources, he never allowed himself to despair; and it was this heroic spirit, added to great confidence in his physical energies, that fifteen years later, when he was led out to execution, prompted the most daring attempt ever made by a prisoner to escape, naked and weaponless, from a numerous and well-armed guard.

To break out of the prison where he now was, certainly appeared no easy matter, and a sum in gold that he had on his person when he entered the town, having been taken from him, he could have no hopes of corrupting the jailer. While ruminating on the means of communicating with his friends without, he heard his name pronounced in a distinct but cautious whisper, and, turning his eyes to the only quarter whence such a sound could come, he beheld the grated window nearly blocked up by the head of a man, who was gazing at him through the bars.

"Martin Diez," said the stranger, perceiving that he had attracted his attention; "dost thou not know me?"

The Empecinado arose, and, approaching the window, recognised the features of a certain shoemaker named Cambea, a native of Aranda, and who had served with him in the war of '92. He had been thrown into jail for some offence which was, however, of so trifling a nature, that he was not

confined to a cell in the daytime, but had the run of the prison, and even worked at his trade by the connivance of the jailer. Having learned that the Empecinado was a prisoner, he watched an opportunity to visit him, and now offered to do all in his power to aid in his escape.

The risk of discovery was too great for Cambea to remain long in conference with the guerilla. A few sentences, however, were exchanged, and he then went away, but returned the same afternoon, and with a lump of wax contrived to take an impression of the lock on the Empecinado's dungeon-door in order to get a key made by a friend he had in the town, who by trade was a locksmith.

Two days elapsed without his reappearance, and Diez began to fear that their communication had been discovered, and Cambea subjected to stricter confinement, when the door of the cell gently opened, and the shoemaker entered, a key in his hand, and his face radiant with satisfaction. This difficulty being overcome, their plans were soon arranged, and it was agreed that on the following Sunday, while mass was celebrating, the grand attempt should be made.

The day arrived, and at ten in the morning the wife and daughter of the jailer, their servant and the turnkey, having gone to church, the prison remained silent and deserted, except by the prisoners and the jailer himself, who was shut up in his apartment. Without losing a moment, and with the greatest silence and caution, Cambea repaired to the Empecinado's dungeon, and arming him with one of the knives he used for cutting leather, took him upon his shoulders, and in that manner carried him to the door of the jailer's room.

The *alcayde*, or jailer, was lolling in a large well-stuffed arm-chair, and opposite to him was seated the lawyer appointed to conduct Diez's prosecution. On a small table between them were placed glasses and a dusty cobweb-covered bottle, with the contents of which the two worthies were so-lacing themselves, while they discussed the all-absorbing topic of the day, the trial of the Empecinado, and its probable, or rather *certain* result. As glass after glass was emptied of the oily old Xeres wine, the lawyer rehearsed his speech, the

jailer found guilty, and passed sentence, until, step by step, and before the bottle was out, the Empecinado had, in imagination, and somewhat prematurely, been condemned, placed *in capilla*, confessed, and led out to execution. Just as the lawyer was conjecturing how he would look with the rope round his neck, some one tapped at the door.

« *Adelante!* » cried the jailer, and Cambea made his appearance.

« *Senor Alcayde,* » said he, « the *corregidor* is at the prison-gate, and desires to speak with you. »

Putting on one side the bottle and glasses, the jailer hurried to receive the chief magistrate of the town, but as he passed through the door behind which the Empecinado was concealed, the latter made a sort of buck-leap, with his fetters upon his feet, and grappled him like a tiger, seizing him by the hair with his left hand, and with his right clutching his throat so as nearly to strangle him. At the same time Cambea threw himself upon the lawyer, whose head he muffled in his own cloak, and then, taking him up in his arms, carried him bodily to the Empecinado's cell, and there locked him in. Then returning to the assistance of Diez, they tied the jailer's hands, and, putting a gag in his mouth, placed him also in the dungeon. The next thing to be done was to rid the Empecinado of his manacles, which was soon accomplished by means of riveting tools found in the jailer's room.

But they had as yet only surmounted a part of their difficulties, and much remained to be done before they could consider themselves in safety. It is true, they had the keys, and could unlock the door and walk out of the prison, but the streets were swarming with French soldiers, through whom they would have to run the gauntlet before getting out of the town. To do this with less chance of detection, they returned to the dungeon, and, taking the clothes off its present inmates, put them on themselves. Cambea took possession of the lawyer's three-cornered hat, and Diez of that of the *alcayde*, and then arranging their cloaks in such a manner as to conceal the greater part of their faces, they walked out of the principal gate of the prison, carefully shutting it after

them, and passing unsuspected through the French soldiers on guard. Fortunately, as it was the hour of high mass, all the town's-people were in the church, and the French took no notice of the two fugitives as they walked through the streets with grave and deliberate pace, studiously avoiding any appearance of haste, lest it might lead to detection.

In this manner they had nearly got out of the town, when they perceived an orderly dragoon holding two horses, saddled and bridled, at the door of a house, apparently waiting for some officer of rank who was about to take a ride. The Empecinado had found in a pocket of his borrowed garments a box, full of that excessively fine and pungent snuff, called in Spain the *encarnado de los frayles*. Emptying the contents into his hand, he walked up to the soldier, and asked to be directed to the quarters of the general commanding. While the man was answering him, Diez threw the snuff in his face and eyes, and opening his cloak, gave him a buffet that stretched him, stunned and blinded, upon the ground. Then, seizing his drawn sword, he sprang upon the officer's horse, and Cambea mounting that of the dragoon, they succeeded in passing the town-gate unchallenged.

They had not been clear of the town five minutes, when they heard trumpets sounding and drums beating to arms, and soon the road in their rear was covered with light cavalry in hot pursuit. But their horses were good, the start they had obtained so great, that they speedily reached the mountains. Three days afterwards the Empecinado had rejoined Mariano Fuentes, and was again at the head of his band.

(BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

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## DANIEL DE FOE.

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### PART II.

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It has been long a favourite theory of ours, however paradoxical it may appear, that Fiction is far truer than History: that of the qualities and abstract elements by which Truth is distinguished from Falsehood, the former possesses by far the greatest share. Bold and heterodox as our opinion may seem, it is not without the support derived from the suffrages of at least two distinguished names: the one of a person whose genius in prose fiction is perhaps unequalled in the annals of Literature, while the military achievements of the other supply the history of the times in which he lived with its most brilliant and memorable materials.

Fielding, justly called by Byron «the prose Homer of human nature,» has made the following acute distinction between the description of past ages and human conduct as drawn upon the page of History, and the same pictures limned in brighter colours in the more attractive gallery of Fiction. «In History,» says the author of *Tom Jones* and of *Amelia*, «no-thing is true but the names and dates: in Fiction everything is true but the names and dates,» a proposition which, however startling, we think, after due deduction is made for the

necessary exaggeration incident to an epigrammatically expressed dogma, will be found, on examination, to contain a great deal more truth than the History whose claims to credit are so unceremoniously disposed of.

The other great name to which we have alluded is that of the Duke of Marlborough: who, on being complimented upon his accurate knowledge respecting some rather obscure facts in the annals of his country, confessed that he derived his information from the historical plays of Shakspeare, alledging that the writings of the poet were the sole source of his knowledge on the subject.

And if an acquaintance with names and dates was all that is necessary to form the statesman—if the mind of the student could be enriched and fertilized by these husks and shells of knowledge—we could by no means venture to speak so disparagingly of the relative importance of this species of study. It is however Man, his motives, his passions, and his powers, that alone deserve the attention of him who would acquire that noblest and usefulest art, to judge of the future by the past—to reach that mighty and almost magic power of predicting,

«As old experience doth attain

«To something of prophetic strain,»

with a certainty little short of intuition, what will be the conduct of an individual or of a nation under given circumstances.

When we reflect upon the eternal and never-decided controversies affecting almost every important point in the story of the past—controversies involving not only the motives and secret springs from which events have flowed, but frequently even the elementary truth or falsehood of the facts—with what relief do we turn our eyes from the dry and sterile desert of History, varied only by the *mirage* of fantastic theories—to the rich and abounding plains of Fiction.

For be it remembered that the immortality of Fiction demands, as an indispensable condition, the truth of its own delineations of either the external world of nature or the more vast and wondrous universe of the mind of Man.

And thus the truth is at once a pledge of durability to the Fiction itself, and an earnest of the advantages to be derived from its study. Every one who has even slightly examined the records of past ages, must have been struck and mortified by observing how seldom great events or remarkable characters are exhibited on the scene of the Historian in their true colours or their just dimensions. Party malignity has dwarfed the illustrious, or swelled the mean; whilst events have lost all *keeping* and relative proportion, distorted by the false medium through which they are viewed.

To the night-wanderer among the mountains, the sparrow, near at hand, takes the semblance, as seen through the mist, of an eagle; a tuft of heath is mistaken for a forest.

In fiction, on the contrary — such fiction at least as has passed through the trial of time, and has vindicated the praise of generations—every thing falls naturally into due order and gradation: not exposed to the shifting and uncertain judgments of personal or party feeling, it yields its mine of absolute and eternal truth, not to all in equal proportions indeed, but to all in the measure of the labour, patience, and skill which they employ in developing its deep and precious treasures. It is curious and instructive to mark how events and persons considered in their own time of the most immortal and imperishable importance, have become interesting to posterity from their accidental connection with works then unknown and neglected, but which have since been slowly ripening into glory: to see how eagerly the antiquarian disinters from the dust and oblivion of centuries, to illustrate a line of Homer, or an obscure expression in Shakspeare, long-forgotten books which were launched upon the waters amidst the triumphal acclamations of the epoch which produced them: destined to be recalled from the portion of weeds and outworn faces, to attain a kind of parasitic notoriety from their connection with the productions of *True Fiction*.

In applying to the case of De Foe the remarks which we have ventured to make, we trust to render more apparent the truth of the principle we are endeavouring to establish: and we consider that the illustrious subject of our present pages

will be found an apt instance for our purpose, inasmuch as he was in his own day a distinguished author of History, while he had erected in his fictions—and in particular in his Robinson Crusoe, a monument which must spurn to remotest posterity the impotent attacks of oblivion :

Exegit monumentum aere perennius,  
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,  
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens  
Possit diruere, and innumerabilis  
Annorum series, aut fuga temporum.

We do not indeed clearly see in what sense the History of Crusoe can be said to be less *true* than the account of the Union.

To our minds the shipwrecked mariner, starting back in terror from the footstep in the sand, or wandering beneath the greenwood shade of his fairy isle, is quite as real a person—and a much more interesting one—as Harley or Godolphin ; an opinion in which the general consent of mankind will, we apprehend, support us. If it be the essential characteristic of *Being* that it acts upon others or suffers in itself, every child who has shudderingly followed the mariner of York in his venturous voyage round the Isle, or hearkened in his dreams to the ringing of the solitary axe among the cedars of Juan Fernandez, will prove an incontestable evidence as to the *personality* of honest Robinson. To us, what is the Statesman but a name—a phantom?—no more real than

« Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,  
« And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,  
« And twenty more such names and men as these,  
« Which never were, and no man ever saw. »

When we examine De Foe's immortal romance with a view to investigate the causes of its extraordinary power, and to discover the means by which the author has managed to produce an effect upon his readers, which has remained undiminished from the day of its first publication, and which will infallibly exist in all its force, as long as the human mind shall receive pleasure from affecting narrative, we ought to

throw aside the common prejudice that *Robinson Crusoe* is exclusively addressed to the young and ignorant.

As it has been said of Shakspeare that the physician may study, in his tragedies, the theory of insanity as successfully as in a madhouse—and that the soldier may learn many of the great principles of his art in the pages of Homer ; so the Metaphysician, the Moralist, the Statesman, and the Divine, will find many curious problems resolved, many new views of human conduct and human motives, in the unobtrusive narrative of De Foe.

And it is the same artlessness in the manner of narration which gives it so great and inimitable a charm to the young, which induces the old to disbelieve in its possession of higher and graver claims on our attention than those of mere interest. It has been well remarked, that perhaps the most extraordinary peculiarity in this work, is the skill and determination with which the author has avoided to make it a vehicle for any of his own theories and opinions. De Foe never drops the mask for a moment ; and though he might easily—and indeed no other could have avoided the temptation—have introduced many speculations of his own—upon Natural History for instance, or upon Theology—in no single instance has he put into the mouth of his hero, one word inconsistent, we will not say with his supposed ignorance and condition of a seaman, but with the circumstances under which he is acting. Swift in the *Voyages of Gulliver*, has adopted a character to a certain degree similar to *Crusoe*, but that of a more educated person—but how perpetually the reader observes that under the thin disguise of the Ship-Surgeon it is the learned, sarcastic, and political Dean of St. Patrick's who is pouring out the waters of bitterness upon the follies, the vices, and the inconsistencies, of human society. « Lemuel Gulliver » is but the mouth-piece of the « sæva indignatio » of the satirist—and appears, after the first perusal has satisfied the mere *animal* curiosity of the reader, no more a real person than the King of Melinda in the puppet-show of Cervantes—while Swift himself is the Gines de Pasamonte behind the curtain, prompting the dialogue of his wooden *dramatis personæ*. We

do not deny that the scorching sarcasm and ironic sneer which forms the keynote and undertone of *Gulliver* is not admirable; but the work has been most unjustly compared with *Crusoe* with respect to the probability of the language and sentiments attributed to its hero, which we conceive to be a view of the relative merits of the two romances equally unjust to both.

Both the age in which De Foe lived, his rank of life, and the profession which he practised, gave him peculiar opportunities for becoming intimately acquainted with the character and feelings of the Seaman. His residence during a considerable period, at Lambeth, and his commercial employment, must have brought him into frequent contact with many of those wild adventurers who were frequently to be met with in the society and on the stage of those days: men, half traders and half pirates—friends to the sea and foes to all that sailed on it,\* as they called themselves—whose strange hardships and desperate exploits he must have often listened to, detailed in the plain, homely, but admirable language which he has so wonderfully preserved in *Robinson Crusoe*.

For these men—the relics of the terrible buccaneers, the Vikingr of the Spanish Main—the descendants of Hawkins, Morgan, and Blackbeard, there was no peace beyond the Line; and many a savage story had they to tell, of boarding rich Galleons of Acapulco, or plundering churches in Atlantic cities. The bitter enmity against the Spaniards, originating in the war, continued in those remote seas long after peace had been concluded between the two courts, and inflamed by an uninterrupted series of violence and mutual reprisals, was not to be terminated in the other hemisphere, by the treaties and negotiations of European diplomatists: and these adventurers, when they escaped the pistol of their companions, the yellow-fever of the Havana, or the yard-arm of the Spanish guardacosta, occasionally returned—

\*Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,\*

their rugged faces seamed with scars, and bronzed by the fierce sun of the tropics, to enjoy in their native land the

hard-won pistoles for which they had so long ventured their lives.

To their stories of «hair-breadth scapes» and strange sufferings a man of De Foe's powerful imagination must have listened with delight—it is to them that he may have owed some of the leading details in his picture of a *solitary*; and it is more than probable that he was indebted to them for the marvellous correctness of his scenery.

It appears to have been a very common practice among the buccaneers, when any member of their turbulent band became more than usually mutinous, to «maroon» him, as it was called—that is, to set him ashore, more or less liberally supplied with the means of avoiding starvation, on one of the innumerable low sandy islets which abound in the West Indian Seas. The writer of the present article has visited many of these sterile and dreary spots, called «Keys» by the seamen of the Spanish Main; and listened with the half-shuddering attention of childhood, to the dismal tragedies of bloody revenge and inhuman cruelty of which they have been the scene. Many an old pilot or negro boatman trembles at the helm, as his bark, hanging on the calm and steady monsoon, glides by these ill-omened islets, half-expecting to see in the white moonlight of the Line some grim spectre of a Spaniard, or petticoated Dutchman, watching over the buried treasure which was frequently hidden in such dreary spots by the Buccaneer—who generally, on such occasions, murdered some prisoner that his ghost might guard the hoard. One of the most remarkable peculiarities of Robinson Crusoe, and one which contributes in a very important degree to confer that air of *good faith* and reality which so eminently distinguishes it, is the frequency of occasions on which the author obviously neglects an opportunity of fine writing, or of interesting his reader by describing the fate of persons and things previously mentioned. And in this De Foe has closely imitated the actual course of human affairs. How frequently do we remember with difficulty what we once thought it would be impossible to forget,—and how faintly appear to us objects which were lighted up with all the brightest tints of hope or of affection! The

past becomes as dim and shadowy as the future—and those who were dearest to us of old, call from the vanished days with thin and piping tones—like voices in a dream!

Scott has mentioned this peculiarity of De Foe's genius, with praise which, coming from the pen of the greatest writer of fiction that ever existed, is infinitely more valuable and weighty than ours can be; and he has instanced the mention, at the beginning of the work, of Crusoe's second brother: "what became of my second brother, I never knew, any more than my father or mother did know what was become of me:" and whom an inferior writer could certainly have re-introduced.

And though nothing—as we have said—can exceed the extreme homeliness of the style—which whether, as is most probable, natural to De Foe, or the result of the most consummate art, is equally admirable—there are many passages of true pathos—and pathos of the highest, because the most simple and natural, order—in this work. Take for example the attempt made by his father to dissuade Robinson from going to sea:—

"I observed, in this last part of his discourse, which was truly prophetic, though, I suppose, my father did not know it to be so himself; I say, I observed the tears run down his face very plentifully, especially when he spoke of my having leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so moved, that he broke off the discourse, and told me his heart was so full he could say no more to me.

The virtues of a good wife have often been more pompously, but to our minds, seldom so eloquently, described, as in the following simple words, which go to the heart, as we are convinced they came from it:

"She was, in a few words, the stay of all my affairs, the centre of all my enterprizes, the engine that, by her prudence, reduced me to that happy compass I was in, from the most extravagant and ruinous project that fluttered in my head, and did more to guide my rambling genius than a mother's tears, a father's instructions, a friend's counsel, or all my own reasoning powers could do. I was happy in listening to her tears, and in being moved by her entreaties; and to the last degree desolate and dislocated in the world by the loss of her. *"When she was gone, the world looked awkwardly*



*round me*: I was as much a stranger in it, in my thoughts, as I was in the Brazils, when I first went on shore there.

No one who has ever read—and who has not?—the passionate exclamation of Crusoe, when he found that *all* the crew had perished in the wreck of the Spanish Ship:

‘I cannot explain, by any possible energy of words, what a strange longing or hawking of desires I felt in my soul upon this sight; breaking out sometimes thus.—O that there had been but one or two; nay, or but one soul saved out of this ship, to have escaped to me, that I might have had one companion, one fellow creature, to have spoken to me, and to have conversed with.’

can deny De Foe the praise of *pathos*.

No less touching are the passages—by no means unfrequent—in which Crusoe describes the effect of religion awakening in the untutored mind of himself or others: we cannot but point to the dialogue between Will Atkins and his half-savage wife in the Second Part—as it is too long to be extracted entire. We cannot however resist, while engaged in the pleasing task of proving De Foe’s claim to the character of a pathetic writer, to extract the plain but touching words in which he describes the behaviour of the lady found in the ship whose crew was starving.

‘When the mate of our ship went in, she sate upon the floor or deck, with her back up against the sides, between two chairs, which were lashed fast, and her head sunk between her shoulders, like a corpse, though not quite dead. My mate said all he could to revive and encourage her, and with a spoon put some broth into her mouth. She opened her lips, and lifted up one hand, but could not speak; yet she understood what he said, and made signs to him intimating that it was too late for her, but pointed to her child, as if she would have said they should take care of him.’

Now we doubt whether any elaborate artifice of description could paint more powerfully or more touchingly, the love of a mother—Love, strong as Death.

Nor will De Foe be found less a master of the sublime than we trust we have shown him to be of the pathetic. Actuated by that insidious and indestructible principle of Envy which seems implanted in every human breast, and which nothing but virtue, genius, or learning, can ever—though alas! they do not always—eradicate, we are exceedingly apt, in order

to console ourselves for the reluctant admiration extorted from us by a great work, to limit its merits to some more striking and prominent peculiarity; and to forget, or rather to conceal from ourselves by a wretched species of involuntary de-traction, that genius is *universal* in its glory, and that we cannot praise the Sun for its *heat* without acknowledging it to be the great source of *light* also. It is this paltry self-delusion which makes us lay more stress upon the grandeur of Milton than upon his exquisite pictures of primæval innocence and virtue—upon the mystic hierophantic sublimity of Dante than upon the human tears which lie like dewdrops on his dark Sibylline leaves, and seem to almost quench the penal fires.

The task of indicating the chief passages in Robinson Crusoe which properly deserve the character of *sublime*, will be comparatively an easy one—as the subject and manner of narration hardly give scope for any reflection of an elevated character: that labour will become infinitely more difficult and overwhelming, when we take occasion to speak of those works of De Foe which afford a more legitimate opportunity for exhibiting his mastery over the awful and the terrific than the story of the shipwrecked mariner. When we beg our readers to follow, with us, this great writer through the plague-desolated streets of London, to stand beside the frightful Pit in Aldgate, which engulfed hundreds every day, and the exhalations from which have been fatal to many within <sup>(1)</sup> three years of the present time—poisoning the atmosphere after a burial of more than a century and a half—*then* we shall only be embarrassed by the difficulty of selection, and overpowering horror will extort from the reader that, in the *material* sublime at least, De Foe was no common magician. When De Foe is sublime, he attains his object by the same means which he employs to touch our hearts; that is, less the *description*, than the *suggestion*, in a few short and simple words, of some circumstance or reflection, which is in itself elevating, terrifying or touching.

(1) The ground in the neighbourhood of the spot were the « Great Pit » formerly was, being recently opened, several persons perished by the effluvia.

Thus, the following passage, we think, deserves to be considered as sublime, as it suggests an image, which, to those who have ever witnessed the reality, is one of the most terrific spectacles conceivable—that of a ship burning in the Ocean—while to those of lively imaginations it must raise up emotions of awe, whose very vagueness perhaps compensates for the absence of the dreadful details. Remark the admirable skill with which the picture is introduced.

• As I remember, it might be about the 20th of February, in the evening late, when the mate, having the watch, came into the round-house, and told us he saw a flash of fire, and while he was telling us of it, a boy came in, and told us the boatswain had heard another. This made us all run out upon the quarter-deck; when, for a while, we heard nothing, but in a few minutes we saw a very great light, and found that there was some very terrible fire at a distance; immediately we had recourse to our reckonings, in which we all agreed, that there could be no land that way in which the fire showed itself, no, not for 500 leagues; for it appeared at W. S. W. .... In about half an hour's sailing, the wind being fair for us, though not much of it, and the weather clearing up a little, we could plainly discern that it was *a great ship on fire, in the middle of the sea* »

The celebrated passage, describing Robinson's fear and agitation at finding the print of a foot in the sand, does not, we are convinced, need any indication from us: who has not felt the same fear—and who can ever forget the impression? Of passages of this kind the best judges are invariably children: and many a much praised and self-sufficient romancer might learn a salutary but perhaps not very palatable lesson as to the distinction between the true and the false sublime, if he would mark the impression produced on an intelligent child by the simple and shortly-related incident of De Foe, as compared with his most terrific and highly laboured scene.

Of the same kind, though, tried by the criterion we have just alluded to, of inferior power, is the description of the Angel which appeared to Crusoe in a dream—but let us pass on to the consideration of the more distinctive and peculiar characteristic of De Foe. In the art of telling a story *plausibly* he certainly never was equalled: and were we to so much as attempt to give specimens of passages which afford the most

striking proof of this art, we should have to extract at least three-fourths of the book. Indeed the very first page will afford us a remarkable instance—and the reader will find that hardly any one of those which succeed, is without several of those minute and apparently careless touches, which give the picture such an inimitable air of life. In this point of view Robinson Crusoe would form an admirable manual for a young writer who desired to distinguish himself in fictitious composition: in it he will find carried to the very highest point yet attained, that important art in narrative, the art of relating with an air of good faith and probability. When Crusoe tells us that he was born of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who first settled at Hull, who can resist yielding an almost implicit belief that he is reading an authentic narrative, and when he speaks of his mother, whose relations were named Robinson, a very good family in that country (York), and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer; but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called, nay, we call ourselves, and write our name, Crusoe: and so my companions always called me, he must have a sterner degree of incredulity than we, who can retain in full force the recollection that what is so artlessly and circumstantially detailed is not a true history.

Perhaps one of the chief means by which the Author has succeeded in producing so certain and durable an impression upon all his readers, and in particular upon the young and inexperienced is the *absence of Surprises*. It has been said that 'Truth is strange—stranger than Fiction': and the mind, in picturing to itself, with that *anticipatory* power which accompanies the perusal of a series of adventures and circumstances dissimilar to the ordinary and regular course of human affairs, naturally and almost involuntarily puts itself, if we may so express it, into the attitude of expectation—and looks forward by a kind of contradictory subtlety, to future surprise. To this craving for wonder De Foe has never ministered: he knew well that in the realities of life our anticipation of future seldom if ever corresponds to the true course

of the future, and that in the picture we draw of what is before us, neither the lights nor the shadows, in most cases, correspond to the reality. To perceive clearly the force of what we have remarked, let any one consider what would be the difficulties—in matters of comfort and subsistence, &c.,—which he would naturally anticipate in the condition of a solitary, dwelling on a desert island; and we are inclined to believe, that the want, for instance, of a *pot* in which to boil his food, would by no means occur to him as one of the greatest inconveniences, or one which it would cause much labour and ingenuity to replace. Of the same kind is the difficulty about the *ink*. No less have we been always struck with that admirable and most acute touch of *naturalness* in the passage, where, after describing Robinson's labour in building a boat in order to make his escape, he discovers the impossibility of launching the canoe he has with so much exertion succeeded in constructing. In reading any of the multitude of imitations of this extraordinary fiction, which have followed it; who has not perceived their inferiority of interest in this respect. The difficulties which oppose the pseudo-Crusoes are either of a much less probable nature in themselves, or are obviated by means which appear to depend less upon the skill or energy of the heroes of these romances than upon the invention and readiness of their authors—and must be regarded by the reader rather with that cold and languid interest which attends the descent of the *Deus ex machina* of a tragedy, than with the eager sympathy accompanying the fluctuations of a *real* destiny.

When Crusoe tells us of the loss of his shipmates: *as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows*: who can be insensible to the admirable truth—however incapable he may be of appreciating the *difficulty*—of this last touch?

Again, his reflections during the storm of thunder and lightning which occurs while he is busily engaged in domesticating himself in his cave.

•I was not so much surprized with the lightning, as I was with a thought which darted into my mind as swift as the lightning itself: O my powder!•

If we compare this with even the most artfully designed strokes in such works as •The Swiss Family Robinson,• or the •Memoirs of Sir Edward Seaward,• we shall find out in what the difference between genius and imitation consists. But the best critics in the present case are, as we have said, children: and their judgment has been recorded.

We are not sure whether a peculiarity which runs through all De Foe's works, and which might at first sight appear likely to injure the effect of many of them, does not in this case add to the effect of Crusoe. We allude to that belief in divine interference with everyday human affairs, and that attention to dreams, omens, and the mysterious emotions which, though exceedingly common in De Foe's age and condition, seems to have been carried by him to an unusual height; and which contrasts so remarkably with the plain, unvisionary, and generally unimpassioned tone of his style.

That the first convictions of religion in a mind uncultivated and comparatively ignorant as Crusoe is represented to be, should be accompanied by fancied signs and omens, particularly when the subject of these impressions is, from his loneliness, in precisely the position most calculated to receive them, is but natural. Even the presentiments, and the *Sortes Biblicæ* of the worthy tradesman who is supposed to keep the •Journal of the Plague Year• are admirably conceived—if they are no more than an artifice of the author to inspire us with some portion of the dread which must have darkened all mens' minds at the approach of the •Pestilence that walketh in darkness•: but perhaps the most wonderful instance of that power by which De Foe could annihilate that great gulf which is fixed between this life and the next is to be found in his narrative of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal—in which he has succeeded in bringing a visitor from the world of spirits in close contact—and this without in the least shocking our feeling of probability—with the dullest and most common-place details of a provincial town.

As this is perhaps the most astounding instance of De Foe's literary boldness, and at the same time one of the hardest experiments ever ventured upon human credulity, we trust that some account of it will not be displeasing to our readers—as the book is not generally known, at least in this country.

De Foe's publisher, who in all probability was likewise a personal friend, appears to have printed a large impression of a work written by a French Protestant clergyman named Drelincourt, and translated into English, under the title of the *Christian's Defence against the Fear of Death, with several directions how to prepare ourselves to die well*. This work, it appears, met with no more attention from the public than the very uninviting nature of the subject rendered probable—and lay a dead and ponderous load upon the shelves of the too adventurous publisher. In this emergency De Foe conceived and executed a plan to give popularity to this weight of dull divinity, which for audacious ingenuity, we believe has no parallel in the history of puffing. He wrote a narrative, supposed to be drawn up by a Justice of Peace at Maidstone in Kent, and a very intelligent person, and attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman, a kinswoman of the said gentleman's, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which the within named Mrs. Bargrave lives. This narrative, entitled: *A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which Apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the fears of Death*: was appended to the work of Drelincourt, which had immediately a vogue which abundantly attested the success of De Foe's most extraordinary advertisement.

The scene, the language, the dramatis personæ of this singular fiction were all selected with De Foe's usual skill, and with that happy audacity which silences the objections of incredulity by the very impossibility which the reader feels to believe that it can be assumed. The artful manner in which it is attested—and the care which the author takes to reply to any preliminary objections as to the credibility of his story,

not concealing, as an author of less confidence would have done, that such objections had been advanced, but assigning reasonable and natural grounds for them—every circumstance unites to render the reader a dupe to the imposition.

Indeed it requires all the self-command even of a reader who is acquainted with the true history of the work to peruse it without falling into the snare. The conversation of the two interlocutors too, one of whom has quitted the land of spirits for the benevolent purpose of recommending (i. e. helping the sale) of Drelincourt's book on Death, is so exactly suited to the condition of the supposed speakers—one an exciseman's sister and the other a seamstress,—that it is difficult to say which feeling predominates in the reader's mind—admiration of De Foe's boldness and skill, or a half involuntary belief in the truth of his narration. Mixed up with religious consolation and recommendation of good books, we find the two friends talking of broken tea-cups, scoured silk gowns, and such humble matters, which naturally form so great a proportion of conversation between persons of their sex, age, and mean condition. Now the reader finds it impossible to deny his belief to circumstances which it seems so unlikely that any author would have thought of *feigning*, and his incredulity is further soothed by the candour with which the objections against the credibility of the story are stated.

The impression of reality in the present case is greatly heightened by the absence of all the usual *mise en scène* of a supernatural drama. The apparition arrives at noon-day, has all the manners and apparent reality of the person whom it represents—nay even the infirmities—is sensible to touch, and departs, as it came, with all the circumstance of flesh and blood: nor is the favoured object of this ghostly communication aware, until after the departure of the person with whom she has been talking, that her companion was a visitant from the other world. It is curious to remark, that beside Drelincourt's book, « which was the best, she said, on the subject ever wrote, » she (the ghost) « also mentioned *Doctor Sherlock*, and two Dutch books, which were translated, wrote upon death, and several others: » is it very improbable



that these "Dutch books" were to be found on the shelves of the *same publisher*, so strangely assisted by De Foe? This surprising discourse, "which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave says she can pretend to," lasted an hour and three quarters, at the end of which the ghost "said she would take leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave, in her view till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon."

Nothing can be better than the quiet air with which De Foe adds, towards the end of his story, "*Drelincourt's Book of Death is, since this happened, bought up strangely.*" Our task of sketching the literary character of De Foe would be but imperfectly executed, were we to omit all notice of a class of works which acquired at the time a higher degree of popularity than they have retained.

This diminution of esteem may be attributed in some measure to two very different causes: first the overwhelming and universal fame of Robinson Crusoe, which has eclipsed all the other works of our author, and secondly a gradual refinement of taste which renders disgusting to us, pictures of profligacy and vice, however vigorous the pencil which delineates, and however brilliant the colouring which embodies them. With regard to the first-mentioned cause, there are, alas, innumerable instances in the history of letters which show how surely one chief work renders us blind to others of great but inferior excellence: that the *Paradise Lost* has caused us to remain in comparative ignorance of the *Lycidas*, is in accordance with external nature—we cannot see the stars until the sun is set, though they are always in the heavens. The works to which we have just alluded are stamped with the same genius which distinguishes *Crusoe*, and the *Plague year*; but the scenes which they describe, and the personages who move on the stage, are generally of an odious and revolting character: and the very skill which paints the adventures of prostitutes and ruffians causes disgust in proportion to its perfection. The Spanish literature abounds with these delineations of the *Vida Picaresca*, as it was called, and *Gil Blas* and *Lazarillo de Tormes* are instances which will occur

to every reader of fiction : but we must confess that whether from the greater gaiety and more sunny cheerfulness of the Continental—and particularly of the Spanish—national character, or from the coarseness being in some measure softened by a foreign language, these pictures of careless witty profligacy are free from an air of brutality which offends us in similar subjects in English. Like the inimitable beggars of Murillo, who carried the picaresco taste to its highest pitch in a sister art, the Spanish and even French vagabond wears his rags with something of a jaunty air, while the English *ragamuffin* retains little of poverty but its squalor, little of ingenuity but its rascalities.

It is melancholy to think that the school in which De Foe acquired his accurate knowledge of the habits and adventures of these rogues and cheats, was a prison ; generally the school of their education, as well as the Olympic arena of their proficiency : in the vigorous language of one of our old Dramatists :

———A Counter !

Why, 'tis an University ! who not sees ?  
As scholars there, so men here take degrees,  
And follow the same studies—all alike.  
Scholars learn first logique and rhetorique :  
So does a prisoner ; with fine honied speech  
At 's first coming in he doth persuade, beseech  
He may be lodged with one that is not itchy,  
To lie in a clean chamber, in sheets not lowsy,  
But when he hath no money, then doth he try  
By subtle logique, and quaint sophistry,  
To make the keepers trust him—

Say they do ?

SIR A. AP.

SIR A. WEND. Then he's a graduate.

SIR A. AP.

Say they trust him not ?

SIR A. WEND.

Then is he held a freshman, and a Sot,  
And never shall commence ; but being still barred,  
Beexpulsed from the Master's side to the twopenny ward,  
Or else i'the Hole beg place.

SIR D. DAP. When then, I pray, proceeds a prisoner ?

SIR A. WEND.

When, money being the theme,  
He can dispute with his hard creditors' hearts,  
And get out clear—then he's a Master of Arts (\*).

(\*) The Roaring Girl. Act. III.

Smollet and Fielding have both written in this manner, and with admirable effect: but while it is impossible to deny the genius that pervades the scenes they have left us of this nature, we are not perfectly convinced of their propriety as works of amusement to the young. Their wit, their knowledge of human nature is purchased too dearly at the expense of that whiteness of soul as Horace beautifully calls it, which is not only the greatest charm of the youthful mind, but its most powerful security against the contaminations and selfishness of that world with which it must sooner or later come in contact.

What Salandri so gracefully addresses to a girl may be well applied to youth of both sexes.

Più che leggiadra sei, e più vezzosa,  
 Serba intatta la fede al tuo diletto:  
 Vivi di tua beltà, vivi gelosa  
*Di bel candore, che non ha difetto.*

The two most remarkable instances of this kind of writing are the Count Fathom of Smollet, and Fielding's history of Jonathan Wild, both of which works are, judging by our own personal experience, likely to produce a gloomy and dangerous effect upon the mind of a young reader. The uninterrupted succession of meanness and brutality in Fathom is hardly once relieved by a single touch of generous or elevated feeling, and the cold-blooded atrocities of Wild, related with a terrible irony, seem rather an abstract theory of the agency of some evil spirit than a story possessing any of that probability which is indispensable to secure the interest of a reader.

It is in general difficult, and always dangerous, to attempt to excite sympathy towards a character in itself essentially undeserving—if not of respect, at least of admiration: and the instances in which even writers of the greatest genius have failed in the experiment are so frequent that they ought to deter every author from attempting so perilous an exploit. Shakspeare indeed has given us an Antolycus—and has proved that the less unamiable peculiarities of the *vagabond* character are not incompatible with a certain charm and half-reluc-

tant faking: but it is not necessary to wade through the loathsome details of a class of stories which of late were unhappily the vogue in England, to be convinced that no task can be more difficult and unprofitable than the attempt to reconcile what nature has made incompatible, or to hope any lasting reputation from what is neither elevated in taste nor pure in morality.



TO THE EDITORS OF THE ST. PETERSBURG ENGLISH REVIEW

GENTLEMEN,

Having lately returned from a visit to London, where I was naturally much struck by many scenes peculiar to that gigantic metropolis, it occurred to me that some of them might afford either amusement or instruction to your readers. I therefore send you the enclosed, which, should you judge it worth insertion, shall be followed by others.

I am, Gentlemen,  
Your very Obedient Servant  
НЕНАВСТНЫЙ.

### SKETCHES IN LONDON.

#### PUBLIC HOUSES—PARLOURS.

For real substantial comfort of every kind under the sun, give me England—give me London!—

In London, you may always make yourself at least temporarily happy. When all the blandishments of life are gone—when those near and dear to us, are either laid under the sod, or far away in distant lands, when friends forsake,

and acquaintances will not recognize, let me but be in London—and I can still at least be comfortable.—

To many, this assertion, may appear absurd, and to those who possess not a thorough acquaintance with London it doubtless will, but it is sober fact nevertheless.

One evening late in the month of February, I was pursuing my solitary way from the city, where I had been following my avocation during the day,—to my rather dreary abode at the West-end. I had but newly parted from my only near relative in London, who had just left England; I had experienced already, though young, the hollow and unsatisfactory nature of casual friendships, and I felt, as I walked through Finsbury Square, a particular depression of spirits. I caught a glimpse of a family group, gathered round a pleasant hearth, in a house in the square, and my thoughts involuntarily wandered back to happy early days, when I had made one of a similar circle,—when that circle was complete,—undivided either by death or distance,—to that period of unalloyed happiness—long passed away—never, never to return!—These thoughts had naturally a very depressing influence on my spirits, which the gloomy state of the weather—it was a boisterous and cloudy evening—tended much to increase. I walked slowly on, and had reached a turning to the right, in the 'City Road,' when suddenly a sharp shower began to fall,—I was unprovided with either cloak, or umbrella.—The omnibus thought I, 'is my only resource.'—As the thought crossed me, one of these convenient, though lumbering, machines approached,—I hailed the conductor, but was answered, only by that look of contemptuous pity, which these curious members of society always favour you with, when *they are full*.—that is when their vehicle has its complement of passengers. What could I do? I felt little disposed for a soaking, past experience had taught me, that there was little hope of finding a vacancy in any omnibus on a rainy night at that hour—at this instant my eye fell upon the sign of 'The Angel' projecting from a house at the corner of the street,—I scrutinized the place, and finding it to be a respectable looking Public-house I stepped in

at once—and pushing open a green baize door, with a glass plate in its centre, bearing on it—the word, «Parlour» I found myself in the midst of a circle of well-dressed men, seated round a fire, smoking their pipes and sipping Hollands and water.—A movement was instantly made to accommodate me with a seat near the fire; I took a chair, a pint of ale, and a cigar—and by imperceptible degrees, joined a conversation, which will be allowed to be sufficiently general when I say—it embraced, among other things, politics, religion, and theatricals, agriculture, Sir Robert Peel, Premier, and Robert Owen Esqr., socialist—but all conducted with a propriety and intelligence, which positively astonished me, in such a place—I insensibly sat chatting away several hours, and soon banished all the dreary thoughts that had filled my mind before entering the house.

One of the frequenters of this place with whom I entered into conversation, pointed out to me four elderly men who, he said, had never, for one evening, Sundays and times of sickness excepted, missed being at their posts in that very room, for the last twenty years, and passing a few hours together in chat. I looked at these four men,—they were evidently respectable tradesmen, I listened to their conversation, they evinced great intelligence and really extensive general information, and I at last rose to go, having to my surprise found it to be eleven o'clock, feeling myself really benefited both in mind and spirits, by the four hours spent in the Parlour of the «Angel» for which, including a pint of ale and a cigar, I paid *sixpence*!—

This was the first, but not the last time of my visiting a Parlour of a public-house—a new source of amusement and instruction was opened to me, which I failed not to profit by; and I soon discovered that anyone may enjoy the society most suited to his taste, on any evening of the week, at a trifling expence, at different Public Houses of respectability.—Should a man be disposed for society of a higher caste, he will find it at the «Castle» Moorgate, in the City—and at the West End at the «University Arms» Gower Street. Should he be sportingly inclined; let him go to the «Bricklayer's Arms», «Albemarle

Terrace, City Road—or to the «Feathers», Holborn. Is he a fancier of the «Ring»—there is the «Castle», Holborn—kept by Tom Spring the celebrated pugilist—who, it may be observed, though perhaps remarkable in a person of his class, is a perfect gentleman in manners and appearance) and a great resort of those addicted to the noble art of Self Defence, as it is termed—Does he wish for the company of theatrical people—there is the «Wrekin» near Drury Lane, kept by Hemming, the actor, and entirely frequented by those of his class.—Does he covet the society of commercial men and travellers, he will always meet with such at the «Angel», Islington.—In short be his desires what they may in this respect, whether he affect the company of the high or the low, the rich or the poor, or the medium of either, they are all alike within his reach—and all, at a moderate expense. And is this not a comfort? I have felt it so indeed, many times. It is emphatically a *London comfort*—obtainable nowhere else.

It is my intention in some future sketch, to give an account of several evenings spent in this manner, in different parlours; as numerous amusing incidents frequently occur at such resorts, the recital of which cannot, I think fail to entertain the readers of this Periodical:—the British reader—I would fain hope, will be glad to peruse a light sketch from life in his own land—and I venture to trust, that those of this country, in which we are so pleasantly sojourning—and who have shown such readiness to encourage a publication in our national language,—will not find entirely devoid of interest these feeble efforts from the pen of

НЕНАВЪСТНЫЙ.

St. Petersburg, August 1842.

## MISCELLANEA.

LIVING UNDER WATER WITHOUT COMMUNICATION WITH THE ATMOSPHERE. — DR. PAYERNE'S EXPERIMENTS. — One of the most remarkable experiments of modern times, was performed last week by a Dr. Payerne, at that excellent experimental school, the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street. Dr. P. descended in the great diving-bell of that establishment, in his ordinary dress, and remained there for the space of three hours without any communication whatever with the upper air, and apparently without having been in the slightest degree affected or inconvenienced by his long submersion. He states, that he could just as easily have remained down twelve or twenty-four hours; indeed he assigns no limit to his powers of sub-aqueous vitality. General Pasley, and several other eminent scientific individuals, kept watch at the bell during the whole of the three hours, and were perfectly satisfied that no supply of vital air was conveyed to Dr. Payerne from above.

Now that this surprising feat, so long regarded as of the class of physical impossibilities, has been at last accomplished, every one (as usual) is discovering how easy it is. It is only to take down with you something that will absorb the carbonic acid gas as fast as you generate it, and something else (with a lucifer match or two to heat it) from which you may set free oxygen enough to keep you alive. Doubtless these are the main conditions of the experiment — and there are several well-known substances which do possess these two requisites. Pure potassa, for example, will absorb nearly half its weight of carbonic acid gas; and chlorate of potass gives out when heated 3915 parts per 100 of oxygen. The judgment and skill, however, which have formed out of such abstract notions and (*quoad hoc*) unapplied facts as these (supposing the conjectures that point to them to be correct) a practical means of living under water — which have realized



so nice a balance or adjustment of essential yet conflicting elements—cannot be of an everyday cast, and unquestionably entitle Dr. Payerne to take a high place among the inventors and discoverers of the age.

The practical applications which this new art admits of, are numerous and important. Diving-bells and helmets will now be freed from all those cumbrous, yet delicate appendages which make working with them so difficult, and in no case free from considerable danger. Works under water will be prosecuted with almost as much ease as works above. Valuable wrecks will no longer lie for ages on our shores, hidden and unexplored; but within a month or two of their being ingulfed, restore their treasures to the daring and industry of man. For purposes of war, too—power to wage which, with advantage, is always, in just hands, the best security for peace—this invention will be invaluable.

THE EARTH.—The earth is the *cul de sac* in the great city of God—the camera obscura, full of inverted and diminished images from a more beautiful world—the halo round a better sun—the numerator of an unknown denominator. Verily, it is almost an absolute nothing.

SPEECH NOT ALWAYS SPEAKING. — When Metastasio places the following words in the mouth of a woman distracted with grief—

Ah! non son io chi parlo,  
E il barbaro delore,  
Che mi divide il core,  
Che delirar mi fa—

may he not have been prompted by the speech of Hamlet's mother, when she attributes his reproaches not to himself, but his madness, and is admonished in reply,

Mother! for love of grace  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.

Sill more happily was the same thought illustrated by a poor turnpike-girl in Scotland, of whom the late Charles Matthews loved to make honourable mention. He and his postchaise companion had paid at the gate on their way to dine with

a friend, and as it was past midnight when they again reached it on their return; the girl demanded the toll for another day. Deeming this an imposition, the companion, who had been sacrificing somewhat too liberally at the shrines of Bacchus, visited the claimant with a shower of opprobrious terms, uttered in so loud a key that they awakened the mother, who protruded her nightcapped head from a little window above the door, exclaiming,

‘Maggie, dear! for what is the gentleman abusing ye?’

To which the girl replied with an arch smile, ‘It’s no the gentleman that’s speaking now, mither; it’s the wine!’

GRINNING GRAYBEARDS. — We may admire a tear-drop on the cheek of youth and beauty, not less than a dew-drop on a rose; but a smirk upon the sickly and wrinkled features of old age displeases us as an incongruity. Its misplaced brightness is like the gloomy glitter of a coffin-plate: or rather may we compare it to those clocks which play a merry tune just before they strike the hour of midnight.

## LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

William Young, of Queen street, lamp-maker, for improvements in lamps and candlesticks. May 28; six months.

Philip Jacob Kayser, of Gracechurch-street, manufacturer, for improvements in the construction of lamps. May 31; six months.

Henry Phillips, of Exeter, chemist, for improvements in purifying gas for the purposes of light. May 31; six months.

Richard Watson, Jun., of Cloth-fair, gas fitter, for improvements in draining land embankments, and cutting of Railways and other engineering works. May 31; six months.

Henry Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, gun-maker, for improvements in unloading shipping, especially those vessels called colliers. May 31; six months.

Louis Nicholas de Meckenheim, of Vienna, but now of London, engineer, for improvements in the art of depositing and manufacturing metals and metal articles by electro-galvanic agency, and in the apparatus connected therewith. June 1; six months.

William Henry Kempton, of South street, Pentonville, gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of candles. June 1; six months.

James Read, of Bishop's Stortford, statuary and mason, for improvements in tiles, slating, and the construction of water-tight joints, and in the covering and casing of buildings and other erections. June 2; six months.

Henry Jubber, of Oxford, confectioner, for certain improvements in kitchen ranges, and apparatus for cooking. June 2; six months.

Benjamin Aingworth, of Birmingham, gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of glass, for the purpose of producing glass which may be used for the purposes to which plate glass and window glass are usually applied. June 4; six months.

Edmund Tuck, of the Haymarket, St. James's, Westminster, silversmith, for certain improvements in the covering or plating with silver various metals and metallic alloys. June 4; six months.

William Irving, of Regent-street, Lambeth, engineer, for an improved corn drill, or machine for sowing all kinds of seed or grain. June 7; six months.

John Woodcock, of Manchester, millwright, for certain improvements in the construction of steam-engines. June 7; six months.

James Nasmyth, of Patricroft, near Manchester, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for forging, stamping, and cutting iron and other substances. June 8; six months.

Joseph Chatwin, of Birmingham, lamp-maker, for certain improvements in the construction of cocks. June 9; six months.

John George Hughes, of No. 158, Strand, general agent, for a new application of telegraphic signals, and the mode of applying the same. June 9; six months.

James Anthony Emslie, of the Borough and County of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, civil engineer, for certain improvements in pumps. June 9; six months.

Stephen Bencraft, of Barnstaple, gentleman, for improvements in the construction of saddle-trees. June 9; six months.

Arthur Howe Holdsworth, of Book-hill, Devon, gentleman, for improvements in constructing certain parts of ships and vessels in order to arrest the progress of fire, and for regulating temperature. June 11; six months.

Richard Garrett, of Leiston Works, Suffolk, agricultural instrument-maker, for improvements in the construction of horse-hoes, scarifiers, drag-rakes, and drills, for cultivating land. June 13; six months.

Thomas Banks, of Manchester, engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of wheels and tyres of wheels, to be employed upon railways. June 13; six months.

Moses Poole, of Lincoln's-inn, gentleman, for improvements in obtaining the colouring matter from wool, and woollens dyed with indigo. June 13; six months.

William Cotton, of Loughton, Essex, Esquire, for an improved weighing machine. June 13; two months.

Daniel Williams, of Oxford, Slater, for improvements in covering ridges and hips on the roofs of buildings. June 13; six months.

Isaac Moss, of Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk trimming manufacturer for improvements in the manufacture of covered buttons, ornaments and fastenings for wearing apparel. June 13; six months.

William Morrett Williams, of Bedford-place, Commercial-road, and of 163, Fenchurch-street, lock manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction of locks and keys, which he proposes to call "Williams' Lock and Key improved." June 13; six months.

Henry Hough Watson, of Bolton-le-Moors, consulting chemist, for certain improvements in bleaching, changing the colour of, and otherwise preparing, purifying and refining tallow, and certain other organic substances, mixtures, compounds, and manufactures. June 21; six months.

Joseph Bunnett, of Deptford, Kent, engineer, for certain improvements in pavements, for streets, roads, and other surfaces, and in machinery for producing and repairing the same. June 21; six months.

John Dickson, of Brook-street, Holborn, engineer, for improvements in rotary engines, and boilers, in stopping railway carriages, and in machinery for propelling vessels, part of which improvements are applicable to propelling air and gases. June 21; six months.

Frederick Gye, jun., of South Lambeth, gent., for improvements in binding pamphlets, paper and other documents. June 21; six months.

Thomas Gaunt, of 10, Dalby Terrace, City Road, gent., for improvements in the means of applying any such power as is, or may be used for propelling vessels or carriages to produce locomotion thereof. June 21; six months.

Henry Bewley, of Dublin, licentiate apothecary and chemist, for an improved chalybeate water. June 23; six months.

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P. KORSAKOFF, CENSOR.

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## COLLIERS AND COLLIERIES.

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1. *Report of the Commissioners for Inquiring into the Condition of Children employed in Mines, &c., with two Appendices of Evidence.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 3 vols. Folio. pp. 2022. London. 1842.
2. *History of Fossil Fuel, the Coal-trade and Collieries, &c.* London. 8vo. 1841: Second Edition.
3. *Speech of Lord Ashley in the House of Commons on the 7th June, 1842, on moving for leave to bring in a Bill to make Regulations respecting the Age and Sex of Children and Young Persons employed in Mines and Collieries.* London. 8vo. pp. 58.

On this our fair Earth, with its canopy of air and cincture of waters, the prying mind of man observes a host of animated forms, which, with every apparent capacity for liberty and power of change, seem each in its kind to be tethered to its own region by invisible influences of such potency, that to transgress them is to die. A certain zone is allotted to each of the four-footed races—a certain range and altitude to the bird—and a certain stratum of waters to the finny tribe; the surface and the caverns of the ocean have each their inhabitants, ever embraced by the same common element, yet ever remaining strangers to each other. Something of the same complexity and economy is visible in the ordering of that great

moral universe, which is made visible here through the agency of man—who, whatever may be the capacity of the individual for intellectual advancement, has his brotherhood with his humbler companions of earth; and, like them, is chained to those regions where he can alone procure the conditions of physical existence. Practically, we always find, and have ever found, large sections of our race exhibiting grades and differences of action and suffering; so that we are compelled to acknowledge that that which is to sustain and perfect the social fabric, considered as a whole, is not one in form and shape—not found in one spot—but scattered over the earth—acquired by a variety of efforts under varying circumstances, but everywhere, and under all its varieties, taxing all the faculties of mind and body in the individual, that the great destinies of the race may be fulfilled.

Here, however, the parallel between the physical world and the social ceases. The author of both has ordained, in the former, that so long as each tribe of animals plays its appointed part, so essential to the great organism of nature, all its capacities for enjoyment shall be satisfied. To man alone he has intrusted the perilous duty of guarding his own happiness. Labour for sustenance is his lot, in common with all flesh; variety in the kind, and intensity in the degree of labour, is a necessary inheritance, on which the very existence of the social and moral system hinges. But whether or not he shall vindicate, in the midst of this, his nobler nature and destinies, depends greatly upon himself, and also in no small degree on the society in which his lot is cast.

Here, by three ponderous folios, we have disclosed to us—in our own land, and within our own ken—modes of existence, thoughts, feelings, actions, sufferings, virtues, and vices, which are as strange and as new as the wildest dreams of fiction. The earth seems now for the first time to have heaved from its entrails another race, to astonish and to move us to reflection and to sympathy.

Here we find tens of thousands of our countrymen living apart from the rest of the world—intermarrying—having habits, manners, and almost a language, peculiar to them—

selves—the circumstances surrounding their existence stamping and moulding mind and body with gigantic power. The common accidents of daily life are literally multiplied to this race of men a hundred-fold; while they are subject to others which have no parallel on earth. It is not, then, a matter for wonder that their minds should borrow from the rocks and caverns they inhabit something of the awful ‘power of darkness’ of the other; and that their hearts and emotions should exhibit the fierceness of the elements amidst which they dwell.

It is mainly to Lord Ashley, who has headed this great movement for the moral improvement of the working classes, that we are indebted for these volumes, issued apparently for the purpose of letting the public know the true condition of the mining population, and so forcing, by the weight of opinion and individual cooperation, society at large to attempt an amelioration.

The legislature of past years has undoubtedly been to blame in taking no cognizance of such a state of things as is now exhibited. But are they blameless who employ these men, and reap the benefit of labours which have induced a premature old age in their service? Have they, with so much in their power, fulfilled their duties—have they considered how to strengthen the connection of the master and the hireling by other ties than those of gain? Has our Church, clerical and lay, been diligent in civilising these rough natures? Have proprietors, enriched by the development of minerals, enabled the Church to increase her functionaries in proportion to the growth of new populations? These are questions which must be asked, and answered, before the burden of change is laid on a few, which should be borne by many. We feel that this benefit must be conferred by all; and the power of the state must be propped by the self-denial of the owner—and the mild, untiring energies of the Church must be aided by the kindly influences of neighbourhood—before it can be hoped that such a race as the miners can be brought to abandon their rooted prejudices and brutal indulgences. Living in the midst of dangers—and on that account supplied with higher wages, and with much leisure to spend

them—they unite in their characters all that could flow from sources which render man at once reckless and self-indulgent—a hideous combination, when unleavened by religion and the daily influences of society—little likely to be removed by Acts of Parliament alone, and never, if Acts of Parliament find none but official hands to aid in enforcing them.

It is essential, before we attempt a rapid sketch of the lives of the hewers of coal, that the reader should establish in his own mind some standard by which to test their actual condition; for a very unjust estimate will be formed if he forgets to divide what is from what is not essential to their lot. Each and every profession and calling has its dangers, which are peculiar to it, and to a certain degree inseparable from it; and hence the comparison must not be made between one class and another, so much as between what each class is, and what it ought to be.

There are many states more deadly than that of the miner, and very many where the amount of poverty and suffering is at least equal, if not greater. The army, in the discharge of its ennobling duties at home and abroad, exhibits a greater mortality. Many sections of our artisans and manufacturers are in these respects fully as deeply smitten—luxury and pampering send as many to the workhouse as privation and want. In the economy of the universe, life seems of infinitely small account, as compared with duties discharged: these have no direct reference to time, but to that duration of which time is but a fragment; these are as compatible with fewness of years as with length of days—and the award is pronounced to be not more for him who has toiled the whole day in the moral vineyard, than for them who had the opportunity of labouring but one hour. The simple test of each man's condition is whether he has all that is requisite for the due discharge of his duties in the sphere in which his lot is cast. 'Are his moral and physical energies duly fostered and directed? or are they abused and clouded by the insatiable avarice of those who employ him, crushed by their power, or converted from a service of freedom to slavery?' Let us take this criterion, and judge.



The moment that a new colliery is to be won (*i. e.* established), the face of the country is changed — numerous ugly cottages spring up like a crop of mushrooms — long rows of waggons, laden with ill-assorted furniture, are seen approaching, and with them the pitmen and their families. This is the signal for the departure of the gentry, unless they are content to remain amidst 'the off-scouring of a peculiar, a mischievous, and unlettered race,' (p. 519, App. 1.) to see their district assume a funereal colour — 'black with dense volumes of rolling smoke,' and echoing with the clatter of endless strings of coal-waggons.

Thus, morally and physically insulated, the collier becomes gregarious and clannish, and is rarely seen by any save those who traffic with him. A stranger, to obtain a view, must go for the express purpose, and at some hour either before they descend or when they emerge from the pit, when he cannot fail to be struck with the gaunt and sinewy form, the black grisly aspect, and peculiar costume of this singular race, who stalk across the fields, clothed in a short jacket and trousers of flannel, with a candle stuck in the hat, and a pipe in the mouth.

A more intimate knowledge of his peculiarities is a difficult task, requiring much tact and a circuitous approach. 'A prominent feature of his character,' says a commissioner, 'is deep-rooted suspicion of his employer—his master (he thinks) can have no desire to benefit him:' a trait which has arisen from the practice of the proprietor rarely being the worker of the mine; while the lessee has little interest in common with the men beyond the bond by which he is to obtain the most return of labour for the least expenditure. The lessee contracts with the 'butty' or *viewer*, to bring up the coal; and he and his 'doggey,'<sup>(1)</sup> hire the gang of pitmen, furnish them with tools, pay their wages, and superintend their work.

The entrance to most mines is by means of a well or shaft, varying in diameter from seven to fifteen feet, the sides of

(1) This is a sobriquet given to the foreman, by a race who are individually better known to each other by similar appellations than by their proper names.

which ought to be, and generally are, lined with wood, iron, or brick-work, for a certain extent. They are of amazing depths in the region of the Tyne—and comparatively shallow in Staffordshire and Yorkshire. The shaft of Monkwearmouth Colliery would contain the Monument eight times piled on itself. Up and down this shaft the men are daily sent by means of machinery; each journey averaging from two to three minutes in the profound mine just mentioned; while in shallower shafts, of 600 feet, about a hundred men can be let down in one hour. The sensations in a similar attempt by a stranger are described as awful. The motion as the 'skip' (or basket of four) descends, is not in itself disagreeable—the light diminishing gradually until there is total darkness: when arrived at the bottom, 'all that could be seen of the heavens up the shaft seemed to be of the size of a sugar-basin' (p. 8)—and this in a comparatively shallow mine. And now a new world is opened:—there are roads branching out for miles in every direction, some straight, broad, and even, others undulating and steep, others narrow, propped by huge pillars; the whole illuminated, and exhibiting black, big-boned figures, half-naked, working amid the clatter of carriages, the incessant movements of horses, the rapid pace of *hurriers*, the roar of furnaces, and the groaning and plunging of steam-engines. Perhaps in no community is there such an amount of restless and violent muscular activity—and it is literally incessant; for though the main body of workers ascend daily, still the economy of the mine requires 'constant superintendence on the spot. The community consists of men and boys—and, in some, of women—horses, and asses. Rats and mice find their way in the provender; and cats are brought down to keep these in check. The cricket is chirping everywhere; the midge, and sundry varieties of insects, are found.

The chief, if not the sole, of the vegetable tribes, are fungi, such as mushrooms, which multiply near the manure.

The temperature of these regions is always warm, and in many mines oppressively hot, so that, even when there is no particular exertion, abundant perspiration flows from the body: this accounts for the nudity of the miner; who, however, in

well-ventilated mines, is very sensible of the changes in the atmosphere above-ground. There is great variety in the accommodations, and we request the reader to bear this constantly in his mind. Where the seam of coal is large, as in Staffordshire, the underground works are such as to afford every facility of movement and posture; while, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, one of the sub-commissioners describes his exploration of some of the passages in words betokening a very lively reminiscence of his journey: 'I had to creep on my hands and knees the whole distance, the height being barely 20 inches, and then I went still lower on my breast, and crawled like a turtle to get up to the headings.' In others, Mr. Scriven was 'hurried,' *i. e.* pushed, by a miner, on a flat board mounted on four wheels, or in a corve (*i. e.* basket) 'with his head hanging out over the back, and his legs over the front, in momentary anticipation of being scalped by the roof, or of meeting with a broken head from a pendant rock.' These passages are of great length; for 'at the Booth Pit (he says) I walked, rode, and crept 1800 yards to one of the nearest faces.' (App. II. p. 62.) In many pits the drainage is bad, so that the men work in water—which in some is brackish—and in the Monkwearmouth Colliery produces boils on the skin of freshmen. There is, or ought to be, a most careful system of ventilation, otherwise the whole community are in imminent peril; and this is effected by means of another shaft placed within a short distance of the first, and connected with it by a passage, in shallow mines; or by dividing the longer shaft of the deeper ones into two or three perpendicular segments, and keeping up a large fire in one, so that the rarefied air in this sucks up the colder air which descends the others, and is made by means of doors to go into every part of the mine before it makes its exit. Thus the noxious gases—carbonic acid, or 'choke damp'—and the carburetted hydrogen or wild-fire—'fire-damp,' 'sulphur'—are diluted and carried off. The generation of these gases is, in the northern mines, incessant and rapid, so that one ventilating door neglected for five minutes is sufficient to cause an explosion. (App. I., p. 123.) Such is the habitation for

twelve hours of each day—therefore, for half the years of his life—of the miner. Everything is adverse to him. His own ignorance and vice—too often the avarice of his employer—the light—which in winter is darkness to him from Sunday to Sunday—earth, air, fire, and water combine, and are ready to burst the chains which art has forged for them, and overwhelm him in the twinkling of an eye ; — nevertheless, one Commissioner says—

‘The assemblage at dinner, which is in a large hall cut out in the coal, is the most lively, uproarious, and jovial I have seen.’ — p. 9.

And another—

‘Certainly, the miners are a set of brave men. As a class, the collier is exceedingly reckless and foolhardily.’

Let us now obtain a general idea of the miner at his work, as represented by several of the Sub-commissioners. The *coal-viewer* is the chief man of the colliery : as his duties consist in planning and conducting the great operations of the mine, he is supposed to be a person of great talents and acquirements as an engineer ; and therefore entitled to the distinguished position he holds in society. The *under-viewer* has to settle and superintend the accounts of the workpeople.

The *overmen* and deputy-overmen may be said to be the mining police,—watchers over the due discharge of the work and the safety of the mine. The overman has risen from the lowest stations of his craft, by talent and conduct, to his present situation, yielding perhaps 100*l.* a-year. His is the general superintendence of the pit, while the deputy-overmen, his lieutenants, see that his orders are carried into effect : the latter measure off the quantity of work to each hewer : to the ‘putter,’ or lad who removes what has been hewed, they assign the number of ‘tubs’ to be taken from this or that hewer : they make out the accounts of the work of men and boys, and pay on reckoning-days : they are distributed over various parts of the mine during the working hour for the purpose of ordering and controlling. It is their duty, when the main body of workmen have left the mine after their day’s work, to see that all is right in the pit ; to move the

proppings and timbers, so as to ensure safety from falling in of the roof, &c. &c. At one o'clock in the morning the overman himself goes down to ascertain that the deputies have done their duty, and that the state of the noxious gases is safe.

The *trapper*, a child of eight years of age, awakened by his mother at half-past two A.M., puts on his clothes by the ever-blazing fire of a collier's cottage, fills his tin-bottle with coffee, and starts with a lump of bread for the pit:—he is let down the shaft, and walking in the bowels of the earth for more than a mile along the horse-way, he reaches the *barrow-way*, used by the young men and boys who push their trams with the tubs on rails to the *flats*—a debateable land, where the horse and barrow ways meet, and where the coals are transferred to the 'rolley,' or horse-carriage, to be ultimately delivered at the shaft by means of the quadruped, instead of the biped who had hitherto brought them from the hewer. The child takes his place on one of the barrow-ways, in a small hole scooped out for him of the size of a chimney-nook: his duty is to sit by the side of the 'door or trap,' which closes the way, and to open it the moment he hears the *putter* running up his tub: for twelve hours he squats down with the door-string in his hand, without light, and without daring to move from the spot. 'He sits solitary and has no one to talk to him, for in the pit the whole of the people; men and boys, are as busy as in a sea-fight.' His father may have given him for the first week or two a candle, but the boy's daily wages of tenpence is soon not thought enough to spare threehalfpence for light. He may take to his coffee bottle and bread, but should he fall asleep, a smart cut with the 'yard-wand' from a deputy-overman never fails to rouse him—a mild punishment as compared with that which the putter would have inflicted had he found the door closed, and his tram stopped: '*I got my hammers twice,*' means, I was twice so beaten. (App. I. p. 583.) Thus the young creature soon learns practically that on him depend the lives of the whole community: on the closing of the door the ventilation of the mine hinges. At four o'clock a cry of

'Loose, loose!' is shouted down the shaft, and carried on by signal voices for 'many miles' through the roads and passages, to the very extremity of the mine. The trapper hears it, but must wait until the last putter has passed with his tram, and then he pursues his journey to the foot of the shaft, waits his turn for ascent, and returning to his father's cottage, finds a dinner of potatoes and bacon, a large fire, and, it is hoped, a quiet home: he is then thoroughly washed in hot water and put to bed. He avoids a game with his coevals, lest he should fall asleep the next day at his trap. The Saturday after 'pay-Friday' is a holiday at the pit, which is spent by him in sleep till nine, and then in picking up horse-manure on the highways for his father's garden. Sunday is, in many places at least, devoted to his school, and to his church, to his walk with his playmates, and to his 'good dinner,' and his bed; and then comes Monday and the pit.

After a few years he is promoted *honoris causa*, from the barrow to the horse-way, where he now keeps the trap—but without additional pay. The doors on the rolley-way being heavier, require increase of years. He is now more out of the way of the 'yard wand;' instead of which, any laxity or sleepiness is visited by a slash from the driver's thong—or, in the event of remonstrance or impertinence, a blow from his fist.

In the course of time the trapper becomes himself a *driver*. He now descends the shaft at four a.m., and finds his horse ready caparisoned for him by the horse-keeper; so that he has only to hook him to the carriage or rolley, and to attach two similar machines to the first; 'rejoicing in his horse, his carriage, his whip, and, most of all, in the candle by his side,' he starts to the termination of the horseway, where he is to receive loaded tubs from the 'putter:' these he mounts on his 'rolleys,' and, thus charged, he delivers them at the shaft: should he meet an empty train, the driver must give way to him; or should he find a sleeping trapper, 'he luxuriates in his new-born power.' (App. I., p. 131.) So is his first journey made; but before the day's work is over he will have thus traversed about 30 miles of ground, sitting on the lumber of his rolley.

The *driver* in time becomes a '*putter*,' a signal promotion in every way — his position in honour and emolument being greatly enhanced—his salary depending on his exertions, and his rank next to that of the *hewer*. He arrives with the drivers and trappers at the same early hour of the morning, and takes his tram, or small four-wheeled sledge, on which he places the empty tub, and proceeds to the spot indicated by the deputy-overman, where a '*hewer*,' who has already been working two hours, has collected a heap of coal. By his help the tub is soon filled with six cwt. — the whole weight of carriage and all now being eight cwt., he has to '*hurry*' or '*put*' this to the '*flats*,' or junction between the horse and barrow ways; and this is accomplished by his pushing forward, flinging himself into an elongated and stooping posture — both for the sake of the purchase and power he thereby gains, and to get through these galleries of three to four feet high without scalping himself: sometimes he pushes with his head—which he first pads by stuffing his '*loggers*,' or footless stockings, into his cap. Every tub is marked down by the young man at the flats; and his rank and his profit urge his exertions: he has no time to eat. The *hewer* has had two hours' start of him, and is away early, leaving him alone to fill his own tub and do his own work: in his absence he holds the first rank among the workers in the mine. At last the signal is given, and '*Loose, loose!*' being heard, the *putter* walks to the shaft, waits his turn, may have a word or two with the '*onsetter*,' who loads the '*cage*' or '*basket*' for ascent, and soon finds himself at home, washed to the waist, and seated before his plentiful meal of potatoes and bacon. The exertions he has made secure speedy sleep, from which he is roused only by the '*callman's*' rap at his window, to begin the duties of another day. His wages depend on the distance he goes and the number of tubs he brings. If the tram be 90 yards—as ascertained by the deputy-overman's '*yard wand*'—to and fro is one journey. When he performs this twenty-one times he scores 16*d.*, having traversed 2 miles and 260 yards. If the *putter* is not equal to the tram he has an assistant or '*half-marrow*;' if he needs less

aid he takes 'a foal,' or small boy, as helper, and the wages are proportionally divided. In some districts there is an abstract sort of a miner, who is proportioned into eight parts, (p. 157) thus :

A boy of 10 years is two-eighths, and earns 10s. per month.		
" 13 years is three-eighths,	" 15s.	"
" 15 years is one-half,	" 20s.	"
A girl at 16 years is one-half,	" 20s.	"
A boy at 18 years is three-fourths,	" 30s.	"

The *hewer* or *holer* is generally twenty-one years of age or upwards. He goes to the pit at two in the morning, having breakfasted, and learns from the deputy-overman what is to be done. He strips to the waist in some mines, but in others, he works quite naked. Some 'undergo,' that is, begin excavating, by squatting on their backs or sides, and fling in their whole weight into the blow they strike with their 'pick;' to bring down the harder masses they use gunpowder and a drill. When he has worked about two hours the 'putters' come to clear away the coal: he must be careful that the tub is full measure, or he forfeits it; also that there is nothing but coal in it, or he is fined: finally, he appends an iron ticket to each tram, that his work may be put to his credit. He has usually done his day's work by eleven; and he has to find his powder, his picks, and his candles, so that, with these expenses and his fines, he earns about 50*l.* a-year (in the Durham Districts).

Besides these chief inhabitants of the mines there are masons, and carpenters, and furnace-men; in a word, this subterraneous world must be as complete in itself as a ship-of-war. A father with his three sons can earn 2*l.* 10*s.* a-week; his own labour as hewer will average 23*s.*; the putter will earn 20*s.*; the rolley-driver 7*s.*, and the trapper 5*s.*: besides which he has a certain quantity of coals brought to his door, and the rent of his cottage is trifling.

We have seen how rapidly a collier village springs up, and, according to one commissioner, how speedily the houses of the neighbouring gentry become untenanted; but another (Dr. Mitchell) thinks the tall chimneys of the coal-works enhance



the beauties of the plains of Warwickshire ; and certainly no one who has once witnessed the glowing furnaces, as seen in the depths of night, will easily forget the sight. The village community consists of colliers, venders of beer, and small dealers exclusively. The cottages are whitewashed and plastered, and the roof slated. The degree of neatness within is of course dependent on the individual ; but there are abundant descriptions which bear testimony to the virtue of cleanliness, towards which the large coal-fire and hot water are great helps. These villages are of course run up at a minimum of expense by the landlord, and therefore are seldom picturesque. Even in an agricultural district a collier's cottage may be readily known by a heap of rubbish and filth without, and a fierce bull-dog within doors.

In such a village Dr. Mitchell enumerates a population of 5000 souls, with thirty beer-shops, but without a church or chapel, save the meeting-house of the indefatigable Wesleyan, who, let it be noted, has hitherto been in many of these regions the only Protestant missionary.

The collier generally has a love for some gaudy furniture, ' which is,' as Mr. Scriven remarks, ' ill-assorted to the rest of his gear.'

' In every house may be seen an eight-day clock, a chest of drawers with brass handles and ornaments, reaching from the floor to the ceiling ; a four-post bed, with large coverlet, composed of squares of printed calico ; bright saucepans, and other tin-ware, displayed on the walls.'—*Dr. Mitchell*, p. 137.

There are public ovens for common use in the village. The collier is often fond of his garden, which is an allotment in some neighbouring field. It is said that the love of flowers may still be remarked in the number of nosegays which are worn on Sundays even at Newcastle. The best garment is denominated ' the posy jacket,' from the huge posy which used to be held indispensable on gala-days.

' At the village of South Hetton,' says Dr. Mitchell, ' a miner, with much pleasure, showed his little garden, and expatiated on the beauties of his flowers. Mr. Potter, the viewer, stated that at the prize-shows the miner often competed successfully with the gentlemen's gardeners.'—p. 137.

This is a pleasing feature — but those of a worse sort predominate in the portrait drawn by the commissioners. According to these gentlemen the colliers are, as a class, rude, given to drunkenness and gambling, turbulent, quite illiterate, and not seldom sunk in the depths of ignorance of all save their mine.

Drunkenness is unfortunately fostered in every way, by the laxity in giving licences to beer-shops. The wages are paid at a public-house, or at a truck-shop, quite as bad; sick societies are carried on at similar places. The wages given in pound notes and gold at the end of the fortnight require to be converted into silver: many a publican takes care to have on the occasion 'two or three hundred pounds worth,' and much is left behind in payment for drink. The men, women, and children are all contaminated by this vice, with its dreadful consequences to health, economy, and morals. In Lancashire, where the scale of 'humanity' is terribly low, Mr. Halliwell of Wigan says that the ale-houses are thronged on Saturday nights by quite young boys, who return to them in crowds on Sunday morning as soon as the doors are open. 'I say that every collier gets drunk on Saturday, if he can afford it.' Fighting and breaches of the peace are, of course, the natural immediate consequences: the results are, starvation and rags for the body; and for the mind, brutal passions and their baleful effects.—Vide App. II. p. 185.

'What are their amusements?' In answer to this Mr. Palmer, the surgeon, entered into a statement of the number of bull-dogs kept by the miners, and the cruel sports in which they were employed; but as the magistrates within the last six years have suppressed such proceedings, they may be allowed to sink into oblivion. He next dwells on their singing and dancing the double shuffle to the music of the fiddle or hurdygurdy. The noise of the shoes is the source of delight; and the hobnail of the colliers afford great advantage. 'Sometimes in summer they will sit all round the door of the public-house in a great circle, all on their hams, every man his bull-dog between his knees; and in this position they will drink and smoke.' (App. I. p. 63.)

His practice and belief in the art and mystery of physic are very remarkable. One-half of the children die before they are three years old, mostly poisoned, according to the evidence of Mr. Cooper of Bilston, and Mr. Webb of Bankhouse, with the great collier nostrums of opium and gin, so that the practitioner is rarely called except 'in extremis.' — App. I. p. 30.

In one instance the surgeon happened to take up a 'pick,' with which a comrade had half killed his fellow. A grave collier had placed the weapon in the room with the sick, in order to watch if the blood on the iron rusted, in which case, he avowed, the wound would canker. This trait will recall to the reader the sympathetic cures of the middle ages, when ointments were applied to the weapon to heal the wounds of the knight. Sir Kenelm Digby, at a period much nearer our own days, gives a similar recipe.

The mode of recovering a man suffocated with choke-damp is to bury his neck and shoulders in a recently-dug hole. The remedy is a little more rude, but perhaps not less successful, than the application, *secundum artem*, of cold water and air by the licensed practitioners.

Besides intemperance, the collier is a gambler, of that species which delights in cock and dog fighting, bowling, card-playing, and chuck-penny. Instances are not wanting of a whole month's wages of a father and his sons being staked on a cock, dog, or favourite bowler. There is much expense incurred by the constant training of cocks. Drunkenness is said, however, not to be habitual, but a periodical vice: but these periods, besides hebdomadal, include every occasion for joy or grief, as at births, marriages, and deaths, where the doctor concerned is 'always pressingly and considerably invited to partake of the good things purchased by the money which should have gone in payment of his services.' — App. I. p. 729.

In the West Riding (Report, p. 163) 'the family breakfast is bread, milk, or porridge: the luncheon, huge lumps of bread, and often bits of cheese or bacon, in the pit; a hot

meal when they come home at five or six ; and often porridge, or bread and milk again, at supper.

A striking contrast with the above is the state of the East of Scotland miner. He has hard work in an ill-ventilated mine ; no butcher's meat, but instead, oatmeal-porridge or oat-cake. ' Even the hewer does not enjoy the luxury of small beer ; and the children invariably drink the water in the pit.' They are represented as dirty and ragged, and exhibiting ' at a glance the attributes of a population neglected and abandoned to a course of life which has blunted the commonest perceptions of human comfort.'—*R. H. Franks's Report*, App. I. p. 396.

In Ireland their appearance was very healthy : they said they worked hard, and must live well ; they used bread instead of potatoes ; had meat twice or thrice a week ; changed their clothes once a week ; and the ' commissioner ' ' fancies ' that they washed once a week.—*Report*, p. 173.

In our English and Welsh mines the labour gives ample remuneration ; and there is a very general concurrence as to the quantity and quality of food being sufficient and good. The exceptions are oftener to be traced to the improvident or intemperate habits of the family than to the pressure of unmerited want, or any other tangible source. On the whole, the English miner, though more severely worked, is better paid, than any class of operatives but the highest-grade artisan, and is better off than the agricultural labourer. With his large wages and sensual appetite, he is often both a gross and a dainty feeder—' the first in the market for a dish of green peas and a young goose or duck.'

The race is everywhere broadly distinguished from the rural population of the district ; but the distinguishing features are far from being the same everywhere. Dr. Mitchell says that the artist would do well to study in the pits of Shropshire for models not to be surpassed by the antique. In some other of our English counties, where the seams are high, as in Warwickshire, the miner is ' as big as a heavy dragoon.' In every place the ' torso ' of the hewer is, from the nature of the work, wonderfully developed. But Mr. Wm. Merri-

son, the medical attendant of the Lambton collieries, gives a description, of which the parallel must be sought for in the Byzantine historian's account of the Huns:—

'The outward man distinguishes a pitman from every other operative. His stature is diminutive; his figure misshapen and disproportionate; his legs much bowed; his chest prominent, and greatly developed. His brows are overhanging, and the forehead retreats; the cheek-bones are prominent, and the cheek hollow. I have seen agricultural labourers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and even the distressed stocking-weaver, to whom the term «jolly» might not unaptly be applied, but I never saw a «jolly collier.»—*App. I. p. 662.*

All the colliers, however, have some points in common. The intense muscular exertion, and the constant perspiration in the heat of the mine, render obesity an impossibility; and this discipline, it is agreed on all hands, makes them recover, most astonishingly from the effects of accidents, wounds, and operations. Moreover, some features above described are common to all classes of the population which are early overworked, and may be seen in hideous perfection among women who, in Italy, France, Germany, and Greece, labour in the fields. They become old and care-worn at a very young age.

With regard to the mental peculiarities of the colliers, it certainly appears that they are not a reading community; and this gentleman (Mr. Morrison) adds quaintly enough, 'that much cannot be expected from men who are so long engaged in very hard work daily, and possess but very indifferent educations, if it be remembered how many educated persons will not open a book for days together without the reasonable excuse of the pitman.' The young child may daily earn from 10*d.* to 18*d.* to add to the wages of his father; and this is a great sum to forego for study in the school instead of labour in the mine: hence the expediency of the hour carries the day. even in the most intelligent districts of Scotland, in the midst of the peasantry that produced and appreciated Robert Burns, we find the authors of the 'New Statistical Account' stating the great and growing reluctance among the colliers to spare their children time for any schooling: (' thus the young collier boy becomes the ignorant and power-

(\*) See, for instance, 'New Statistical Account of Ayrshire,' p. 763.

ful savage in good time. The term we have applied is used not as a synonyme for ferocity so much as of incivilisation; for no one can read these reports without coming to the conclusion that there is a large fund of kindly human-nature in this neglected race. 'They will dispense charity largely,' says Mr. Morrison, 'but indiscreetly. A person with a clean white apron and three small children at his side, singing a hymn in a pit village, will be loaded with alms.'—*App. I. p. 729*,

Their notion of acuteness is that of all ignorant people, namely, tricking, which, if practised on a superior in the face of the whole community, is sure to meet with vast applause; yet, though petty frauds are common, it is not so as to positive theft. 'A person residing near a colliery may never lose anything of great value.'—*p. 729*. There is, in fact, a remarkable absence of great crimes—though little is to be said as to chastity or peacefulness; and able-bodied pauperism is unknown.

Whenever from any causes, says a commissioner, the collier is 'unchained,' the police are on the alert for scenes of riot and fight. 'I have seen a dozen pitch-battles of a Christmas morning,' says another witness (Lancashire). And if our limits permitted, we could give a brief account of their strike and turn-out in 1832, affording a fine canvass for all the peculiarities which characterise a people so constituted in the thews and sinews of body and mind.

Where the Wesleyans have laboured with most success, the pitmen themselves are fond of being preachers and holders-forth; and in several mines swearing is punished by fine or the withdrawal of their beer, which the non-jurors divide among themselves.

But we must say a little more as to the physical nature and effects of the employment. It must be remembered that the comfort of the miner depends on the space, drainage, and ventilation of his 'house;' that as to space, in the thin-seam coal-mines no more is excavated than is absolutely requisite; and that if the passages were to be enlarged, by destroying the hard and even rocky beds containing the coal, the mine

would not pay, but must, with all its inhabitants, be abandoned—at least this is the excuse urged for working many wretched places.

'The mines in Shropshire are too low for men to do such work; some are no more than eighteen or twenty inches. The boys crawl on their hands and knees.'—*Report*, p. 67.

Of course it requires some ingenuity to drag a basket containing several hundred weight of coal through such a passage—'hence they are harnessed, by means of a girdle and chain, to the carriage.' The labour is very severe; and often maims and cuts the flesh. Dr. Mitchell says all this is borne by the children in general with 'great fortitude and resignation.' But much of the evidence is such as follows:—

*John Pearce*, aged 12, says:—'About a year and a half ago I took to girdle and chain. I don't like it; it hurts me; it rubs off my skin: I crawled on hands and feet; I often knocked my back against the top of the pit, and it was very sore. When I went home at night I often sat down to rest me by the way, I was so tired. The work made me look much older than I was. I thought if I kept at this work I should be nothing at all, and so I went to the bank to work. I think it great hurt to a boy to draw the same as a horse draws. A great many boys find that they are unable, and give over drawing with girdle and chain. It is hard, very hard, Sir.'

*Robert North*, aged 16:—'Went into the pit at seven years of age to fill the skips. I drew about twelve months; when I drew by the girdle and chain my skin was broken, and the blood ran down; I durst not say anything; if we said anything they, the butty, and the reeve who works under him, would take a stick and beat us. Men could not do the work, and they compelled us.'

'I wish,' says the Sub-commissioner J. M. Fellowes, 'to call the attention of the Board to the pits about Brampton. The seams are so thin that several have only a two-foot headway to all the workings; they are worked altogether by boys from eight to twelve years of age, on all fours, with a dog-belt and chain; the passages being neither ironed nor wooded, and often an inch or two thick in mud. In Mr. Barnes's pit these poor boys have to drag the barrows with 1 cwt. of coal or slack sixty times a day sixty yards, and the empty barrows back, without once straightening their backs, unless they choose to stand under the shaft and run the risk of having their heads broken by a coal falling.'—*Report*, p. 71.

The effect of such exertions at such an age and in such a

place is not so surprising as it is shocking. 'Out of five children that I examined three were not only bow-legged, but their arms were similarly bowed, and the body far from being well developed.' — *J. M. Fellowes*, App., Part. II. p. 254.

The remedy is the substitution of machinery, especially as it has been proved to have been successful in Derbyshire, where, Mr. Joseph Tomlinson of Alfreton, says, 'he should consider it inhuman to put boys to such work.' The seams, he adds, are thirty-one inches, and are worked by a wheel and rope, 'which mode we found quite convenient.' It is, we presume, chiefly in small pits, or those of owners with little capital—or where the property is in the hands of *trustees*—that these—shall we term them—atrocities are still perpetrated: Dr. Mitchell, at least, seems to believe that the large capitalists have generally abolished the girdle and chain and substituted the railroad and the 'dan,' or carriage.

Another aggravation of the natural hardships of a miner's life is apprenticeship. The 'butties' of Staffordshire are represented as ransacking the workhouses of Walsall, Wolverhampton, Dudley, &c. &c., for stout boys of eight or nine years of age, who are bound to them for twelve years, and give up all their wages to these taskmasters. While the boy's companions are earning fourteen shillings a week he gets nothing, and is sent into places where no other person will go. This state of slavery destroys in him all independence of spirit: he soon becomes vicious, degraded, reckless.

The treatment of these lads by the men and bigger boys about them is what might be expected from a race inured to toil and effort, with strong passions, and strong muscles, and in a savage state. Mr. Scriven's account of one apprentice would seem exaggerated were it not supported by examples of equal atrocity. 'He was often struck with the pick,' and Mr. Scriven ascertained that the scar he saw must have been a legacy from this instrument, 'which had pierced the large muscles, and must all but have penetrated to the hip-joint. The skin of the spine was scarred over, from being rubbed off in the narrow passages, through which he had been com-



pelled to draw the coals. He ran away, after having been obliged to eat candles and sleep in the *wastes*, but ultimately found employment and good treatment from another quarter. — *Report*, p. 43. We find many instances of reckless brutality: 'A coal is sent at their heads—a gash on the head made with a pick—an eye knocked out—ribs broken; or 'the ass-stick, as big as my thumb,' is applied—in short, the discipline, as they are pleased to term it, is Spartan. It is pleaded that such discipline is necessary to the safety of the mine—that it is not *excessive*—that, if it were, the parents and relations of the children would resent it or remove them; lastly—which we see no reason to doubt—that it is against the wishes and positive injunctions of the proprietors, and the 'butties' turn off those proved to exercise it.

The punishment for theft is unmerciful. The culprit's head is placed between the legs of one of the biggest boys, and each boy in the pit—and in the instance quoted there were twenty—inflicted twelve strokes on the loins and rump with a cat, which was beaten to a jelly. The doctor said he could not survive—but he did. 'It is a general punishment, for the oldest colliers bore testimony to the custom, and thought it quite justifiable.' — (*Report*, p. 44.)

If there was anything which could tinge with a deeper hue these scenes and deeds, it would be the possibility that all such evils might be inflicted on women; and so they are in the following districts, which we purposely name:—1. West Riding of York, southern part; 2. Bradford and Leeds; 3. Halifax; 4. Lancashire; 5. South Wales; 6. East of Scotland.

In the last of these provinces the whole state of the mine as to care, ventilation, draining, and as to employment of women, reads so miserably, that we fain would hope the account overdrawn.

Mr. Scriven, in his Report, writes thus of the employment of women:—

'There is no distinction whatever in their coming up and going down the shaft—in the mode of hurrying or thrusting—in the weight of corves—or in the distances they are hurried—in wages or dress: indeed it is impossible to distinguish either in the darkness of the

gates (*i. e.* ways) in which they labour, or in the cabins, before the broad light of day, an atom of difference between one sex and another.'—*App.* II. p. 73.

Of Ellison Jack, a girl 11 years old, a coal-bearer at Loam Head, in the immediate neighbourhood of 'the Modern Athens,' Mr. Franks, a sub-commissioner, gives the following account:—

'She has first to ascend a nine-ladder pit to the first rest:—even to which a shaft is sunk to draw up the baskets or tubs of coals filled by the bearers. She then takes her creel (a basket formed to the back, not unlike a cockle-shell flattened towards the neck, so as to allow lumps of coal to rest on the back of the neck and shoulders), and pursues her journey to the wall-face, or, as it is here called, the room of work. She then lays down her basket, into which the coal is rolled—and it is frequently more than one man can do to lift the burden on her back—the tugs or straps are placed over the forehead, and the body bent in a semicircular form, in order to stiffen the arch. Large lumps of coal are then placed on the neck, and she then commences her journey with her burden to the pit bottom, first hanging her lamp to the cloth crossing her head.'—*Report*, p. 93.

This *one* journey is mounting a succession of ladders, each eighteen feet high, from mainroad to mainroad, till she comes to the pit bottom, where her load is to be cast. The height ascended and the distance of the road, added together, exceed the height of St. Paul's; and it not unfrequently happens that the tugs break, and the load falls on those females who are to follow.

But we will not multiply these spectacles of human misery and degradation; and to whom can they be traced? Is the contractor alone in fault?—is the proprietor scatheless? Or shall we blame the parents and relations, by whose avarice and improvidence, according to Mr. Sub-commissioner Scriven (p. 74, *App.* I), in almost every instance, these females are thus subjected to moral and physical evils of the worst kind? On both sides the guilt is great—very great—but surely vastly greater in him who has not even the excuse of poverty for receiving 'the thirty pieces of silver.' The example of discontinuing this hateful practice has, however, been set in what we must consider as the very worst district. No sooner

did the abomination come to the knowledge of the Duke of Buccleuch than his grace commanded its utter abolition in all his collieries; and the same course was immediately followed by the family of Dundas of Arniston, and others of his neighbours:—

‘Until the last eight months,’ says William Hunter, overman in a colliery at Arniston, ‘women and lassies wrought below in these works, when Mr. Alexander Moxton, our manager, issued an order to exclude them from going below, having some months prior given intimation of the same. Women always did the lifting, or heavy part of the work, and neither they nor the children were treated like human beings; nor are they where they are employed. Females submit to work in places where no man nor even lad could be got to labour in: they work in bad roads up to their knees in water, in a posture nearly double: they have swelled ankles and haunches, and are prematurely brought to the grave, or, what is worse, a lingering existence. Many of the daughters of miners are now at respectable service. I have two who are in families at Leith, and who are much delighted with the change.’—*Ibid.* p. 94.

No wonder! And we trust many more proprietors will now be encouraged to follow such examples, especially as it can be proved to the able-bodied husband and father that there is no necessity for him to lose anything at all by a change so beneficial to his wife and children.

The Duke of Buccleuch’s manager, Mr. James Wright, says:—

‘I feel confident that the exclusion of females will advantage the collier in a physical point of view, and that it will force the alteration of the economy of the mines. Owners will be compelled to alter their system. They will ventilate better, make better roads, and so change the system as to enable men who now work only three or four days a-week to discover their own interest in regularly employing themselves. *Since young children and females have been excluded from his Grace’s mines, we have never had occasion to increase the price of coal.*’

In Mr. Ramsay of Barnton’s mines women and very young children have, for the last four years, been excluded. See the results:—

‘Men labour here, on an average, from eleven to twelve days in the fortnight; whereas, when they depended on their wives and children, they rarely wrought nine. Colliers are now stationary:

the women themselves are opposed to moving since they have felt the benefit of home.'—App. I. p. 400.

We might quote abundance more to the like effect: several witnesses dwell in a very touching manner on the consequences of the mother and elder daughters of a family being in the pit, while the infants are surrendered to strange hands. What can be looked for under such circumstances as to early education? It would be a mockery to use the term at all. But while there is a general concurrence as to the extent of the mischief, and possibility of stopping it, some apparently well-disposed managers urge the necessity of proceeding gradually. A warning, they say, of perhaps two years must be given, in order that families may prepare for a change in many of their arrangements, and especially that young girls may have time to make some preparation for entering on duties and services of a new description. Others, again, dwell on the difficulties arising from the obstinate self-will and prejudice of the collier-clan on this subject. For example, Mr. Wilson of Bantaskine, a proprietor and manager, says:—

‘There is no power at present existing in the masters to prevent children being carried down. Those who attempt the improvement of miners need much patience: long-rooted neglect has rendered them excessively clannish, and they unite in secret to discomfit any proposed new arrangement. They hold secret conclaves in mines, and make rules and regulations which are injurious and absurd.’—App. I. p. 400.

We should have thought that what had been done by one proprietor might have seemed feasible to another. But it must be remembered that many of the mines are owned by persons, of moderate, and perhaps encumbered estate; and when the attempt has been made by the less rich proprietor to exclude children under a certain age and females from the mine, he has been in peril of ‘losing his best workmen.’ (App. I. p. 400.) Hence the eagerness of Mr. Wilson and others that this wholesome measure should be initiated by government and made compulsory on all—so precluding the possibility of the collier’s finding another slave-market whither to transport himself with his wife and children when his own has dared to denounce his traffic in their flesh and blood.

We may here again cite the respectable manager of the Duke of Buccleuch's collieries :—

'I would be against the interference of legislature in any case but where it is absolutely necessary, but here I conceive it to be their imperative duty. If a measure were passed enacting that no females were to be employed in our pits at all, no boys allowed to go down under twelve years of age, and only then if they can both read and write—in all cases the work limited each day to ten hours—if such a measure were to pass, I do not know a greater boon that could be conferred, not only on the mining population, but on the proprietors of Scotland. The latter have a deep interest in the matter, and many of them are willing to do everything in their power to ameliorate the condition of the collier population on their properties; but others are indifferent, and however much individuals may do as individuals, no measure can be effectual which does not extend, over the whole.'—App. I. p. 407.

The evidence of Sir George Grant Suttie, Bart., is equally forcible :—

'I have no control over the colliers in my employment. I beg leave to state to you that the employment of women in the mines of Scotland is one of the reasons which tend to depreciate the character and habits of the collier population, and that to remedy this evil a legislative enactment is required.'—App. I. p. 470.

He adds, that though the gains of the colliers are double that of the agricultural population, yet their comforts are less, as indicated by their houses—for the wife is absent—and frequently the fathers remain idle the greater part of the week, while the mothers and the children are in the pit.

It would be unfair if we were to omit, however, the reasons advanced in favour of letting children at a *very young* age descend into the mines. They are briefly these :—1. That in many mines the seams are too thin to be worked by any but very young boys. 2. That unless sent down very young a boy could not learn how to work. 3. That many parents could not support the children unless this were allowed. 4. That accidents are so frequent as to make it anything but rare for a wife and a mother to become a widow, and therefore wholly dependent on her children's exertions for subsistence: to prevent such from availing themselves of them.

would be to pass a sentence of absolute starvation :—for instance, in one small village (Banton in Scotland) there are forty widows kept from applying to the Kirk Session by the earnings of their children. (App. I. p. 486.) 5. That at present there are twelve years of boys' labour—supposing them to enter at eight and not to become hewers till they be twenty years of age. If you forbid the entrance into the mine till the boy is ten years old, there will only be ten years of boys' labour. The effect will be tantamount to diminishing the number of boys, so that where twelve used to find employment only ten would now do so.

The reader must judge of the weight of the above arguments, which afford a fine scope for the ingenuity of the expediency-monger and the casuist, as to whether the displacement of capital, and therefore of labour, might not lead to greater misery than that which is sought to be avoided :—whether the shutting-up the small-seamed collieries, which are often the best coal—and which, or some of them, can only be wrought by very young creatures—would not enhance the price of a commodity, on the due supply of which, it may be readily shown, the life of the community at large hinges more entirely than on anything save food.

We proceed to another point. The influence of man on his fellow-men may or may not be kindly ; but that of the physical circumstances which surround the miner is quite appalling ; and even through the stiff and bald detail of the Sub-commissioners there are touches of reality which transcend all imagination. 'The life of a collier,' says one of these gentlemen, 'is of great danger both for man and child—a collier is never safe after he is swung off to be let down the pit.' He is in danger, in the first place, from fire in its most frightful form, assuming a character which the sublime language of Milton can scarcely depict—

'Floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire.'

When the ventilation of a colliery has been allowed to become bad, a quantity of carburetted hydrogen gas accumulates in the 'wastes,' and ignites on the first approach of

any light, save the blessed Davy-lamp: the whole mine is instantly filled with terrific flashes of lightning, the expanding fluid driving before it a roaring whirlwind of flaming air, which tears up everything—scorching some to a cinder, burying others under enormous rocks and fragments shaken from the roofs and passages—and then, thundering up the shaft, wastes its volcanic fury in a thick discharge of dust, stones, and the mangled limbs of men and horses. One of these explosions took place at the moment that some of the miners were swinging down into the pit: the force of the wind blew them back into the air. One or two fell on the bank, and were saved; but the rest were again precipitated into the shaft.

The author of the 'History of Fossil Fuel' has given a minute account of a catastrophe, of which the main points are the following.

In the forenoon of the 25th May, 1812, 121 men were in the Felling Colliery, when a terrible explosion was heard; a slight earthquake was felt half a mile round; a cloud of dust rose high into the air, and, borne away by a strong west wind, fell in thick showers at the distance of a mile and a half, causing a darkness like twilight at the village of Heworth.

As soon as the explosion was heard, a crowd of the relations of the colliers rushed to the pit. The men worked the 'gin' with astonishing expedition, and, letting down the rope, rescued 32 persons, of whom three (boys) died in a few hours. An eye-witness, the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, says that the shrieks, wringing of hands, and howling were indescribable: they who had their friends restored to them seemed to suffer as much from excess of joy as they had lately done by grief. But these were the few. Several attempts were made to rescue those who did not appear: within a few hours eight or nine bold men descended into the pit-bottom, but found that the entrance into the workings, or galleries, was impeded by an upright column of smoke, which convinced them that the mine was on fire. It was in vain that the 'viewers' assured the people that all hope was at an end; and that the only thing left was to extinguish the ignited coals by closing up the mine itself. Each proposition to this effect was met with yells of 'Murder!'

from the kindred, followed by symptoms of determined resistance. Two or three days elapsed, while the widows and orphans never ceased to hover about the pit mouth in the hope to hear some cry for succour—but all was silent as death ; and at length the shaft was permitted to be hermetically closed. It was re-opened on the 8th of July, on which day a great concourse assembled to witness this service of danger—some curious only, but the greater part came, with streaming eyes and broken hearts, to seek a father, a son, or husband—constables were appointed to keep off the crowd—and two surgeons were on the spot, in case of accidents. Eight men at a time descended, who remained four hours in, and eight hours out of the mine. When the first shift of men came up, a message was sent for coffins ; those which had been prepared were sent in cart-loads through the village of Low Felling. As soon as the cart was seen, the women rushed out of their houses with shrieks which were heard to a great distance. The bodies were found most of them marked by fire—some scorched, and dry as mummies. In one place twenty were crammed in ghastly confusion—some torn to pieces—while others appeared unscathed, and in attitude as if overpowered by sleep. It was only by some article of clothing—a shoe—or by some token, as a tobacco-box—that many friends could recognise the corpse. A neat pyramid, nine feet high, bearing the names and ages of eighty-nine sufferers, is placed over one huge grave in Heworth chapel-yard.

One would think that the memory of one such catastrophe would suffice as a warning against all carelessness. The same book, however, gives a long succession of equally horrid events; and yet all the sub-commissioners were struck with the recklessness of the miners—one was obliged, for his own preservation, to knock the Davy lamp out of the hands of his guide, who chose in a most suspicious place to trim it, by exposing the flame without the protecting wirework to the gas. Another, on whom probably a practical joke was played, seems to have been much horrified at the miners, ' who, by way of amusement, would inflate the mouth with a sufficient quantity to produce a stream, by contracting the lips, and setting fire to



it, as from an Argand burner, to the great glee of others who looked on.'—(*Report*, p. 137.) Another of these gentlemen was bid to walk with his candle exactly opposite his breast; for above him was a layer of wildfire, and below another of choke-damp, the intermediate stratum being alone respirable, the specific gravities of each determining its position. It is mostly in the northern mines that these gases abound in such quantities, that nothing but the fullest ventilation could permit their being worked at all. Some of the mines of Scotland are, however, just sufficiently aired to prevent actual explosion—no thought being given to render the atmosphere incapable of producing chronic disease, and so shortening life. Perhaps the *argumentum ad crumenam* may have more weight than that *ad hominem*: it is proved that economy of material is much greater where the mine is thoroughly ventilated than where it is not, as there, in consequence of dampness, the wood-work and machinery rot away 'in half the time.' On the same principle of sheer economy, leaving all the mere humanity part out of the question as a trifle, we may be allowed to express a little surprise at the inconsistency of expending 150,000*l.* in sinking a shaft, paying enormous sums for machinery, and the furnishing and draining a mine—and though fully aware that the whole may be blown to pieces if a trap-door be left open 'five minutes'—yet confiding that risk to the care and good sense of children aged from *five* to seven years!!—(See *Report*, p. 147.)

'Dr. Walsh has thus described two of the less common harbingers of choke-damp and fire-damp, those ministers of death, whose approach is frequently as insidious as it is destructive. 'At one time, an odour of the most fragrant kind is diffused through the mine, resembling the scent of the sweetest flowers; and while the miner is inhaling the balmy gale, he is suddenly struck down and expires in the midst of his fancied enjoyment: at another, it comes in the form of a globe of air enclosed in a filmy case; and while he is gazing on the light and beautiful object floating along, and is tempted to take it in his hand, it suddenly explodes, and destroys him and his companions in an instant.'—*History of Fossil Fuel*, p. 256.

Another of the awful effects produced by the element is when the mine, that is the coal itself, takes fire. Once igni-

ted, it will go on burning for years, nay, centuries—as witness Wednesbury in Staffordshire, or Dudley in Worcester shire, where

‘Smoke may be seen distinctly issuing at more places than one, and it is stated that in one of the wells the water is sufficiently hot to be used for washing and culinary purposes. Smoke and steam issue from the crevices on both sides of the road, and on holding the hand to the place the stones are felt warm, as also the steam issuing. This part of the town is built over a pit, from which the good coal has been long extracted, and what is now on fire is the slack or small coal left behind. If a shaft were attempted to be opened the flames would burst forth.’ — (*Dr. Mitchell, App. I., p.4.*)

The combustion is generally spontaneous, but it may and has arisen through carelessness — or wilfulness, as in 1833 in one of Lord Fitzwilliam’s collieries.

Many of the mines not only have encroached on the peninsula of earth, but have been extended under the beds of rivers or the ocean itself; and we find in our own time not a few instances where the waters have broken loose and filled them.

‘It will readily be conceived that the sound and appearance of an instantaneous rushing of a large body of water into the workings must be awful indeed to those ingulphed therein—particularly when the lights are mostly or entirely extinguished! One of the earliest boyish impressions which the writer retains is connected with an event of this nature, which occurred in a Yorkshire colliery in the beginning of the year 1805. The bottom of a large dam suddenly gave way, and poured its contents into the mine beneath: one of the colliers, recording the deliverance of himself and fellows in verse, the mediocrity of which was relieved by the real impressiveness of the occurrence, thus sang:—

‘It early in the morning was our troubles did begin;  
Near two o’clock, we understand, the waters rushed in:  
Then many waded in the deep in such a wretched plight,  
Their case it dreary was indeed—they had no kind of light!  
To hear the cries, and see the tears on this occasion shed,  
The tragic scene, it was enough to cause the heart to bleed:  
But the all-seeing eye of God, from whom we draw our breath,  
Beheld, and by his Providence preserved us all from death, &c.’  
—*History of Fossil Fuel*, pp. 250, 251.

In Mr. Curwen’s great pit at Workington, which was carried two miles under the sea, it was observed by the men

that the mine had been oozing salt water for some time, and some of them got away, but in the night, the 'single night' of the 28th July 1837, the sea broke in, and none were ever found to tell how it happened. The bodies even were never recovered—and so the funeral service was read over the pit-mouth. The spot where the water broke in was discernible in the sea by the blackness of the waves. The mine had been worked fifty years, and its excavations took two hours and a half to be filled.—(*Report*, p. 145.)

In June, 1833, Mr. Montgomery, banker in Irvine, while fishing in the Garnock, observed a gurgling motion in its current, which, though first mistaken by him for salmon-leaps, soon led to the suspicion of its true cause, and, accordingly the neighbouring headsman of the mine was warned—he, however, was at first slow to believe—but the men below heard the gurgling of the waters—and were only dragged out, pursued by the waves, when these had risen up to their necks. At first the river ran smooth, but rapidly; but on the following afternoon a portion of the mine sunk, and the stream disappeared, leaving its bed dry for a mile. The pressure in the pits became so great from the whole workings of the mines, which extended over 'many miles,' being filled, that the air, pent up between the waters and the crust of overlying earth, burst through, 'and many acres of ground were to be seen all at once bubbling up like the boiling of a cauldron.' Immense quantities of sand and water were thrown up for five hours, and fell like showers of rain. 'In a short time the whole of Bartonholme, Longford, Snodgrass, and Nethermain, were laid under water, by which calamity from five to six hundred persons were deprived of employment, and the extensive colliery works so injured as to preclude all hope of their ever being restored to their former state.'—*History of Fossil Fuel*, p. 250.)

But there is a class of accidents far more frequent than these awful visitations of elemental agents. The descent into shafts is in the richer mines managed by steam machinery—in the less wealthy by the 'gin' or wheel worked by a horse—and in the poorest by a wheel worked by hand, such

as that used in drawing water from wells. In all these the frightful accident has occurred 'of the load being 'wound over,' and the men pitched down the shaft. This happened in one instance from the little boy whom the proprietors employ at 7s. a week — in order to save the additional 23s., which would have to be paid to a man fit for such a duty — neglecting to stop the steam-engine in time, his attention being attracted by 'a mouse on the hearth!!' — (*Report*, p. 144.) The motive of economy is that assigned in the Evidence; and it states the exact saving as above.

Another class of accidents arise from carelessness and want of due inspection as to the ropes and tackle of descent. Then again the shaft, which should be well lined, is in the poorer mines but negligently protected; and a small stone loosened from its side, or flung from the pit-mouth, suffices, with the impetus of descent, to kill. The corves, which ought to be shedded over, are often open. The pit-mouths, which should be surrounded by a wall, so as to hinder people falling down them at night, are not unfrequently unguarded—not so much from the fault of the proprietors, as because the people will steal the bricks for their own use. There are some painful descriptions scattered among the Reports of deaths arising from falling in of the roofs, when economy tempts to remove the pillars that have supported them. Sometimes, after such operations, a very unexpected mode of filling up these galleries takes place spontaneously—the floors are pressed up towards the roof—or, as one of the witnesses terms it, 'the earth is on the move' There are innumerable sources of danger to the *drivers*, from accidents peculiar to them; and, finally, there is no peril common to any other adventurous profession from which the miner is exempt.

The historian of 'Fossil Fuel' has a note (p. 291) which we cannot but quote:—

'There is, indeed, no class of persons, sailors themselves not excepted, who have greater reason to live in constant readiness to encounter sudden death than the colliers who work in some of our deep and impure mines. The following is a striking illustration of the prevalence of pious sentiments under circumstances of excrucia-

ting trial:—In one of the Newcastle collieries, thirty-five men and forty-one boys died by suffocation, or were starved to death; one of the boys was found dead with a bible by his side, and a tin box such as colliers use; within the lid he had contrived to engrave with the point of a nail his last message to his parent and brother: 'Fret not, my dear mother, for we are singing the praises of God while we have time. Mother, follow God, more than ever I did. Joseph, think of God, and be kind to poor mother.'—p. 291.

The miners, while 'undergoing,' tap the seam with their picks, to ascertain if it rings clear or sounds cracked. In doubtful cases Dr. Mitchell describes them as quitting their work, *lighting their pipes*, and holding a consultation—others flying precipitately from the falling masses which would, and often do, crush them. They usually have good warning of such catastrophes by 'the groaning of the earth,' but often enough neglect the awful voice. The hewer may be seen lying at full length cutting away; and though provided with all the timber ready at hand to prop up and render his work safe, neglecting the means which are to prevent eight or ten tons of coal falling in any instant on him. Is it wonderful, then, that men living amid such constant dangers should be callous, or what appears callous to a sub-commissioner,—startled at three or four urchins jumping, with fearless certainty of foot and eye, from the bank into a corve about to descend;—or that occasionally some lad of an engine-keeper, having been well thrashed by a hewer, should so manage the machinery as to let his enemy in the corve drop with imminent risk of life from breakage of the rope to which the man clings? The minds of such people become familiarized with death, and the ever-recurring accidents are speedily forgotten:

'There would be more feeling a hundred times,' says the Chief-Constable at Oldham, 'if a policeman were to kill a dog in the streets than about killing a collier. They are quite an uneducated set of people, who go to cockpits, and races, and fights, and many are gamblers and drinkers. There are so many killed, that it becomes quite customary to expect such things. In a day or two's time even a man's wife and children seem to have forgotten it. The chiefest talk is just at the moment, until the body gets home, and then people feel, 'Oh it is only a collier!''—(Report, p. 144.)

With respect to the general effect of mining labour on the  
VOL. III.

human frame, this Report states, in conclusion, that the work in a well-regulated coal-mine is not only not injurious but healthful, developing and expanding the body into forms, which one of the sub-commissioners compares to the finest models of ancient sculpture. In Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and in great part of Yorkshire, the men are described as strong and powerful, 'living like fighting-cocks;' presenting 'in the broad and stalwart frame of the swarthy collier as he stalks home, all grime and muscle, a striking contrast with the puny, pallid, starveling, little weaver, with his dirty white apron and feminine look.'—(*Report*, p. 163.)

Whatever the imagination may picture as to the interior of a mine, the reality turns out to be far from frightful, where this speculation is conscientiously worked; that is to say, where the passages are sufficiently high not to keep the body bent, the air sufficiently pure to sustain health amid the gigantic efforts the miner must make, the temperature salubrious, and all other appurtenances fit and matching. This is what a mine should be, and what many ought to be, and could be, if the eye of public opinion and the hand of the law were directed aright. But this they are not; and so we have descriptions of people working in passages like drains: yet even here we should beware of drawing too broad conclusions—true words may paint falsely. A person working twelve hours a-day up to his knees in wet and muck would speedily die—above ground; but the uniform temperature of the mine, with even inefficient ventilation, removes very much of the dangers of what reads like constant exposure to wet. On the whole it is rather to the over-work than to anything else that most of the constitutional damages to the frame may be traced—although a bad atmosphere will of course largely complicate the result.

Where the work is excessive, and beyond the physical powers, it retards puberty, shortens manhood, and brings on premature old age; and the instances are numerous of this exhausting labour in young children, who are too tired to do anything but sleep. 'One man remembers he has many a time dropt to sleep with the meat in his mouth.' 'Mothers

say that their children come home so stiff and tired that they are obliged to lift them into bed—'are too tired to speak'—'fall asleep before they can eat their suppers.' There are instances detailed where a curved spine and abscesses of the hip-joint did not shield the worker from labour—diseases which exhaustion and a wet mine would readily induce. (*Report*, p. 177.) At p. 179, the witness says, 'I have often seen them lying on the floor fast asleep: then they fall asleep in the pit, and are killed by waggons running over them.'

The first direct effect of over-work is exhibited in the extraordinary development of the muscles; 'those of the back stand out like ropes.' The collier-boys were therefore found greatly superior to those of other callings in this respect. The immediate consequence of development in one set of organs is diminution in another; and hence, with a few exceptions, the colliers are described as a 'stunted race:' the exceptions are Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Ireland. A third effect of over-work is early decay of the organ over-worked—in the collier, therefore, of the muscular system.

'After they are turned forty-five or fifty they walk home from their work like cripples, stiffly stalking along, often leaning on sticks. Where the lowness of the gates induces a very bent posture, I have observed an inward curvature of the spine; and chicken-breasted children are very common in low, thin coal-mines.'—(*Report*, p. 185.)

This decrepitude is common, however, to many other classes than miners: indeed any tribe of mechanics may be known by their forms as modified by their trade.

All these varied circumstances and modified results must be candidly considered. As we said at the outset, there are great evils and dangers in many other callings, which might perhaps, if reported on by a set of gentlemen, however honest and sincere, appear actually crammed with mere misery and oppression, yet which are not *de facto* inconsistent with a fair average of well-being. Many trades, and *professions* too, are undoubtedly unfavourable to length of days. The colliers are not cut off nearly so soon as some other classes—yet they, generally speaking, are a short-lived people. At forty they

are incapable of work in Shropshire and Staffordshire—'are regular old men, as much as some at eighty; at fifty in Warwickshire. In Derbyshire the collier is aged at forty; and the loader, between twenty-eight and thirty. (P. 192.) And so is it wherever we track them. As a race, they may be said to be extinct at fifty-five. There are only half as many old men above seventy among colliers as among agriculturists; and twice as many deaths by accidents. Yet, with all this, the collier is fond of his colliery, preferring it to every other calling; and, if he quit his mine for a time, speedily returns to it. The spirit of adventure, and rough enjoyment, and independence, makes him gamble with life.

We cannot conclude without one or two examples more of the good that may be done by the proprietor, where he seriously turns his thoughts to the condition of his miners. And, first, look at the collier population of Alloa, amounting to 1100, as affected by the kind exertions of their landlord, the late Earl of Mar. He gave them the means of education, improved their cottages, encouraged gardening, prohibited the wives working in the mines; 'and so,' says Mr. John Craich, 'raised their character in a wonderful degree.' The provident society of the Alloa Colliery has at present 1200*l.* in the bank!

The present Earl of Elgin had for many years before his father's death the management of the property in Scotland; and under his eye an improved system appears to have been established in the collieries. James Grier, manager, says 'that twenty-five years ago few persons thought themselves safe near the spot after dark; now a more sober set of workmen are not to be found in Scotland.'—*App.* I. p. 497.

Another witness says:—

'With respect to the moral condition of the collier I can affirm they are much better than they were twenty years ago: formerly their food and clothing were of the commonest description, but now a collier's family, if careful, eat of the best and most wholesome food, and have the clothing of the first rate merchant of twenty years ago.'

It is particularly satisfactory to quote such examples from



Scotland, where certainly they were and are most needed : but we are bound to say that the settlement of the legislative question as to miners must be infinitely more difficult as regards that than any other part of the empire. The evils of the want of a liberal and uniform Poor Law for Scotland are becoming every day more and more terrible ; and till that gigantic mischief is remedied, it will avail little to attempt regulations as to particular classes of the lower population there.

We think we shall please many by giving one extract more from the historian of 'Fossil Fuel.' It may be surmised from something already quoted, that this able writer himself began life in the pit ; but, if so, we have it not in our power to add his name to a list which it would by no means discredit.

'The Cornish miners have often been referred to as being a remarkably observant and intelligent race of men : combining, as they commonly do, each in his own person, the labourer, the adventurer, and the merchant, they have acquired a degree of shrewdness and industry that could not fail to be noted, especially by strangers with whom they came into contact. The colliers, on the other hand, whether less knowing or not, have been, in this respect at least, less known : they have almost uniformly been the servants of capitalists between whom and the actual labourers there have existed several gradations of rank — so to speak — the duties of the uppermost of which, however, bear very lightly, if at all, on the real independence of the lowest — the latter, indeed, frequently rising unmeritoriously from the bottom to the top of the scale. Many honourable instances of this might be mentioned. It is no proof of the general intelligence of any body of operatives that men of talent have occasionally risen from among them to distinguished stations in society ; but it is natural to associate the ultimate fame or notoriety of an individual with his original calling and this without the least disparagement or disrespect. It is on this principle that one feels a certain description of interest in knowing that the late celebrated Doctor Hutton was originally a hewer employed in Old Long Benton Colliery ; that Mr. Stephenson, the intelligent engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, was originally a coal-miner ; that the late Rev. W. Huntingdon, an eccentric but talented preacher in the metropolis, was a coal-heaver ; and even that the late 'king of the conjurors,' as the ingenious Ingleby was called, was a pitman, who first practised sleight of hand among his companions on the banks of the Tyne. Thomas Bewick too, the celebrated xylographer and illustrator of nature, may be mentioned as another instance.

His father was a collier in the neighbourhood of Hexham; and Thomas with his brothers, one of whom died after giving promise of high excellency in the beautiful art of wood-engraving, was early immersed in that subterranean, laborious, and loathsome employment. — 'I have heard him say,' remarks his friend Mr. Dovaston, 'that the remotest recollection of his powerful and tenacious memory was that of lying for hours on his side between dismal strata of coal, by a glimmering and dirty candle, plying the pick with his hands — those hands afterwards destined to elevate the arts, illustrate nature, and promulgate her truths, to the delight and instruction of the moral and intellectual world.'—*History of Fossil Fuel*, pp. 289, 290.

Since this article was put into type Lord Ashley has obtained the unanimous assent of the House of Commons for the introduction of a bill 'to make Regulations respecting the Age and Sex of Children and Young Persons employed in the Mines and Collieries of the United Kingdom.' After perusing this Report — with its detailed Appendices, and the *terrible* woodcuts that accompany them — it was impossible for us to doubt that Lord Ashley would receive the cordial support of Her Majesty's Government in such a measure. But we were not prepared for, and therefore we were indeed most highly gratified by, the unanimity of the House of Commons on the 7th of June. We would fain hail it as an evidence that not by any one class of politicians alone, but by all, the danger of neglecting the moral and social and also the physical condition of the poor in this rich and powerful empire has at length been understood and appreciated; and as an omen and pledge that henceforth, as now, English gentlemen of all parties will be found ready to act together as men and as Christians when the afflictions of their humble fellow-countrymen are brought under their consideration as legislators. Lord Ashley's speech was indeed a happy specimen of clear statement, intermixed with numberless touches of simply and deeply pathetic eloquence:—no man could listen to it without being reminded of Wilberforce. Such a speech might well, as a display of high talents, excite admiration and applause; but these are not days when rhetoric, or even oratory, can pro-

duce, in regard to subjects of this kind, any decisive practical effect. The House must have been operated on by circumstances of a very different character: they felt, we hope and believe, that this was the first step in a path which must be pursued, if our working classes—unequalled in the history of the world for courage, energy, and native goodness of feeling—are to be reconciled to the great existing institutions of their country—not excepting the institution of property, which, like all the rest, can only deserve to be supported as being for the general advantage.

(QUARTERLY REVIEW.)

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## THE KRAAL.

BY MASTER HARRY.

About the most interesting spectacle to the sportsman in Ceylon is the KRAAL, or capture of wild elephants for agricultural or other purposes. This takes place, on Government account, about twice a year, in the district most frequented by these animals; notice of which is given to the Adigar, or chief man of that part of the country, who is required to raise a sufficient force of *niggers* to carry out the scheme; and this dangerous service, to do them justice, they accept as readily as the Spanish Matador enters in arena against his adversary. I should certainly say however, that the Cingalese were exposed to the greater peril, but the fact of invariably escaping unscathed, has made them blind to danger; and they will walk up to an elephant in its wild state with as much *sang froid* as to a tame one, and by means of a white wand, of which the animals have an inexplicable dread, I have seen them turn them in any direction they may desire. A whole village or two of these men are put into requisition on the occasion of a kraal, and the first thing to be done is the making the kraal, or trap. For this purpose, if there is not already a kraal of preceding years in the district, a large circular space on the edge of a jungle is cleared away, capable of holding from fifty to a hundred elephants. The trees surrounding the open space are consequently left close together, so as to admit of large branches of trees to be interwoven from one to another, making what in the west country we call a *frith*, about twenty feet in height, and if not bomb-proof, at least elephant-proof. On one side of this, viz. that adjoining the *midaun*, or space of plain ground contiguous, is the entrance of the snare, which is made on the same principle as those in wire rat-traps, which lets the animal in, and when in, leaves him only to wonder how on earth he got there; but as the elephant is not generally enticed to enter unexplored regions as easily as the aforesaid vermin, stratagem is had recourse to, and I can hardly agree that such a stratagem as used in this case is fair; it is much more like treache-

ry : and I have no doubt would be treated as such, could the « interesting ensnared » ever catch the traitor in their own domains, with « fair stage and no favour. » It is done in this way. A rascally old elephant, who has been long domesticated, and who only thinks of the magnificent « blow-out » of rice or grain he will obtain as the reward of his treachery, is kept in waiting close to the entrance of the snare, and on smelling the contiguity of his kindred ( for the brutes are guided entirely by scent ) he sets up a most melancholy and inharmonious squalling, which the wild ones take naturally enough to be the signals of a brother in distress ; and as they have been badgered in no slight degree themselves by the black gentlemen with white wands, they hasten with all possible speed to the place from whence the cries proceed. Directly on their emerging from the jungle, the old traitor runs forward and joins them with much apparent delight, and after a long council of war, intelligible solely to themselves, appearances leave no doubt that it has ended in the old gentleman being appointed, or having appointed himself, their leader on the occasion.

About three or four years ago, when the late Sir Robert Horton was Governor of Ceylon, I was invited to a kraal of a more splendid character than usual. Sir Robert himself and all his suite, in short, half the island, were to be in attendance. It was a beautiful morning in May, and we were all on the ground at five o'clock in the morning. On excursions of this sort in Ceylon it will not do to be over fastidious as to board and lodging on the road, those conveniences yecept hotels, taverns, and « *publics*, » not having yet found their way to the Cinnamon Isle. However, on the present occasion we mustered about forty Europeans, ( I cannot get out of that vile Indian habit of calling the English residents *Europeans* ), forty English, civil, military, and Ladies, of which latter there were about a dozen, in consequence of whom we had to put up for one night with stables for our night accommodation. If I remember right, in the stall in which I slept, one tattoo pony, two spaniels, a native female grass-cutter, and six gentlemen, were my companions ; and if it had not been for the

brute of a pony, who made himself very disagreeable, we should have got on well enough. The morning, however, relieved us from our situation, and we started off to the ground, surrounded on all sides by elephants, which we plainly heard tearing the branches from the trees in all directions. As we were also to have a little elephant shooting after the kraal was over, every one had brought one or more double-barrels. Our nearer approach to the ground was more than once impeded by an elephant grazing in the path, but we were prevented from firing, as in case of a report of a gun, the whole herd would have been some miles off in about an hour, instead of where we wanted them, viz. in the kraal. On reaching the spot, we found all the trees overlooking the kraal provided with seats, or rather perches, from which we were to view the exhibition below. Here was the old Adigar also, in all his native glory and *nakedness* (which, however, was not so palpable as usual, he being made aware beforehand that he was to be honoured with ladies' company), waiting to receive us with all the honours. He was an extraordinary little man, and from having lived so entirely amongst elephants, could, I firmly believe, have told you what any one of those animals might be thinking about, by merely looking in its face: With him came all his functionaries, from *dessar* (prime minister) down to *appos* (butler), the latter having a stock of plantains, guavas, milk, &c., but no cigars, or brandy and water. Our several places in the trees being allotted to us, the next thing was to get up there, for this was no easy task for even the male portion of the party. My nautical experience was here called into play, and I had the honour of inventing a mode of hoisting the females by means of a chair and rope, what we call in the navy *a whip*, and which I have no doubt I might have got a patent for had I applied on the spot.

Into the jungle now rushed about a hundred and fifty niggers, with about as much clothing on them as Adam had after he adopted the fashionable fig-leaf. The business of these fellows *now* was to surround the elephants that happened to be in the neighbourhood, and drive them, by beating their *tomtoms* (an instrument capable, when used to advantage, to

drive man or beast irremediably crazy ; within a narrower circumference , until by degrees they forced them into the plain, on the border of which was the kraal ; and now began the manoeuvres of the tame elephant. I think the number of elephants collected on this occasion was between one hundred and fifty and two hundred, eighty of which entered the kraal, when there was no room left for any more. Their fright at finding themselves entrapped , seemed to take from them all sense of self-defence or action, they simply set to making the most horrific noise , using no force whatever to break down the enclosure and get out. The natives now lost no time in entering the kraal, amidst the elephants ; and crawling under their bellies, they commenced tying them together by the legs, or fastening them to trees, as might be more convenient : and during this operation, strange to say, no accident of any kind happened, although one would suppose that the certainty of being trampled to death would be inevitable. During this time we spectators had been comfortably and safely seated in our roosts, smoking cigars, and enjoying the fun ; but it was now time for us to descend, to get some shooting at those who had escaped the kraal.

The animals that had escaped from the Kraal were still in the neighbourhood, astonished no doubt at the sudden disappearance, as if by magic, of so many of their associates, but unwilling to leave them in the lurch altogether—two or three parties of six each were speedily formed, and went out in different directions to drive them inwards towards the kraal, where were stationed the governor and his party, of which I formed one. We soon heard the reports of our companions' guns, which gave us notice that the elephants were found, and that we might expect them on us every instant. The firing shortly increased in every direction, and we began to think we should be charged in flank and front by the animals at the same moment, which would be dangerous work. I had taken up my station close to an old and experienced elephant shooter, determined to gain advantage from his science , as I then knew as much about the right way to kill an elephant as I did to kill a crocodile, and it might just as well have been the latter whose charge we were awaiting, for what I

cared. I only knew I had two loaded barrels, and that at a given time it would be wise and expedient for me to discharge them; at the same time I must confess I felt that I might make my exit from the world in a more glorious cause. The feeling altogether—for I remember it well, was not over delightful at the moment. The shots of our attacking party in the jungles were whistling over our heads, and between us and them were an infuriated and wounded herd of elephants, crashing through the branches, in which direction we knew not, but most probably it was in the direction of ourselves. However, to make a virtue of necessity, I kept up appearances of an imperturbable coolness—then there were also bright eyes beholding our deeds, and that has a wonderful effect when the population of gentlemen bears the preponderance of twenty to one to the fair sex, as it does in the colonies, to say nothing of India. It is wonderful how the influence and value of the fair is enhanced under such circumstances, and what fools people will sometimes make of themselves to gain the fraction of an applauding smile. What made me most uneasy was the fact that none of the party seemed to care the least what became of me, or in short, what happened to any one but himself individually; however, unlike Bob Acres, at every nearer crash of the branches, I felt my courage screwing itself to the sticking point, and just as I was beginning to congratulate myself, from a suspension of the noise, that the animals had made a dignified retreat, a last crash succeeded, and out they came on us; about thirty in number. They halted at first sight, and then one and all, as if by common consent, made a most superb charge on our lines. 'Don't fire for Heaven's sake,' said my nearest supporter on the left, if you do, we shall not have one; *when they are within six yards of you, fire away!* I had just covered a fellow's forehead, and was going to give him the contents of my barrels at about thirty paces distance. As for the six yards—it was very good advice doubtless, but I did not relish it at all. By the time he had ceased speaking, however, the thirty yards were reduced to a mere nothing, the brutes appearing to be upon us, when a rallying volley took effect, turning back to the jungle the whole charging herd, with the



exception of four who had fallen never to rise again. It was a beautiful sight—no charge of disciplined troops could have been more skilfully conducted, or more steadily and determinately met and repulsed, than were the denizens of the forest. On arriving at the jungle in their retreat, however, they were met again by the party who had first driven them towards us—again they received a volley, and fell, or wheeled round to our party. Their fright, however, had now put an end to all order—their natural instinct appeared to have forsaken them, and they crawled together endeavouring as much as possible to hide themselves behind the carcasses of their neighbours; whilst, from the effect of some twenty barrels, they were falling fast to the earth, some dead and some merely stunned. These latter fellows are awkward customers, and from leaving a stunned animal for dead, many very narrow escapes have happened to the sportsman, as while he is in the act of loading, the dead gentleman regains his legs, and recommences the attack, nor will he quit it until he is either shot dead or kills his adversary.

As yet I had not had the satisfaction of having met with a victim to my own particular aim; my balls might have taken effect, but I rather expect that the defunct beasts had fallen hitherto by more experienced hands than mine. Having lamented my ill-luck to one of the party, I was not long without an opportunity, for we had no sooner got a short distance apart from the body of the party, than we were marked out by an immense fellow for a charge all to ourselves. Determined not to lose my prey by being too precipitate, I waited until he was within about eight yards of me, feeling secure that if I missed him, the unerring ball of my supporter would bring him down to the earth. Fortune favoured me, however, for on the explosion of my gun, I saw the immense brute sink suddenly to the earth. It was not a *fall* with a crash that shook the earth, as one would naturally suppose to be occasioned by these mountains of flesh in their overthrow, but a silent sudden sinking—a turn on the side—and all was still. I now felt my power, and from that moment I gave myself up entirely to elephant shooting, leaving parades, drills, goose steps and Torrens, to others who preferred

them. The following day, however, I experienced rather a damper on my enthusiasm, but though neither killed nor injured, (indeed it would be difficult to have been one without the other), I went through all the not-very-delectable feelings of expecting momentarily to undergo that process in no very agreeable manner, which I will narrate presently. While we waited to take breathing time, the natives were eagerly employing themselves in cutting off the extremities of the dead animals' tails, at least from such as had any, for a very common disease amongst them frequently causes them to lose part or the whole of that appendage, those that possess them, however, are immediately stripped of them when killed, as it forms the trophy of the slayer, in the same manner as does a scalp from that of the Indian warrior. The tails resemble those of cows, reaching down to the heels, with a thick tuft of bristles at the extremity—these bristles are black as jet, and take a beautiful polish; in consequence of which, some ingenious sportsman has put them to the purpose of making ladies' bracelets, and very beautiful ornaments, when set in gold, do they make. Could they speak under such circumstances, they might exclaim, in contradiction to Hamlet, 'To what gay uses do we come at last, Horatio.'

Whilst this operation was being performed, we returned to look into the kraal, where all the animals had by this time been fastened together, and were beginning to take the thing more coolly and philosophically; but nevertheless were very far from being at their ease. Amongst all the elephants entrapped and killed, not one with tusks was included—they are very scarce in Ceylon; people differ as to the proportion of tuskers to the tuskless, but from my own experience, I should say, they were about one in two thousand; the *tusks*, however, are useful, but to get them it is necessary to wait until the head falls to pieces from decay, they are then converted into handles for dessert-knives, snuff-boxes, and innumerable knick-knacks; but a pair of tusks will furnish a man with a sixty-guinea fowling-piece! They are considered by the animals themselves as a great beauty; should a tusker be in a herd, and any danger apprehended by them, he is instantly placed in the centre, and surrounded; the others serv-

ing as body-guards, until they are each and all shot down, with a determination and fidelity that even men might take a lesson from. On the present occasion of leaving off work, we found ourselves in the possession of about ninety captives in the kraal—twenty-seven had fallen on the battle-field, and the number of wounded was unknown; it must, however, have been terrible, for I fired about thirty rounds myself, and I do not think I am a sufficiently bad shot to miss an elephant *entirely*.

The elephants had now become too scattered to expect any more sport that day; and as there were other herds in the neighbourhood, we suspended hostilities until the morrow—and returned to the village, where the Adigar had billeted us, and found a magnificent spread, according to Cingelese notions, awaiting us. We had, however, brought our own commissariat, and it was fortunate we did so, for I hardly think the old gentleman's fare of bananas, pine-apples, coconuts, and new milk, would have been quite substantial enough for such appetites as ours.

The following morning was as fine as its predecessor; and having had a more comfortable bed than a stall in a stable, and not so uncomfortable a companion as a tattoo pony, we sallied forth in better spirits, and in hopes of mighty slaughter. The ladies, and a few of the gentlemen who were fatigued with the exertion of the day before, staying at home to attend to the culinary department, or pick up leaves and catch butterflies to keep as reminiscences of their two days' sojourn in the Jungle of Mahawelléganga.

Our party on this occasion was composed of fifteen, and even that was too large to be agreeable—four being the most suitable number; being enough for each other's protection, and not liable to get into each other's way. The beaters, who had been sent out to watch the animals, met us setting out, and told us of their whereabouts, so no time was lost in searching for them. The plan of attack was to be precisely similar to that of the day before, one party attacking them in flank, and another in front. This was soon put into execution, and on the first volley from the flanking party, they came at us full tilt. I was on this occasion also

waiting for them on the plain, with seven or eight others. The enemy mustered about forty strong, and, having paused a moment to take breath, they charged us beautifully. At the usual distance, *about twelve yards*, they took our fire, and still on they came. There was no turning them this time. They remembered where they received their first fire, and were determined not to hazard it again. "Down on your faces at once, or you are killed," shouted out the most experienced amongst us, and down we dropped like logs, to await the issue. That moment seemed an hour—nearer and nearer we heard their tread approaching us. One foot placed upon us would have annihilated us immediately. I felt almost suffocated, as I plainly could feel the earth *shake* close to me—in an instant they were on us—and in the next they had passed. This was not the work of three seconds altogether, yet I scarcely remember an hour to have remained so long on my senses. Not one of the party, wonderful to relate, was injured in any degree, although it unnerved a few for further operations. I doubt if I could have held my gun sufficiently steady even to hit an elephant after it for some minutes. At least thirty brutes had passed over our bodies, as we lay scattered on the earth; and I can attribute our preservation to nothing else than the fact that the elephant being well known to be very blind when charging, must have just seen us sufficiently to have mistaken us for logs of wood, which they would naturally endeavour to step over. Our critical situation was perceived by the other party, but they could do nothing to assist us. The danger once over, however, we laughed at it, and braced our nerves with a lengthened pull at the brandy *paunée* bottle, which had also a great effect in exciting us to revenge, for which the enemy paid pretty dearly shortly afterwards; for before the sun had reached the meridian, twenty-seven out of, I believe, the identical thirty that passed over us, bit the dust—three of which fell to my share; and having thus asserted our supremacy in the jungle, we returned to the village, from whence we departed the next morning to our separate duties and dwellings, and all was peace again.

(SPORTING MAGAZINE.)

## THE GRIMSBY GHOST.

### CHAP. I.

In the town of Grimsby—

• But stop, • says the Courteous and Prudent Reader, • are there any such things as Ghosts? •

• Any Ghostesses! • cries Superstition, who settled long since in the country, near a churchyard, on a rising ground, • any Ghostesses! Ay, man — lots on 'em! bushels on 'em! Why, there's one as walks in our parish, reg'lar as the clock strikes twelve—and always the same round—over church-stile, round the corner, through the gap, into Short's Spinney, and so along into our close, where he takes a drink at the pump,—for ye see he died in liquor,—and then arter he's squentched hisself wanishes into waper. Then there's the ghost of old Beales, as goes o' nights and sews tares in his neighbour's wheats—I've often seed un in seed time. They do say that Black Ben, the Poacher, have riz, and what's more, walked slap through all the Squire's steel-traps without springin on 'em. And then there's Bet Hawkey as murdered her own hinfant—only the poor babby hadn't larned to walk, and so can't appear agin her. •

But not to refer only to the ignorant and illiterate vulgar, there are units, tens, hundreds, thousands of wellbred and educated persons, Divines, Lawyers, military, and especially

naval officers, Artists, Authors, Players, Schoolmasters and Governesses, and fine ladies, who secretly believe that the dead are on visiting terms with the living — nay, the great Doctor Johnson himself, affirmed solemnly that he had a call from his late mother, who had been buried many years. Ask at the right time, and in the right manner — only affect a belief, though you have it not — so that the party may feel assured of sympathy and insured against ridicule, and nine-tenths of mankind will confess a faith in Apparitions. It is in truth an article in the creed of our natural religion — a corollary of the recognition of the immortality of the soul. The presence of spirits—visible or invisible—is an innate idea, as exemplified by the instinctive night terror of infancy, and recently so touchingly illustrated by the evidence of the poor little colliery-girl, who declared that she sang, whiles, at her subterranean task, but never when she was alone in the dark.

It is from this cause that the Poems and Ballads on spectral subjects have derived their popularity: for instance, Margaret's Ghost—Mary's Dream—and the Ghost of Admiral Hosier — not to forget the Drama, with that awful Phantom in *Hamlet*, whose word, in favour of the Supernatural, we all feel to be worth a thousand pound.

And then the Spectre in *Don Giovanni*?

No. That Marble Walker, with his audible tramp, tramp, tramp, on the staircase, is too substantial for my theory. It was a Ghost invented expressly for the Materialists; but is as inadmissible amongst genuine Spirits as that wooden one described by old W. the ship-owner—namely, the figure-head of the *Britannia*, which appeared to him, he declared, on the very night that she found a watery grave off Cape Cod.

Well—after that—go on.

## CHAP. II.

In the town of Grimsby, at the corner of Swivel-street, there is a little chandler's shop, which was kept for many years by a widow of the name of Mullins. She was a care-

ful, thrifty body, a perfect woman of business, with a sharp gray eye to the main chance, a quick ear for the ring of good or bad metal, and a close hand at the counter. Indeed, she was apt to give such scrimp weight and measure, that her customers invariably manœuvred to be served by her daughter, who was supposed to be more liberal at the scale, by a full ounce in the pound. The man and maid servants it is true, who bought on commission, did not care much about the matter; but the poor hungry father, the poor frugal mother, the little ragged girl, and the little dirty boy, all retained their pence in their hands, till they could thrust them, with their humble requests for ounces or half-ounces of tea, brown sugar, or single Gloster, towards Miss Mullins, who was supposed to better their dealings,—if dealings they might be called, where no deal of any thing was purchased. She was a tall, bony female, of about thirty years of age, but apparently forty, with a very homely set of features, and the staid, sedate carriage of a spinster who feels herself to be set in for a single life. There was indeed no love nonsense about her; and as to romance, she had never so much as looked into a novel or read a line of poetry in her life—her thoughts, her feelings, her actions, were all like her occupation, of the most plain, prosaic character—the retailing of soap, starch, sandpaper, red-herrings, and Flanders brick. Except Sundays, when she went twice to chapel, her days were divided between the little back-parlour and the front shop—between a patchwork counterpane which she had been stitching at for ten long years, and that other counter work to which she was summoned, every few minutes, by the importunities of a little bell, that rang every customer in, like the new year, and then rang him out again like the old one. It was her province, moreover, to set down all unready money orders on a slate, but the widow took charge of the books, or rather the book, in which every item of account was entered, with a rigid punctuality that would have done honour to a regular counting-house clerk.

Under such management the little chandler's-shop was a thriving concern, and with the frugal, not to say parsimonious

habits of mother and daughter, enabled the former to lay by annually her one or two hundred pounds, so that miss Mullins was in a fair way of becoming a fortune, when towards the autumn of 1838 the widow was suddenly taken ill at her book, in the very act of making out a little bill, which alas she never lived to sum up. The disorder progressed so rapidly that on the second day she was given over by the doctor, and on the third by the apothecary, having lost all power of swallowing his medicines. The distress of her daughter, thus threatened with the sudden rending of her only tie in the world, may be conceived; while, to add to her affliction, her dying parent, though perfectly sensible, was unable, from a paralysis of the organs of speech, to articulate a single word. She tried nevertheless to speak, with a singular perseverance, but all her struggles for utterance were in vain. Her eyes rolled frightfully, the muscles about the mouth worked convulsively, and her tongue actually writhed till she foamed at the lips, but without producing more than such an unintelligible sound as is sometimes heard from the deaf and dumb. It was evident from the frequency and vehemence of these efforts that she had something of the last importance to communicate, and which her weeping daughter at last implored her to make known by means of signs.

• Had she any thing weighing heavy on her mind? •

The sick woman nodded her head.

• Did she want any one to be sent for? •

The head was shaken.

• Was it about making her will? •

Another mute negative.

• Did she wish to have further medical advice? •

A gesture of great impatience.

• Would she try to write down her meaning? •

The head nodded, and the writing-materials were immediately procured. The dying woman was propped up in bed, a lead-pencil was placed in her right-hand, and a quire of foolscap was set before her. With extreme difficulty she contrived to scribble the single word MARY; but before she could form another letter, the hand suddenly dropped, scratching



a long mark, like what the Germans call a Devotion Stroke, from the top to the bottom of the paper,—her face assumed an intense expression of despair—there was a single deep groan—then a heavy sigh—and the Widow Mullins was a corpse!

## CHAP. III.

«Gracious! How shocking!» cries Morbid Curiosity. «And to die, too, without telling her secret! What *could* the poor creature have on her mind to lay so heavy! I'd give the world to know what it was! A shocking murder, perhaps, and the remains of her poor Husband buried Lord knows where—so that nobody can enjoy the horrid discovery—and the digging of him up!»

No, madam—nor the boiling and parboiling of his viscera to detect traces of poison.

«To be sure not. It's a sin and shame, it is, for people to go out of the world with such mysteries confined to their own bosom. But perhaps it was only a hoard of money that she had saved up in private?»

Very possibly, madam. In fact, Mrs. Humphreys, the carpenter's wife, who was present at the death, was so firmly of that persuasion, that before the body was cold, although not the Searcher, she had exercised a right of search in every pot, pan, box, basket, drawer, cup-board, chimney—in short, every hole and corner in the premises.

«Ay, and I'll be bound discovered a heap of golden guineas in an old teapot.»

No, madam—not a dump. At least, not in the teapot—but in a hole near the sink—she found—

«What, Sir?—pray what?»

Two black-beetles, ma'am, and a money-spinner.

## CHAP. IV.

Well, the corpse of the deceased Widow received the usual rites. It was washed—laid out—and according to old provincial custom, strewed with rosemary and other sweet herbs. A plate full of salt was placed on the chest—one lighted candle

was set near the head, and another at the feet, whilst the Mrs. Humphreys, before mentioned, undertook to sit up through the night and watch the body. A half-dozen of female neighbours also volunteered their services, and sat in the little back-parlour by way of company for the bereaved daughter, who, by the mere force of habit, had caught up and begun mechanically to stitch at the patchwork-counterpane, with one corner of which she occasionally and absently wiped her eyes—the action strangely contrasting with such a huge and Harlequin handkerchief. In the discourse of the gossips she took no part or interest, in reality she did not hear the conversation, her ear still seeming painfully on the stretch to catch those last dying words which her poor mother had been unable to utter. In her mind's eye she was still watching those dreadful contortions which disfigured the features of her dying parent during her convulsive efforts to speak—she still saw those desperate attempts to write, and then that leaden fall of the cold hand, and the long scratch of the random pencil that broke off for ever and ever the mysterious revelation. A more romantic or ambitious nature would perhaps have fancied that the undivulged secret referred to her own birth; a more avaricious spirit might have dreamed that the disclosure related to hidden treasure; and a more suspicious character might have even supposed that the dead had suppressed some confession of undiscovered guilt.

But the plain matter-of-fact mind of Mary Mullins was incapable of such speculations. Instead of dreaming, therefore, of an airy coronet, or ideal bundles of bank-notes, or pots full of gold and silver coin, or a disinterred skelton, she only stitched on, and then wept, and then stitched on again at the motley coverlet, wondering amongst her other vague wonders why no little dirty boys, or ragged little girls, came as usual for penny candles and rushlights. The truth being that the gossips had muffled up the shop-bell, for vulgar curiosity had caused a considerable influx of extra custom, so that thanks to another precaution in suppressing noises, the chandler's-shop presented the strange anomaly of a roaring trade carried on in a whisper.

Owing to this circumstance it was nearly midnight before the shop-shutters were closed, the street-door was locked, the gas turned off, and the sympathizing females prepared to sit down to a light, sorrowful supper of tripe and onions.

In the mean time the candles in the little back-parlour had burned down to the socket, into which one glimmering wick at last suddenly plunged, and was instantly drowned in a warm bath of liquid grease. This trivial incident sufficed to arouse Miss Mullins from her fearful stupor; she quietly put down the patchwork, and without speaking passed into the shop, which was now pitch-dark, and with her hand began to grope for a bunch of long sixes, which she knew hung from a particular shelf. Indeed, she could blindfolded have laid her hand on any given article in the place; but her fingers had no sooner closed on the cold clammy tallow, than with a loud shrill scream that might have awakened the dead—if the dead were ever so awakened—she sank down on the sandy floor in a strong fit!

• La! how ridiculous! What from only feeling a tallow-candle?

No, ma'am; but from only seeing her Mother, in her habit as she lived, standing at her old favourite post in the shop; that is to say, at the little desk, between the great black coffee-mill and the barrel of red-herrings.

#### CHAP. V.

• What! a Ghost—a regular Apparition?

Yes, sir, a disembodied spirit, but clothed in some ethereal substance, not tangible, but of such a texture as to be visible to the ocular sense.

• Bah! ocular nonsense! All moonshine! Ghosts be hanged!—no such things in nature—too late in the day for them, by a whole century—quite exploded—went out with the old witches. No, no, sir, the ghosts have had their day, and were all laid long ago, before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The potters and the colliers may rise for higher wages, and the chartists may rise for reform, and

Joseph Sturge may rise for his health, and the sun may rise, and the bread may rise, and the sea may rise, and the rising generation may rise, and all to some good or bad purpose; but that the dead and buried should rise, only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can credit."

They may have some messages or errands to the living.

"Yes, and can't deliver them for want of breath; or can't execute them for the want of physical force. Just consider yourself a ghost—"

Excuse me.

"Pshaw! I only meant for the sake of argument. I say, suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you come up out of your grave to serve a friend, how are you to help him? And if it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him if you can't pitch into him."

Why, at least it is *showing your Spirit*.

"Humph! that's true. Well, proceed."

## CHAP. VI.

There is nothing more startling to the human nerves than a female scream. Not a make-believe squall, at a spider or a mouse, but a real, shrill, sharp, ear-piercing shriek, as if from the very pitchpipe of mortal fear. Nothing approaches it in thrilling effect, except the railway whistle; which, indeed, seems only to come from the throat of a giantess, instead of that of an ordinary woman.

The sudden outcry from the little shop had therefore an appalling effect on the company in the little back-parlour, who for the moment were struck as dizzy and stupified by that flash of sound, as if it had been one of lightning. Their first impulse was to set up a chorus of screams, as nearly as possible in the same key; the next, to rush in a body to the shop, where they found the poor orphan, as they called her, insensible on the floor.

The fit was a severe one; but, luckily, the gossips were experienced in all kind of swoons, hysterics, and faintings, and used each restorative process so vigorously, burning, chok-

ing, pinching, slapping, and excoriating, that in a very few minutes the patient was restored to consciousness, and a world of pain. It was a long time, however, before she became collected enough to give an account of the Apparition — that she had seen her Mother, or at least her Ghost, standing beside her old desk; that the figure had turned towards her, and had made the same dreadful faces as before, as if endeavouring to speak to her—a communication which took such effect on the hearers that, with one exception, they immediately put on their bonnets and departed; leaving old Mrs. Dudley, who was stone deaf, and had only imperfectly heard the story, to sleep with Miss Mullins in what was doomed thenceforward to be a Haunted House. The night, nevertheless, passed over in quiet: but towards morning the ghostly Mother appeared again to the daughter in a dream, and with the same contortions of her mouth attempted to speak her mind, but with the same ill success. The secret, whatever it was, seemed irrevocably committed to Silence and Eternity!

In the mean time, ere breakfast, the walking of Widow Mullins had travelled from one end of Grimsby to the other; and for the rest of the day the little chandler's-shop at the corner of Swivel-street was surrounded by a mob of men, women, and children, who came to gaze at the Haunted House—not without some dim anticipations of perhaps seeing the Ghost at one of the windows. Few females in the position of Mary Mullins would have remained under its roof; but to all invitations from well-meaning people, she turned a deaf ear; she had been born and bred on the premises—the little back-parlour was her home—and from long service at the counter, she had become—to alter a single letter in a line of Dibdin's—

All one as a piece of the shop.

As to the Apparition, if it ever appeared again, she said, the Ghost was the Ghost of her own Parent, and would not harm a hair of her head. Perhaps, after the funeral, the Spirit would rest in peace: but at any rate, her mind was made

up, not to leave the house—no, not till she was carried out of it, like her poor dear Mother.”

#### CHAP. VII.

“And pray, Mr. Author, what is your own private opinion? Do you really believe in Ghosts, or that there was any truth in the story of this Grimsby Apparition?”

Heaven knows, madam! In ordinary cases I should have ascribed such a tale to a love of the marvellous; but, as I before stated, Miss Mullins was not prone to romance, and had never read a work of fiction in her whole life. Again, the vision might have been imputed to some peculiar nervous derangement of the system, like the famous spectral illusions that haunted the Berlin Bookseller,—but then the young woman was of a hardy constitution and in perfect health. Finally, the Phantom might have been set down as a mere freak of fancy, the offspring of an excited imagination, whereas she had no more imagination than a cow. Her mind was essentially commonplace, and never travelled beyond the routine duties and occurrences of her everyday life. Her very dreams, which she sometimes related, were remarked as being particularly prosaic and insipid; the wildest of them having only painted a swarm of overgrown cockroaches, in the shop-drawer, that was labelled “Powder Blue.” Add to all this, that her character for veracity stood high in her native town; and on the whole evidence the verdict must be in favour of the supernatural appearance.

“Well—I will never believe in Ghosts!”

No, madam. Not in this cheerful drawing-room, whilst the bright sunshine brings out in such vivid colours the gorgeous pattern of the Brussels carpet—no, nor whilst such a fresh westerly air blows in at the open window, and sets the Columbine a-dancing in that China vase. But suppose, as King John says, that

The midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night:  
If this same were a churchyard, where we stand—

the grass damp—the wind at east—the night pitch-dark—a strangely ill odour, and doubtful whistlings and whisperings wafted on the fitful gust.

• Well, sir?— •

Why, then, madam, instead of disbelieving in Ghosts, you would be ready, between sheer fright and the chill of the night air—

• To do what, sir?— •

To swallow the first spirits that offered.

#### CHAP. VIII.

The second night, at the same hour, the same Melodrama of • domestic interest • was repeated, except that this time the maternal Phantom confronted her daughter on the landing-place at the top of the stairs. Another fainting-fit was the consequence; but before her senses deserted her the poor creature had time to observe the identical writhings and twitchings of the distorted mouth, the convulsive struggles to speak, which had so appalled her whilst her departed parent was still in the flesh. Luckily, the gossips, backed by two or three she sceptics, had ventured to return to the Haunted House, where they were startled as before by a shrill feminine scream, and again found Miss Mullins on the ground in a state of insensibility. The fit, however, was as treatable as the former one, and the usual strong measures having been promptly resorted to, she again became alive to external impressions,—and in particular that a pint of aquafortis, or something like it, was going down her throat the wrong way—that her little-finger had been in a hand-vice—her temples had been scrubbed with sand and cayenne pepper, or some other such stimulants, and the tip of her nose had been scorched with a salamander or a burning feather. A consciousness, in short, that she was still in this lower sphere, instead of the realms of bliss.

The story she told on her recovery was little more than a second edition of the narrative of the preceding night. The Ghost had appeared to her, made all sorts of horrible wry mouths, and after several vain attempts at utterance, all end-

ing in a convulsive gasp, had suddenly clasped its shadowy hands round its throat, and then clapped and pressed them on its palpitating bosom, as if actually choking or bursting with the suppressed communication. Of the nature of the secret she did not offer the slightest conjecture; for the simple reason that she had formed none. In all her days she had never attempted successfully to guess at the commonest riddle, and to solve such an enigma as her mother had left behind her was therefore quite out of the question. The gossips were less diffident; their Wonder was not of the Passive, but of that Active kind, which goes under the *alias* of Curiosity. Accordingly, they speculated amongst themselves without stint or scruple, on the matter that the Spirit yearned so anxiously to reveal;—for instance that it related to money, to murder, to an illegitimate child, to adulterated articles, to a forged will, to a favourite spot for burial; nay, that it concerned matters of public interest, and the highest affairs of the state, one old crone expressing her decided conviction that the Ghost had to divulge a plot against the life of the Queen.

To this excitement as to the Spectre and its mystery, the conduct of the Next of Kin afforded a striking contrast: instead of joining in the conjectural patchwork of the gossips she silently took up the old variegated coverlet, and stitched on, till the breaking up of the party left her at liberty to go to bed.

• And did she dream again of the Ghost? •

She *did*, Miss; but with this difference; that the puckered mouth distinctly pronounced the word Mary, and then screwed and twisted out a few more sounds or syllables, but in a gibberish as unintelligible as the chatter of a monkey, or an Irvingite sentence in the Unknown Tongue.

#### CHAP. IX.

The third night came—the third midnight—and with it the Apparition. It made the same frightful grimaces, and, strange to relate, contrived to pronounce in a hollow whisper, the very word which it had uttered in Mary's last Dream. But the jumble of inarticulate sounds was wanting—the jaws gaped,



and the tongue visibly struggled, but there was a dead, yes, literally a *dead* silence.

On this occasion, however, the daughter did not faint away; she had privately taken care to be at the hour of twelve in the midst of her female friends, and her Mother appeared to her in the doorway between the little back-parlour and the shop. The Shadow was only revealed to herself. One of the gossips, indeed, declared afterwards that she had seen widow Mullins, "as like as a likeness cut out in white paper, but so transparent that she could look right through her body at the chaney *Jemmy Jessamy* on the mantelpiece."

But her story, though accepted as a true bill by nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Grimsby, was not honoured by any one who was present that night in the little back-parlour. The two staring green eyes of Miss Mullins had plainly been turned, not on the fireplace, but towards the door, and her two bony fore-fingers had wildly pointed in the same direction. Nevertheless, the more positive the contradiction, the more obstinately the storyteller persevered in her statement, still adding to its circumstantialities, till in process of time she affirmed that she had not only seen the Ghost, but that she knew its secret, namely, that the undertaker and his man had plotted between them to embezzle the body, and to send it up in a crate, marked "*Chaney*—this side uppards," to Mr. Guy in the Borough.

#### CHAP. X.

On the fourth night the Ghost appeared at the usual time, with its usual demeanour, — but at the shop instead of the parlour-door, close to the bundle of new mops.

On the fifth, behind the counter, near the till.

On the sixth night, again behind the counter, but at the other end of it beside the great scales.

On the seventh night, which closed the day of the funeral, in the little back-parlour. It had been hoped and predicted, that after the interment, the Spirit would cease to walk—whereas at midnight, it reappeared, as aforesaid, in the room behind the shop, between the table and the window.

On the eighth night, it became visible at the old desk, between the great black coffee-mill and the herring-barrel. In the opinion of Miss Mullins, the Spectre had likewise crossed her path sundry times in the course of the day—at least she had noticed a sort of film or haze that interposed itself before sundry objects—for instance, the great stone-bottle of vinegar in the shop, and the framed print of *the Witch of Endor calling up Samuel*, in the back-room. On all these occasions the Phantom had exhibited the same urgent impulse to speak, with the same spasmodic action of the features, and if possible, a still more intense expression of anxiety and anguish. The despairing gestures and motions of the visionary arms and hands were more and more vehement. It was a tragic pantomime, to have driven any other spectator raving mad!

Even the dull phlegmatic nature of Miss Mullins at last began to be stirred and excited by the reiteration of so awful a spectacle: and her curiosity, slowly but surely, became interested in the undivulged secret which could thus keep a disembodied spirit from its appointed resting-place, the weighty necessity which could alone recal a departed soul to earth, after it had once experienced the deep calm, and quiet of the grave. The sober sorrow of the mourner was changed into a feverish fretting—she could no longer eat, drink, or sleep, or sit still,—the patchwork quilt was thrust away in a corner, and as to the shop, the little dirty boy, and the little ragged girl were obliged to repeat their retail orders thrice over to the bewildered creature behind the counter, who even then was apt to go to the wrong box, can, or cannister,—to serve them out train-oil instead of treacle, and soft-soap in lieu of Dorset butter.

What wonder a rumour went throughout Grimsby that she was crazy? But instead of going out of her mind, she had rather come into it, and for the first strange time was exercising her untrained faculties, on one of the most perplexing mysteries that had ever puzzled a human brain. No marvel, then, that she gave change twice over for the same sixpence, and sent little Sniggers home with a bar of soap instead of a

stick of brimstone. In fact, between her own absence of mind, and the presence of mind of her customers, she sold so many good bargains, that the purchasers began to wish that a Deaf and Dumb Ghost would haunt every shop in the town!

## CHAP. XI

According to the confession of our first and last practitioners, the testimony of medical works, and the fatal results of most cases of Trismus, there is no surgical operation on the human subject so difficult, as the picking of a Locked Jaw. No skeleton key has yet been invented by our body-smiths that will open a mouth thus spasmodically closed. The organ is in what the Americans call an everlasting fix—the poor man is booked—and you may at once proceed to put up the rest of his shutters.

This difficulty, however, only occurs in respect to the physical frame. For a spiritual lock-jaw there is a specific mode of treatment, which, according to tradition, has generally proved successful in overcoming the peculiar Trismus to which all Apparitions are subject, and which has thus then enabled them to break that melancholy silence, which must otherwise have prevailed in their intercourse with the living. The *modus operandi* is extremely simple, and based on an old-fashioned rule, to which, for some obscure reason, ghosts as well as good little boys seem bound to adhere, *i. e.*, not to speak till they are spoken to. It is only necessary, therefore, if you wish to draw out a dumb Spirit, to utter the word.

Strange to say, this easy and ancient prescription never occurred to either Miss Mullins or her gossips till the ninth day, when Mrs. Humphreys, happening to stumble on the old rule in her son's spelling-book, at the same time hit on the true cause of the silence of the 'Mysterious Mother.' It was immediately determined that the same night, or at least the very first time the Spirit reappeared, it should be spoken to; the very terms of the filial address, like those of a Royal Speech, being agreed on beforehand, at the same council. Whether the orator, the appointed hour and the expected auditor considered, would remember so long a sentence, admit-

ted of some doubt : however it was learned by rote, and having fortified themselves with two the trembling Mary awaited the awful interview, conning over to herself the concerted formula, which to assist her memory had been committed to paper.

• Muther, if so be you ar my muther, and as such being spoke to, speak I cunjer you, or now and ever after old your Tung. »

## CHAP. XII.

One—Two—Three—Four— Five —Six—Seven — Eight—  
Nine—Ten—Eleven—TWELVE !

The Hour was come and the Ghost. True to the last stroke of the clock, it appeared like a figure projected from a magic lantern, on the curtain at the foot of the bed—for, through certain private reasons of her own, Miss Mullins had resolved not only to be alone, but to receive her visiter—as the French ladies do—in her *chambre à coucher*. Perhaps she did not care that any ear but her own should receive a disclosure which might involve matters of the most delicate nature : a secret, that might perchance affect the reputation of her late parent, or her own social position. However, it was in solitude and from her pillow, that with starting eyeballs, and outstretched arms, she gazed for the ninth time on the silent Phantom, which had assumed a listening expression, and an expectant attitude, as if it had been invisibly present at the recent debate, and had overheard the composition of the projected speech. But that speech was never to be spoken. In vain poor Mary tried to give it utterance ; it seemed to stick, like an apothecary's powder, in her throat—to her fauces, her palate, her tongue, and her teeth, so that she could not get it out of her mouth.

The Ghost made a sign of impatience.

Poor Mary gasped.

The Spirit frowned and apparently stamped with its foot.

Poor Mary made another violent effort to speak, but only gave a sort of tremulous croak.

The features of the Phantom again began to work—the muscles about the mouth quivered and twitched.

Poor Mary's did the same.

The whole face of the Apparition was drawn and puckered by a spasmodic paroxysm, and poor Mary *felt* that she was imitating the contortions, and even that hideous grin, the *risus sardonicus*, which had inspired her with such horror.

At last with infinite difficulty, she contrived by a desperate effort, to utter a short ejaculation—but brief as it was it sufficed to break the spell.

The Ghost, as if it had only awaited the blessed sound of one single syllable from the human voice, to release its own vocal organs from their mysterious thralldom, instantly spoke. But the words are worthy of a separate chapter.

#### CHAP. XIII.

*“ Mary ! it arn’t booked—but there’s tuppence for sand-paper at number nine !*

(MONTHLY MAGAZINE.)

## AFFGHANISTAN AND INDIA.

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The events of the last six months have at length reduced the question of our Afghan policy into something like a definite form. From the day when our columns first crossed the Indus in hostile array, we never ceased to proclaim that any permanent occupation of the country, as a conquest made on our behalf, could never be for an instant contemplated; and that the sole object of the expedition was the restoration of the friendly dynasty of the Suddozyes, to whom we were bound by the ties of ancient alliance, to the throne from which they were excluded by an usurping chief, the continuance of whose rule was incompatible equally with our interest and with the welfare of his own country. On this avowed principle, Afghanistan was laid waste with fire and sword, the castles of its independent nobles besieged and stormed, and the chiefs themselves slaughtered while fighting in defence of their thresholds; and all this was carried on (• with a view, • as stated by a writer in the *Asiatic Journal*, • to the reconstruction of the social edifice ! •) in the name of a monarch who, as was notorious to every one, was in effect as much a state prisoner of the English at Cabul as his un-

fortunate competitor, Dost Mohammed, <sup>(1)</sup> was in Hindostan, and who exercised less real power, beyond the precincts of his own palace, than the youngest subaltern of the invading army. Herat in the meanwhile, the securing which against attack was the original pretext of the war, was almost the only corner of Afghanistan into which our intrusive arms did *not* penetrate; and its vizier, Yar-Mohammed, was suffered with perfect impunity to insult and expel our envoy, to levy war against his own nominal sovereign Shah-Kamran, and to open correspondence with all the enemies of England, avowed or secret. Never, in fact, was the notable Whig process of a *non-intervention war* more completely carried out than in this instance. All this time, every rupee of revenue extracted from the country in the name of Shah-Shoojah cost at least ten in the collecting; and as the restored monarch was bound by treaty to keep up a subsidiary force, the expense of supporting which would have considerably exceeded the income he had ever been able, even in his former days of prosperity, to levy in his dominions, the slender resources of Afghanistan must, in the natural course of things, have been utterly exhausted in a few years — while the current outlay could only be met by incessant draughts on the Calcutta treasury, which was forced to make constant advances, and to contract heavy loans for the sake of maintaining its grasp of a territory already mortgaged far beyond the fee-simple of its value. It appears difficult to conjecture how this blissful state of things would have terminated — whether by the bankruptcy of the Indian exchequer, or by the conversion of Afghanistan into a desert—if we had been less unmolested in our philanthropic efforts to make a solitude and call it peace, and Shah-Shoojah had been still suffered by his affectionate subjects to slumber, undisturbed by cares of state, within the screens of

(1) For the honour of our national character, we hope that the accounts which have appeared from the *Delhi Gazette*, of the degrading restrictions to which this illustrious captive is said to be now subjected, may be either unfounded or exaggerated. He has already experienced sufficient of unmerited evil at our hands; and it is next to impossible that he can be in any way cognizant of the proceedings of his son.

his well-stocked zenana. But the recent catastrophe has given us a chance of extrication from the dilemma. Of the country we are now no longer in possession ; and if the intelligence brought by the last mail is to be relied on, both our protégé Shah-Shoojah, and his neplew and rival Kamran, have closed their career in death ; thus virtually terminating the Suddozye dynasty, as the sons of the late Shah are utterly powerless and insignificant among the crowd of chiefs, and one at least of them (Seifdar-Jung) is actually in arms against us. It now remains to be seen whether we shall consider it incumbent upon us, *for the vindication* (as the phrase is) *of our military honour*, to perpetrate a second act of violence and national injustice by reconquering Affghanistan, and holding it without disguise as a province of our empire : or whether, making the best of a bad bargain, we shall content ourselves with occupying a few posts on its frontier, and leaving its unhappy natives to recover, without foreign interference, from the dreadful state of anarchy into which our irruption has thrown them.

In the hurried and confused accounts which have been received of the opening of the bloody drama, but little mention is made of the indications which immediately preceded the outbreak ; but even if we put the most favourable construction on the conduct of the officials both at Cabul and in the Bengal Presidency, their blind infatuation and want of foresight seem almost to have surpassed the bounds of belief. We have been informed, on authority which we cannot question, that as long ago as August last, information had been received by the Cabinet of Calcutta, of the existence of a widely-ramified conspiracy throughout Affghanistan ; but so far were Lord Auckland and his advisers from the deeming it necessary to reinforce the inadequate and overworked army of occupation, that orders were actually given for the return of Sale's brigade to Hindostan ; and they were accordingly on their march from Cabul to Peshawer, when they were attacked by the insurgents, and with difficulty fought their way to Jellalabad, where they have ever since been blockaded. Even the warning received in October, by Sir Alexander Burnes,



from Captain Gray of the 44th, (to whom the plot had been revealed by an Afghan chief,) <sup>(1)</sup> failed to awaken so much as a sense of personal insecurity in the mind of the destined victim; and he continued to live as before in the midst of the native town, instead of placing himself in comparative safety within the English lines. The military commanders emulated the supineness of the diplomatists, the stores and commissariat, far from being placed in the fortified camp, or even in the Bala-Hissar <sup>(2)</sup> or citadel, were left in a situation which is naïvely described in one of the accounts as «exposed to the first attack of an enemy!»—and all the letters written by the mail which left Cabul only the day before the revolt, describe every thing as being «quiet and peaceable» in the capital.

On the 2d of November, however, (the anniversary of the final defeat of Dost-Mohammed at Purwan-Durrah,) the storm burst forth. At the moment of the breaking-up of the *darbar* or levee, the war-cry of Islamism was raised throughout the city, and the streets were instantly thronged with thousands of armed and furious Afghans. Burnes, cut off by his own unhappy rashness from either defence or escape, perished at the first onset; the greater part of the ammunition and provisions, exposed as we mentioned above, fell into the hands of the assailants; and numbers of officers and men were promiscuously slaughtered, before they could succeed in rallying within the defences of the cantonments and the Bala-Hissar. The later position was eventually abandoned, (though the Shah

(1) «He (Mohammed Uzeen Khan) told me, that he was much alarmed for our safety—that the whole of Afghanistan was determined to make common cause, and to drive out or murder every *Feringhi* in the country—and that Cabul itself was ready to break out.» This was forthwith communicated by letter to Sir A. Burnes, whom it reached October 15, or *seventeen* clear days before the explosion—«The bearer brought a letter to the chief, acknowledging the receipt, but I never heard a line from Sir Alexander Burnes!» Letter of Captain Gray, *Bengal Harkara*, January 3, quoted in *Times*, March 10.

(2) This phrase has not a little perplexed some of the periodical press, it implies merely the «upper town or castle,» (as *bala-khanek*, *balcony*, means «the upper room,») in which the royal palace is situated, and which commands the lower and more extensive portion, divided in two by the Cabul river.

continued to reside there, and Sir William Macnaghten, with Conolly and others, strongly recommended the concentration of the troops within its walls, rather than in the cantonments,) — and the whole of our force, amounting to between 5000 and 6000 bayonets, Europeans and sepoy, with at least an equal number of camp followers, was drawn together within the intrenched camp. The assailants had at first consisted principally of the tribes near Cabul, and the Kohistanis, <sup>(1)</sup> or inhabitants of the mountain tract immediately north of the city; but their ranks were daily swollen by the accession of numerous *Ghazis*, or religious enthusiasts, who, stimulated by the preaching of their moollahs, flocked from all parts of the country, and even (as it is reported) from Uzbek Tartary, to join the *holy war*, and aid in the extermination of the infidels. The original leader of the movement is believed to have been Zemaun Khan, <sup>(2)</sup> a nephew of Dost Mohammed; but he was soon superseded by the arrival of the second son of the Dost, Mohammed Akbbar Khan, who had escaped from detention at Bokhara. This young chief had formerly been governor of Jellalabad for his father, and had attained a high military reputation among his countrymen, by the signal victory which, in 1837, he had gained over a Sikh army at Jumrood.

Meanwhile, a rising simultaneous with that at Cabul had taken place in every part of the country: the British detached posts had been either cut off or driven in; and the four fort-

<sup>(1)</sup> These Kohistanis are a branch of the Eusofzye tribe, and have long been noted as the most turbulent and bigoted of the Afghan population. At the battle of Non-shehra against the Sikhs in 1823, the Eusofzyes, according to information collected on the spot by Dr. Lord, were so blinded by religious frenzy, that they fought more like devils than men. Though repeatedly driven back, they were as often rallied by the shrieks and curses of their women, who mingled unveiled in the fight, and by the *Allah-ho-akbars* of their maddened moollahs. After the action, dead Eusofzyes were found on dead Sikhs, their teeth still clutching the throats of their adversaries. On our first entrance into the country, the hill Eusofzyes (Kohistanis) were among the warmest supporters of the Shah; but had been alienated by the renewal of obsolete and oppressive taxes.

<sup>(2)</sup> The name of this leader probably gave rise to the statement, (which, from subsequent accounts, would seem to be unfounded,) that a son of Shah-Zemaun (the blind elder brother of Shah-Shoojah) had been set up by the insurgents as king.

resses of Candahar, Ghazni, Jellalabad, and Cabul, were all that remained in the hands of the *Feringhi* invaders. An attempt to push forward a column from Candahar for the relief of Cabul, failed from the advanced period of the season, and the determined opposition of the intervening tribes; and it speedily became evident that the troops in the capital, almost destitute as they were of provisions and ammunition, could not continue much longer to hold out. On the 23d of December, (1) accordingly, a conference for arranging terms of capitulation took place between Akbhar Khan and Sir W. Macnaghten; but the interview was broken in upon by a band of armed fanatics, who murdered the British envoy, with one of his attendant officers, on the spot, treating his remains with every circumstance of brutal indignity. But notwithstanding this fearful proof of the treacherous ferocity of the enemy, the necessities of the troops compelled Sir H. Pottinger (who succeeded as political chief) to attempt a renewal of the negotiation; and on January 6th, a convention having been concluded for an unmolested passage to the frontier, the whole British force moved out of their cantonments, and took the road through the passes of the Sufeid-Koh (white mountain) towards Jellalabad—a distance of 105 miles, over tracks rising at the highest point to an elevation of 8200 feet above the level of the sea. «At this point» (Tazeen)—we quote the notes to Wyld's excellent map of Afghanistan and the Punjab,) «the thermometer, on the 8th of October, was 19° at sunrise, and the hill streams were frozen over with a thin coating of ice. The road across this mountainous district, is such as has seldom been crossed—the celebrated Bolan Pass is a trifle to it.»

At the time of the capitulation, the total number was about

(1) Sir W. Macnaghten, in a letter published since his death by the Hon. Mr. Erskine, states that this measure had been pressed upon him more than a fortnight previously by the military chiefs, and complains bitterly of «*cowardice of the troops, and incapacity of the commanders,*» as having led to the triumph of «*a contemptible enemy.*» It cannot yet be ascertained how far these grave charges are capable of substantiation—but the latest advices from India (by the June mail) state, that the supreme government has referred both the conduct of General Elphinstone at Cabul, and the recent surrender of Ghazni, to the decision of courts-martial.

8000 soldiers, including one Queen's regiment, (the 44th), and more than 6000 sutlers and other attendants on an eastern camp. But no sooner had the dispirited columns quitted the shelter of their lines, than they were assailed on all sides by swarms of furious Ghazis, who darted on their prey with all the eagerness of religious and national hatred. For the first two days the troops succeeded in keeping the Affghans at bay; but the unfortunate sepoys, benumbed by the intense cold, and unable to struggle through the snow, became almost incapable of handling their arms: and as the army advanced deeper into these tremendous defiles, which had probably never before been traversed by an armed force at such a season, its demoralization became complete. Akhbar Khan, who accompanied the march, professed his utter inability to restrain the attacks of his fanatic followers; but proposed to ensure the personal safety of the commander-in-chief, General Elphinstone, with other superior officers, and the ladies accompanying the army, if they would place themselves in his hands as *hostages*. It is difficult to conceive that any circumstances could justify the acceptance of this proposition—it was, however, acceded to: and the fate of the main body, thus abandoned by their leaders, was not long deferred. The route became a scene of continual and almost unresisted carnage; the sepoys perished helplessly; the 44th held out for some time longer; but the soldiers, infuriated by their sufferings, at length broke out into mutiny. All semblance of order or discipline was now lost—the officers, quitting their men, attempted to push forward on horseback to Jellalabad; but *only one* (Dr. Brydon) succeeded in reaching it; the remainder fell into the hands of the Affghans, and were either slain on the spot or made prisoners. The extermination of the rest of the army appears to have been complete, only a few stragglers having been spared by the capricious mercy of individual chiefs; so that of 11,000 who quitted Cabul on January 6, certainly not more than a few hundreds remained alive on the 14th!

(It will be observed that we have refrained from imputing to Akhbar Khan personally any share either in the murder of

Sir William Macnaghten, or the violation, of the convention; looking upon him rather as the unwilling spectator of outrages which he had not the power of preventing. From the former charge we consider him to have been amply vindicated by the personal evidence of Captain Lawrence and Mackenzie, the two officers who escaped from the fatal interview; and during the disasters of the retreat, he appears to have endeavoured as far as possible to check the assailants, (who, it should be remembered, were not of his own tribe—the Dooranis, but Ghiljis and Eusofzyes, <sup>(1)</sup> over whom he had little influence,) and to have displayed a degree of humanity very unusual in an Asiatic conqueror in the moment of victory.)

Never was the extermination of any civilized force more complete and disastrous; and never, since the disgraceful capitulations in the first American war, had so signal and calamitous a reverse befallen the British arms; further aggravated, also, by the miserable weakness and indecision of the generals, and the indiscipline of the English part of the troops; for the sepoys alone appear to have behaved steadily to the last. But whatever allowances may be made for want of caution in the first instance, and subsequent mismanagement, it is sufficiently clear that the rapidity of our original successes against a foe taken almost by surprise, had led our commanders greatly to underrate the prowess and military character of the Afghans; and that the descendants of the conquerors of Persia and Hindostan, when banded together by any feeling strong enough to obliterate for the time the remembrance of their eternal feuds, still maintain their hereditary claim to be held as the bravest and most warlike of the Asiatic nations. Not the least remarkable feature <sup>(2)</sup> in this me—

(1) A letter from Jellalabad, quoted in the *Asiatic Journal* for April, says:—“The attacking party appear to have been the eastern Ghiljis, who did not form a portion of Mohammed Akbar’s army. He told our officers that neither he nor Meer Musjedee, who had both signed the treaty, had any influence over the eastern chiefs. As long as Mohammed Akbar Khan remained with our party, all seemed to go on well.”

(2) A similar long-continued secrecy marked the revolt of the Ghiljis against Persia in 1708 — see Hanway and Malcolm — when the governor, Gooreen-Khan, (a Georgian by birth, and grand-uncle of the famous Russian general Prince Bagration,) was murdered in the citadel of Candahar. His Georgian cavalry, however, though only 600 in number, cut their way through the enemy to their own country.

morale insurrection, is the good faith which the conspirators observed to each other prior to the explosion. In spite of the endless dissensions which keep every tribe and every village of the Affghans almost constantly in arms against their neighbours, not one was found, among the thousands to whom the plot must have been known, who would betray his brethren of the faith for the incentive of Feringhi gold <sup>(1)</sup>. Deep and deadly must have been the feeling of exasperation against us which could not only prompt such a union of discordant elements, but maintain it unbroken through all the toils and losses of the subsequent warfare: for Mohammed Akhbar, as we have already observed, seems to have exercised command only over his own clansmen, the Doorraunis, while the great body of the insurgents obeyed no leader but the impulses of their own fanatic zeal. Even in this furious burst of national indignation, the republican spirit which eminently distinguishes the Affghans from all other Asiatics, was so unequivocally apparent, as forcibly to recall the language (worthy of a petty Polish noble under the old *régime*) in which the aged chief of the Meeankhail tribe replied to Mr. Elphinstone's eulogy on the blessings of a firm and established government under a powerful monarch, «We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content with blood, but we will never be content with a master!»

The suddenness and magnitude of the disaster seem at first utterly to have paralysed the minds of the Indian authorities. Not only was no attempt made to raise the leaguer of Cabul, (for which omission, indeed, the shortness of the time, and the severity of the season, was perhaps sufficient excuse,) but the gallant band at Jellalabad were left throughout the winter, and almost up to the date of the last advices, to maintain themselves not only unsupported by efficient aid, but even without any communication or promise of succour to encourage them in the desperate struggle for existence. An attempt was indeed made about the middle of January, by a

<sup>(1)</sup> The answer of the Khyberrees and Afreedoes to the proposals recently made them for an unmolested passage through their defiles was, «This is not a war of gold, but of religion.»

sepoj division under Colonel Wild, to advance through the formidable Khyber Pass for their relief ; but this force, though it succeeded in occupying the Ali-Musjid fort in the centre of the defiles, was not only inadequate in strength to the enterprise, but wholly unprovided with artillery—an oversight or neglect scarcely credible—and it was consequently repulsed with loss in an action at Jumrood, (the scene of Akhbar Khan's victory over the Sikhs), and with difficulty made good its retreat, withdrawing the garrison from Ali-Musjid. The Sikhs <sup>(1)</sup>, however, continued friendly, both from the inveterate hatred which they bear the Affghans, and from the necessity of our alliance to their monarch Shere Singh for his support on his tottering throne ; and by their efficient aid in supplying stores and munitions, the corps under General Pollock was put in a condition to renew the attack on the pass: and the lately-received mail informs us that this celebrated defile has been carried in a style which goes far to retrieve the faded lustre of our arms. But during the time thus lost, the citadel of Ghazni, the first and most glorious trophy of our Affghan campaigns, had been wrested from us: the governor, Colonel Palmer <sup>(2)</sup>, who had only one sepoy regiment, (the 27th Bengal infantry,) under his orders, having been forced to capitulate by the want of provisions and water ; so that Jellalabad and Candahar, separated from each other by the whole extent of the country from east to west, are the only points now remaining in our possession ; and an attempt by General England to victual and relieve the latter

<sup>(1)</sup> Our relations with the Sikhs appear not unlikely, from recent accounts to lead to a curious complication of our eastern hostilities. In the anarchy following the accession of Shere Singh, a chief named Zorawur Singh, with a few thousand followers, made an incursion (without authority from Lahore) on the Chinese frontier in Tibet, where at first he gained extraordinary successes, but was eventually defeated and killed by a Tartar-Chinese army sent against him. In the prosecution of their victory, the Chinese have attacked the hill Rajahs about Ladakh, who are subject to Lahore ; and as we are bound by treaty to aid the Sikhs if called upon, the result may be an Anglo-Sikh invasion of China on the west.

<sup>(2)</sup> The written orders of General Elphinstone, extorted by the Affghans at the capitulation of Cabul, are alleged by Colonel Palmer in extenuation: similar orders were sent to Jellalabad and Candahar, but discharged by the gallant officers there in command.

fortress, has been frustrated by the determined resistance of the Affghans at the Kojuck Pass. Such is the state of affairs at present ; but though an advance from Jellalabad upon Cabul and Ghazni is confidently talked of, it is obvious that some considerable time must elapse before any such movement can even be attempted, since it is admitted that the success of General Pollock at the Khyber was owing to his being 'almost entirely unencumbered with baggage or stores ;' and without vast trains of camels and munitions of war, it will be manifestly impossible to penetrate, in the face of an active enemy, into a rugged and mountainous country, where facilities *do not exist* for procuring supplies of any description. We can scarcely, therefore, be said to be in a condition to assume the offensive at all, and the forthcoming campaign is as yet wholly a matter of speculation.

There appears to be no doubt, however, that the present determination of the Indian cabinet is to employ all the means at their disposal for the subjugation of the Affghans ; and the recent embarkation of ten thousand British troops for India, affords a hope that in future the sepoys will be spared the brunt of a warfare for which, notwithstanding their exemplary patience and bravery, their habits and constitution utterly unfit them. In addition to the manifold inconveniences necessarily attendant on the observance of the usages of caste in a strange country, Hindoo troops have been in all ages reluctant to pass the stream of the Indus, which their superstition is taught to regard as the fated boundary of their country ; as it unquestionably is the natural boundary of Indian rule ; and the events of the late campaign have fatally confirmed the propriety of the title—Hindoo-Koosh, or *Hindoo-Killer*—which the vast mountain ranges about Cabul had long since acquired by the destruction of the armies sent by the emperors Akbar and Shah Jehan among their snowy defiles. The operation of these causes, combined with the tragical fate of their comrades at Cabul, is said to have so materially affected the spirit of the regiments on the north-west frontier, that 'whole squads were going over to the Sikhs,.... and among these many old soldiers and men who, up to that period, had



been regarded as good and true *Neemukwallahs* (adherents to their salt). But the annals of few armies, of equal numerical amount, present so unvaried a picture of loyalty, subordination, and gallantry, as has been displayed by our sepoys while serving under a standard to which, it must be remembered, they owe no natural allegiance; and they have an undeniable claim for consideration to be shown both to their national and religious prejudices, and to their constitutional inability to support a climate so different from that of their native country.

Before we dismiss this part of the subject, it will be necessary to make some allusion to the political arrangements which are rumoured to have taken place among the Affghans themselves since the insurrection at Cabul, as upon these must in some degree depend the measures to be taken for the future settlement of the country, in the event of its again falling into our power. But notwithstanding the length of time since the revolt, the accounts which have been received on this point are so confused, and so much at variance one with another, that scarcely any thing can be ascertained with certainty. In the consternation of the first surprise, Shah-Shoojah was almost universally denounced as the prime mover and instigator of the massacre of the allies who had placed him on the throne; and his continuing to reside unharmed in the Bala-Hissar during the siege and after the capitulation, would certainly appear to afford strong *prima facie* evidence of his complicity with the conspirators. But other statements seem to prove that his apparent subservience to the insurgents was prompted only by a regard for his own safety; and the Calcutta papers mention that he had even contrived to forward a letter to the Governor-general, exculpating himself from the charge of treachery, and bitterly inveighing against the late envoy as having brought on the catastrophe by his injudicious conduct. It does not appear very clearly in whom the actual authority of Cabul is at present vested. Akhbar Khan's authority seems to be limited to the military command; and though the names of various chiefs are mentioned as assuming the temporary direction of affairs, no one appears to have

acquired a sufficiently decided predominance to justify his being regarded as the supreme leader<sup>(1)</sup>. Nor do we conceive that the death of Shah-Shoojah (if the report of his assassination by the Ghazis should prove to be well founded) will materially lessen the diplomatic difficulties of our situation; for if, on the one hand, it saves us the trouble of punishing him should the charge of foul play be brought home to him, it deprives us, on the other, (according to any but Asiatic rules of equity,) of our only colourable pretext for continuing to interfere in the affairs of the country: since, had our ex-ally not existed in 1839, it is difficult to conjecture what grounds we could have put forward to justify our aggression.

Hitherto we have considered the subject of the late reverses only in its military point of view, and with reference to our future proceedings in Afghanistan itself. But severe as is the amount of actual loss which has been sustained, and grievous as are the sacrifices by which it may be necessary to retrieve it, the political results of these disasters are to be looked for, not so much on the further side of the Indus, as in the train of feeling which may be kindled by this event among the native population of India. «The people of Central Asia,» to quote the language of an eloquent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, (Oct. 1841, article on Warren Hastings,) «had always been to the inhabitants of India, what the warriors of the German forests were to the subjects of the decaying monarchy of Rome. During the last ten centuries, a succession of invaders descended from the west on Hindostan—

(1) Nawab Jubbār Khan, eldest brother of Dost Mohammed, is said to be the only person who can maintain order and concord among those fiery chiefs, all of whom respect his single-hearted and venerable character; but he takes no part in the direction of affairs. This aged chief arrived at Ghazni, during its occupation by the British, with offers of submission from Dost Mohammed to Shah-Shoojah, expressive of his willingness to cede to him all right to the city of Cabul, on condition that he should not be compelled to remain in a British province under surveillance, maintaining at the same time his indefeasible right to the office of vizier, as head of the Barulzyes. It being impossible to entertain such a proposition, the old man, in his bluntness, expressed great indignation at the rejection of what he considered as but just and righteous.—(Sir K. Jackson's Views in Afghanistan.) We must confess ourselves far from disinclined to coincide in the view of the subject as taken by the honest old Afghan.

and it had always been the practice of the emperors to recruit their army from the hardy and valliant race from which their own illustrious house sprung. • Affghanistan, in fact, may be regarded as the fatherland of the Moslems of India, a great proportion of whom, at this day, including all the Patans and Rohillars, are of nearly pure Afighan blood, and pride themselves on tracing their descent from the warlike and independent tribes beyond the Indus ; towards whom, since the fall of the House of Timur, they have more than once turned their eyes for aid to support the waning ascendancy of Islam. When the Mahrattas under the Bhow occupied Delhi in 1760, and openly avowed their intention of terminating the Moslem rule in India by proclaiming the son of the Peishwa as emperor, the Mohammedan chiefs invoked in their extremity the aid of Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Doorauni dynasty, whose power had been manifested to them by the sack of Delhi a few years previously : and the decisive victory of Paniput, where near 200,000 Mahrattas fell in the battle and the pursuit, proved that their reliance on Affghan powers was well-founded. More than thirty years later, the same spirit was again strongly shown during the fruitless attempts of Shah-Zemaun (elder brother of Shah-Shoojah,) to regain the influence in Hindostan which had been held by his grandfather Ahmed. In the words of Mountstuart Elphinstone, (than whom no man ever better knew the sentiments of the natives of India,) • every Mussulman, even to the remotest regions of the Dekhan, waited in anxious expectation for the advance of the champion of Islam :—and our newly acquired empire would have been seriously endangered, if he had gained a footing beyond the Sutlej so as to rally round his standards the Moslems of the Upper Provinces, while Tippoo-Sultan, with whom he was in active communication, made head against us in the south. His efforts, it is true, were constantly frustrated by the distracted state of his own dominions; but the peril was still considered sufficient to justify the sending a mission to Persia in 1799, • the principal object of which was, • by creating a diversion, • to secure a three years' suspension of the threatened attack of Shah-Zemaun. •

It cannot, therefore, reasonably be expected that the recent events in Afghanistan should be viewed with indifference by any class of our Indian subjects, and least of all by the Moslem part of the populations. It is worse than idle to allege, as is too much the fashion among newspaper politicians of the present day, that the long continuance of our sway, with the *equity of our internal administration*, has extinguished these aspirations for religious and national independence, and reconciled the natives of India to the yoke of the stranger. So far is this favourite delusion from having any foundation in fact, that there is not a single district of our immense territory, except perhaps some of the southern provinces of the Calcutta presidency, which would not rise in instant revolt in the event of our military force being so weakened as to become inadequate for their coercion: and had any such reverse as the disaster of Cabul occurred *within the boundaries of India*, the words of Bishop Heber (to which we referred in January 1839) would have been at once fulfilled by the universal insurrection of every man who possessed a sword and a horse. The disaffection of the Mahratta and Rajpot States, indeed, arises simply from the desire of shaking off our supremacy at any rate; but the sympathy of the Moslems is more directly enlisted in favour of the Affghans by community of blood and faith, and has been, all along, unequivocally manifested. No sooner was the rupture declared between the chiefs of Cabul and the British government, than the native Mohammedan press teemed with invectives against the latter, couched in terms which in Europe would be held as treasonable, and with direct appeals to our soldiery to desert their colours in the approaching contest. In November 1838, the *Jumi-Jehan-Numah*, a journal in the Persian language, extensively circulated among the natives in Central India, announced to its readers 'that fully four *lakhis* (400,000! of Cabul Affghans had assembled under the standard of the Prophet, resolved to combat to the utmost in behalf of the faith against the infidels who were preparing to invade their territory; following up this veracious intelligence by an exhortation, addressed to the Moslem sepoy, 'if it should be their

destiny to be brought in contact with them, to pay no regard to the *Feringhi* salt which they had eaten, but to join the glorious warriors of Islam in the day of battle! Another periodical of the same class, (the *Ain-Iskender*, printed in Calcutta,) is said to have had, some years ago, a large sale in Persia, and to have been mainly instrumental, by its inflammatory tirades, in filling the head of the Shah with the wild schemes of Indian conquest, which the repulse before Herat so effectually extinguished. Even while the Persian army lay before that fortress, its columns continued to be filled with triumphant predictions of their speedy advance upon the Punjab and Delhi; while the impunity with which these attacks were suffered to pass, was viewed by the natives as conclusive evidence of the weakness and trepidation of the government. The natural consequence was a whole cluster of abortive conspiracies, by Hindoos as well as Moslems, in Poonah and various parts of the Dekkan, besides the grand plot which led to the dethronement of the Rajah of Sattarah, whose scheme was to effect a diversion, by means of 15,000 Portuguese from Goa (!), in favour of the great combined invasion of Russians, Persians, and Affghans, which he confidently expected was about to burst on the north-west frontier. Such has been our reward for communicating to our Indian subjects the art of printing; and our efforts to instruct them in English literature (it may be remarked *par parenthèse*) have been equally well repaid; the intercepted despatches at Cabul having been translated to the Affghans by runaway students from the Delhi College!

This constantly smouldering spirit of disaffection in the Moslems, has hitherto attracted comparatively little notice from writers on India; though such a feeling in this class of our subjects, from their natural tendency to seek support among their co-religionists throughout Asia, is far more dangerous than it would be among the Hindoos, whose faith and sympathies are all confined within the boundaries of their own country. The little attention which this important point has met with, is probably owing to the fact of our final contests for universal empire in India having been with the Mah-

rattas and other Hindoo powers, and not with the Mahomedan princes, whose subjugation was apparently completed by the fall of their great champion Tippoo-Sultan; it is to the Bengal provinces, moreover, where the evil is less apparent than in the southern presidencies, that the speculations of English authors and travellers have been principally directed. In Northern India, which is almost entirely under our direct dominion, there are no points of reunion for the Moslem interest, except the utterly helpless pageant-courts of Lucknow and Delhi; "the *sultanat*" (to use their own words) "has departed from the Faithful," and their *national* existence may be considered as annihilated. But even here the spark, on more than one occasion, has been nearly kindled into flame; and the furious outbreak of the Rohillaes in 1816, occasioned by the misconduct of a local officer at Bareilly, is yet far from forgotten in the upper provinces. The green flag of the Prophet was hoisted—the moollahs preached the *holy war*—and the zeal and determination with which this warlike race obeyed the call, showed them to have degenerated in neither point from their fathers, who, under the leadership of Hafiz-Remut Khan, opposed the mercenary battalions of Hastings, and the armies of his ally the Nawab-Vizier, on the bloody field of Rampoor. By prompt military interference, and at the expense of considerable bloodshed, the insurrectionary movement was indeed crushed in the outset, and prevented from spreading through the surrounding districts; but it was abundantly shown how easily the martial fanaticism of the Moslems might yet be raised against the hated yoke of the *Kafirs*!

But the focus of Mohammedan turbulence in the present day, should any commotion arise, would more probably be found in the Dekkan and the Hyderabad territories, where the Moslems have in all ages been distinguished by intolerance and bigotry, and where they enjoy a greater share of political freedom than their brethren in Northern India. The Nizam (as the sovereign of Hyderabad is popularly denominated, from the name of his great ancestor Nizam-al-Mulk) is the oldest ally of the British power in India; and he and his

predecessors have all along maintained exemplary good faith in their relations with our government. His independence, however, has of late years become little more than nominal; he is bound by treaty to maintain a large subsidiary force, which, though raised in his name, and paid from his revenues, is officered and disciplined by Europeans, and forms in effect part of the Company's army; while the measures of his civil government are virtually under the control of the resident at Hyderabad. During the reign of the present Nizam, who is an indolent and voluptuous prince, and pays little attention to affairs of state, this interference in the internal administration has been carried (as it is said) to a vexatious and unnecessary extent, so as to excite great discontent among the haughty nobles of the court, and the petty nawabs who hold their states as vassals of the Hyderabad monarchy. Most of these chiefs, in addition to their native followers, have in their service considerable numbers of foreign armed retainers, sometimes Patans and Rohillahs from Northern India, but more frequently Arabs from the Muscat territories, who, from their ferocious bravery, are held in the highest estimation throughout India as mercenaries, and receive pay and allowances far higher than those assigned to the native soldiery. Not fewer than 15,000 of these fierce *condottieri* were entertained, when the Affghan war broke out, in the Hyderabad state and its dependencies; and many of these professed the tenets of the Wahhabit, or Moslem puritans, whose sect was nearly suppressed in Arabia, some twenty years since, by the sword of the pasha of Egypt. The introduction of these novel doctrines, which had hitherto been unknown in India, added to the ferment of the public mind; even in the city of Madras, the uncompromising tenets of these fierce enthusiasts found numerous followers; and the government deemed it necessary to deport to Calcutta some of the most active of their *dais*, or teachers, who were detected in the attempt to seduce from their allegiance the Moslem sepoys in the Madras regiments. But in the semi-independent states of the Nizam the evil was less easily checked; the passions of the Moslems were stimulated by the diffusion

of seditious papers, upbraiding them with their degenerate submission to Feringhi ascendancy<sup>(1)</sup>; and fresh converts were daily attracted by the vehement harangues of the new sectaries, who avowed their aim of restoring Islam to its ancient purity and pre-eminence. The movement party at length found a leader in the Nawab Mubariz-ed-dowlah, (brother of the reigning Nizam,) a prince of remarkable personal advantages and high popularity, who openly embraced the Wahhabi creed, and made his palace in Hyderabad the head-quarters of their faction; while at the same time it became known that vast quantities of artillery and military stores were being collected by the Nawab of Kurnool, a petty Patan ruler, whose country adjoined that of the Nizam. The British government now felt itself compelled to interfere. In June 1839, Mubariz-ed-dowlah was arrested in pursuance of a requisition from the resident, and conveyed as a state prisoner to the fort of Golconda, where he still remains; and in October of the same year, the Nawab of Kurnool was *mediatized*, (to borrow a phrase from the Germanic empire,) and his district absorbed in the dominions of the Company<sup>(2)</sup>. The discoveries made at the occupation of this place were sufficiently calculated to open the eyes of the government to the nature and extent of the plot which had been concocted. An enormous number of newly-cast guns, piles of shot, shells, and missiles

(1) Some idea may be formed of the terms and spirit of these proclamations from the following extracts, taken from a paper seized at the capture of Kurnool, in October 1839. «The sins of him who dies for the faith are remitted by God, and he enters Paradise pure and spotless. . . . If a single Moslem opposes ten infidels in battle, and is victorious, he becomes a *Ghazi*, (champion of the faith:)—should he be slain, he is a *shahkid*, (martyr,) and will enter into glory. But the death of one man, the glorified *shahkid* Tippoo-Sultan, the Moslems fell into their present state of degradation and subjection to the infidels; and you, of the present day, though you are the heirs of the prophets and the sons of the men who fought for Islam, have deserted your religion, and obey the infidel Nazarenes! But you will speedily hear the cry of *Deen! Deen!* (the faith)—then shake off all negligence and fear from your hearts; repeat the *Kalma* and the *Fatah*, (Mohammedan formula of faith,) and join the army of the true believers who have come for the battle!»

(2) He was murdered (June 1840) at Trichinopoly, whither he had been sent under surveillance, by one of his own Moslem attendants, who had conceived, from his master's familiar intercourse with the English residents, that he meditated embracing Christianity!



of extraordinary and novel fashions, were found concealed in every part of the palace, gardens, and town, in such profusion as could scarcely be explained except by supposing it to be the central depôt of some widely-ramified conspiracy; and though it does not appear that any direct correspondence was proved to have existed between the malecontents at Kurnool and the Wahhabi faction at Hyderabad, it was clear that their sentiments and objects, whether devised in concert or not, were essentially the same.

The transactions of which we have now endeavoured to show the true tendency and importance, were doubtless duly reported in the English newspapers at the time, but passed wholly unheeded by the *British public*, who saw in the dispossession of a refractory nawab, and the imprisonment of a native prince, nothing more than the ordinary and constitutional exercise of the authority legitimately vested in the rulers of India. But it is impossible to say what might have been the consequences of this abortive movement, had any grounds of private discontent combined with the efforts of the Wahhabi propagandists to shake the fidelity of the sepoys. The *matériel* of the Madras army (unlike that of Bengal, which consists in a great measure of Brahmins and other high-caste Hindoos) is drawn principally from the lower grades of Moslems; and the famous mutiny of Vellore in July 1806, which, both for its suddenness and secrecy, and for the merciless spirit displayed by the revolvers, bore no inconsiderable similitude to the recent outbreak at Cabul (\*), affords fatal evidence of the ease with which their passions may be goaded to acts of violence. It would naturally be supposed that, particularly at such a crisis as the present, the government would avoid exciting the angry feelings of a force thus constituted, by any tampering with their pay; yet such a reduction has recently been attempted, and the consequences have been such as might have been anticipated.

(\*) The standard of Tippoo, whose sons were then state prisoners in the fort of Vellore, was hoisted by the mutineers; but we believe it was never clearly ascertained under what instigation they acted, or what ulterior objects they proposed to themselves. An interesting narrative of this remarkable revolt is given in the *United Service Journal* for May 1841.

From the first establishment of the native army in India it has been customary, instead of organizing a regular commissariat service for the maintenance of the troops in the field, to issue to the soldier an extra pecuniary allowance for the purchase of provisions, under the title of *Batta*—a Hindostani phrase, properly implying the rate of exchange between coins bearing the same name but from different mints. This ordinary allowance was termed *half* *batta*—but when the troops were called on for field service, or stationed beyond the boundaries of their own presidency, a further advance was made, which was denominated *full* *batta*. This latter regulation particularly affected the Madras troops, from the continual calls made on them for service in the Nagpoor and Hyderabad territorics, &c., and until very recently no attempt was made to alter it. But in the latter part of 1841, the fort of Aseerghur, which (though in the Bombay territory) is garrisoned by Madras troops, was reduced from a *full* to a *half* *batta* station by a government order; but the regiment stationed there (the 52d Madras infantry) refused, on the next pay-day, to receive their money, and were not without difficulty reduced to submission by the efforts of the European officers. The government, however, persevered in the plan of reduction, which was next put in force (in February of the present year) at the important stations of Jaulnah and Secunderabad, in the Nizam territories, where, in addition to the proposed diminution of *batta*, the pay of the soldier was further curtailed by being issued in the depreciated coinage of Hyderabad (<sup>1</sup>). Secunderabad is one of the most extensive cantonments of the Madras army, and derives additional importance from its close vicinity to Hyderabad, the capital city of the Nizam, and filled (as we have already mentioned) with a disaffected Moslem population. The troops followed the example of their comrades at Asseerghur—not less than four regiments (7th, 32d, and 8th infantry, and 4th

(<sup>1</sup>) The troops, officers and men, had always been paid, when quartered in the Nizam's dominions, at the rate of 111 Hyderabad for 100 Company's rupees, the real equivalent being 130 for 100; but this has been redressed since the outbreak at Secunderabad.

light cavalry) rejected their pay unless accompanied by full batta, and broke out into open mutiny : and though the first-named corps, after some demur, returned to their duty, the others remained refractory till surrounded by a superior force of Europeans and artillery, when several hundreds were disarmed and made prisoners ; and have since been either dismissed the service, or draughted into other regiments, as if to disseminate as widely-as possible the example of disaffection. At present, (as we are assured by the latest accounts,) all symptoms of insubordination have disappeared ; and as the *batta* grievance has been redressed by order of Lord Ellenborough, this may be really the case. Still it must be admitted as singularly fortunate, that this disturbance did not take place at the time when the fidelity of the soldiers was assailed by the machinations of Mubariz-ed-dowlah and his Wahhabi confederates ; and even now, with the examples of the insurrection at Cabul and the mutiny at Vellore before our eyes, who can say how far this seeming security, in the critical state of our affairs in other quarters, is to be depended upon ?

Such, up to the present time, have been the visible results of Whig domestic government in India, and of that ever-memorable stroke of Whig policy by which (as we were assured two years ago) our Anglo-Indian empire had been established for ever on an immovable basis ; what the ultimate consequences of both may be, is as yet hidden in the womb of time. It had been long since foretold by him whose lightest word was never spoken in vain, at once the most illustrious of our warriors and most sagacious of our statesmen, that it would not be till Lord Auckland's policy had reached the zenith of apparent success, that its difficulties would begin to develope themselves, and fatally has the prediction been verified. But if the *ikbal*, or good fortune, which is proverbially believed in the East to attend on all the operations of the Company, has deserted them in their utmost need in the passes of Cabul, it must be allowed that the original instigators of, and agents in, the Affghan war (with the single exception of the unfortunate Macnaghten,) have most signally

reaped the benefits of its influence. Titles, pensions, and promotions, have been heaped upon them in unexampled profusion, which presents a strange contrast with the impeachment of Hastings, and the general neglect experienced by those who laid, in past days, the foundations of our Asiatic rule; and before their short-lived laurels have had time to wither, they have been recalled to the tranquil enjoyment of their honours in England, leaving the rectification of their errors to their successors. Even to the last moment of his stay in India, the late viceroy was fostered by the breath of popular favour; and the thunder of the cannon which announced the arrival of Lord Ellenborough, was mingled with the acclamations which rang through the Town Hall of Calcutta from those assembled to do honour to the ruler whom he came to succeed. With the tributes of respect thus tendered we have no fault to find, if considered as on the principle of speed the parting guest, or with reference to the amiable character and high private worth of the individual; but the laudatory allusions to his trans-Indian policy, with which the Calcutta addresses were filled, were equally opposed to fact and to good taste; and must (we think) have been felt by the object of them as a painful and humiliating mockery. When Lord Auckland assumed the reins of government in 1836, the external relations of our Eastern empire were peaceful, the finances prosperous, and the army, notwithstanding the injudicious reductions of Lord William Bentinck, amply sufficient for any duty required within our own frontier; but a far different prospect awaits his successor. A treasury drained to the last rupee—an army defeated in one quarter, and disaffected in another—an almost hopelessly-involved foreign policy—with a war of extermination in Afghanistan—a seemingly interminable bucamier warfare in China, and the probability of hostilities with Burmah and Nepaul—such is the frightful catalogue of difficulties with which the new governor-general is called upon at once to grapple!

But Lord Ellenborough approaches the task with far different qualifications to several of his immediate predecessors, who seem to have assumed the viceregal sceptre of India as

a dignified and lucrative sinecure ; for the creditable fulfilment of the duties of which little exertion would be required, and still less any previous knowledge of the institutions and political condition of the countries they were thus called to govern. His services as President of the Board of Control in 1828, and more recently (in 1840) as chairman of the Lords' Committee on East Indian produce, bear ample and honourable evidence of the extent to which his researches have been carried in the commercial and agricultural resources of our Asiatic territories, and afford a hope that this knowledge may, when the present storm has passed, be brought efficiently to bear on the development of these too long neglected natural riches. The trade of India has now been open seven years, but neither the parliament nor the public have as yet shown themselves adequately aware of its true value and importance. While the possession of the Indus ought to secure to us the whole commerce of Central Asia (<sup>1</sup>), the tea of Assam, the sugar of Hindostan, and the cotton recently introduced from America and Egypt, might be cultivated so as eventually both to render us independent of our now precarious trade with China, and to secure our supplies of cotton in the event of a rupture of our hollow friendship with America.

For the first time during many years, the care of these mighty interests has devolved upon one who is endowed not only with zeal and goodwill, but with that previous acquaintance with India, its resources, and its customs, the want of which has so lamentably marred the well-meant endeavours of more than one of his predecessors. Of his foreign policy, hampered as it must necessarily be at the outset by the task of unravelling the tangled web which has been bequeathed to him, little can at present be said :—but he has set out with

(<sup>1</sup>) The exertions of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce have already worked wonders in this quarter—depôts have been established at various points on the Indus; and the port of Soumeasni, on the Belooch coast west of the mouth of that river, is fast becoming the emporium of a wool trade, the staple of which is supplied by the innumerable flocks grazing on these elevated table lands. A town in the interior called Wedd (145 miles from Khelat and 152 from Soumeasni) is the inland mart for this new trade.

the commander-in-chief for the north-western provinces, in order to be nearer the scene of action—a journey, we trust, to be attended with different results to the memorable progress of Lord Auckland to the same quarter ; — and his domestic administration has been commenced auspiciously, by an act of justice to the Madras sepoys in the restoration of the disputed *batta*. But on the course of Lord Ellenborough's government will mainly depend the question of the future stability, or gradual decline, of our Anglo-Indian empire ; for, though we are not among those who hold the opinion said to have been expressed by a late governor of one of the presidencies (Sir Charles Metcalfe,) that « he hardly felt secure, on retiring to rest for the night, that the whole fabric might not have vanished into thin air before the morning, »—it cannot be denied that the prestige of unerring wisdom and invincible good fortune, which powerfully conduced to the maintenance of our authority, has sustained a tremendous shock from the late occurrences beyond the Indus. The French press already, in exulting anticipation, has ventured to indicate the period of its extinction. — « England » (says the *Siècle*) « is rich and energetic : she may re-establish her dominion in India for some time longer ; but the term of her Indian empire is marked : it will conclude before the quarter of a century. » Less than the prescribed period would probably have sufficed, under a continuance of the policy lately pursued, for the accomplishment of this prophecy ; but we have good hope that the evil days have now passed away : and if Lord Ellenborough, at the conclusion of his viceroyalty, has only so far succeeded as to restore our foreign and domestic relations to the same state in which they stood ten years since, he will merit to be handed down to posterity by the side of Clive and Hastings as the second founder of our eastern empire.

(BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

## MISCELLANEA.

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### FROM THE DANGEROUS CLASSES IN PARIS.

**CHIFFONNIERS.**—It is in Paris only that the *chiffonniers*, or *rubbish-hunters*, form a distinct and specific class :—

The extension of industry during the last thirty years has added to the dignity of this profession, which is alike followed by men, women, and children. It requires no apprenticeship, no previous course of study, no expensive outfit: a large and compactly-shaped basket, a stick with a hook at the end of it, and a lantern, are the entire stock-in-trade of this singular species of labourers. The men gain, on an average, and according to the season of the year, from twenty-five to forty sous a-day; but to do this they are obliged to make three rounds, two by day, and one during the night; their labour commencing at five in the morning and ending at midnight. Between their rounds they examine and sort the cargoes which they bring in, and which they term their *merchandise*; and having done so, go and sell the arranged treasures to the master or managing chiffonnier: for, like all other professions, this has its gradations of ranks, the higher of which are only reached after long periods of subordinate labour. Many of these chiefs keep furnished lodgings, which they let out exclusively to those ambulatory chiffonniers who have no fixed residence; reserving to their own use the ground-floor, as a magazine for their wares. The important operation of sorting his booty, if the chiffonnier is one of the better class, and desirous of a healthy lodging, is performed either in a separate room, hired for the purpose, or, when the weather will permit, in the open air; but the far greater number possess only a single room, and in this, surrounded and assisted by their children, they spread out, examine, and sort the filthy produce of each journey. The floor is covered with rags, fragments of animal substances, glass, paper, and a thousand other things, some whole, some broken, and all begrimed with dirt: whilst the several selections fill all the corners of the room, and are heaped up under the bed. The stran-

ger who enters is almost suffocated by the stench, which is rendered still more offensive by one, and sometimes two, large dogs, which form part of the domestic establishment of most chiffonniers, and which they take out with them in their nocturnal rounds. It is matter of astonishment that habit should enable these people to endure with impunity the putrid exhalations amidst which they live. The *hotte* of the *chiffonnier* is not merely the receptacle of his merchandize, it is also his market-basket: among all the filthy trash which he collects, he takes care not to neglect the luxuries of his table—vegetables for his soup, pieces of bread, half-rotten fruit, everything which he conceives to be eatable. It is not unamusing to watch the sorting of all this, and to listen to the professional talk which seasons the operation when the sorter is in good temper, as he generally is, if his basket has been well filled and you address him with civility. Squatting down before it, he will show you, with a smile of exultation, a large beef-bone—a perfect beauty—and other articles of equal worth; and as he arranges his several heaps on the pavement, he will tell you that competition kills trade—that cooks have become dead to all sense of humanity, that they now make money of everything, bones and broken glass especially! These ragamuffins have their moments of good fortune and joy—it is when, in breaking apart a mass of filth, they see glittering before their eyes a silver spoon or fork; and, thanks to the carelessness of servants, these rich prizes are not of rare occurrence. The happy individual forthwith proceeds to the barrier with his friends, generally in a hackney-coach, to celebrate the event by a copious repast: the coachman, who anticipates the dirty state of his cushions, being the only dissatisfied individual of the party. The daily gain of the lady-chiffonniers amounts to, perhaps, fifteen or twenty sous: that of the children, to about ten. Many children, who run away from their parents at a very early age, take to this trade as a means of subsistence. The life they lead is almost savage: they are remarkable for the audacity and harshness of their manners. Some become so perfectly estranged that they lose all recollection of their father's abode, nay, even of his name.

As with all other classes of operatives, the wine and spirit shop is the constant resort of these rubbish-hunters. To the aged chiffonniers, still more to the aged females of the class, brandy has an attraction which nothing else can equal. These women believe, and act upon the belief, that spirituous liquors afford the same nourishment as solid food: they conceive that the artificial tone which results from the use of them is genuine strength; and the error is persisted in, until the constitution is destroyed. No wonder that the rate of mortality in this class is so high.

All the lower ranks display a certain pride and ostentation in their expenditure at the cabaret, but the chiffonniers more than any



other. The ordinary sort of wine will not suffice them; hot wine is their usual luxury, and they are vastly indignant if the lemon and sugar be not abundant. The cabaret-keepers are greatly scandalized by these extravagancies—that is to say, when a difficulty occurs, as it frequently does, in making up the reckoning. The generous sentiments which animate the better class of operatives are totally wanting among these people: shunned and scorned by everyone, they in return shun and hate all their fellow-creatures; they affect a cynic tone and manner, and appear to pride themselves on proclaiming their degradation and their vice. A considerable proportion of the men have passed through the hands of justice; and many of the women are prostitutes of the lowest order.

(QUARTERLY REVIEW.)

NAUTICAL ALLEGORIES. • Thucydides explains the profound horror of the sea felt by all the earlier races of mankind, when he tells us that the fear of pirates prevented the Greeks for a long time from inhabiting the coasts. This is the reason why Homer arms the hand of Neptune with a trident, which makes the earth tremble. This trident was only a hook for seizing vessels, and the poet calls it *dent* (or tooth), by an appropriate metaphor, prefixing a particle which gives it a superlative sense.

• In these piratical vessels we recognise the *Bull*, in which Jupiter carried off Europa; the *Minotaur*, or Bull of Minos, with which he bore away the young men and maidens of the coast of Attica. The yards of a vessel were called *cornu navis*—(the horns); the sails were termed its wings, *alorum remigium*;—hence the monster which was to devour Andromeda, and the winged horse upon which Perseus came to deliver her. The *thread* of Ariadne is the art of navigation, which guided Theseus through the labyrinth of the Egean Isles.—*Michelet's Principes de la Philosophie de l'Histoire*, p. 236.

Comparatively recent times have indulged in similar allegories. Whittington's fortunate ship, the *Cat*, so named probably from its figure-head, was fabled into a quadruped, whence he derived all his wealth. But the schoolboy was surely illiberal, and perhaps not quite accurate in his deductions, when he declared that all the etymological inferences to be drawn from the Roman fleets and their crews, were un-

favourable to their character, since they were compounded of naughty knaves and puppies—(*Nautæ—raves—puppies.*)

GREEK LITERATURE. — The Greek literature is like the shafts of a mine, always warmer the deeper we penetrate, though it be cold on the surface; most modern poems have heat only on the outside.

AMERICAN HORSE-RAKE. — In some parts of the country, where labour is very dear, they use a machine for raking the hay, called the Flexible Horse-rake. It is distinguished from all others by a joint in the centre of the head, by which the rake contracts to any uneven ground, and takes the hay clean. Also, by the form of the teeth, which glide over hillocks or stones, like the runner of a sledge. This rake has also a smooth back-board, on a level with the teeth which support it; and it is not liable to become entangled with the hay, when canted over to be emptied. Twenty-four acres a day are raked perfectly clean with this instrument—one man holding it, a small boy riding the horse. The labour of managing it is less than that of holding a small plough.

SUBORDINATION. — An Englishman made the remark that, in madhouses, the idea of subordination is very seldom to be found: Bedlam is inhabited only by gods, kings, popes and philosophers.

MR. SCOTT RUSSELL'S INDEX FOR THE SPEED OF STEAM-VESSELS. — Mr. Russell stated, that his index of speed was founded on the well-known dynamical fact, that if an aperture were made in the lower part of a vessel containing water, and a stream were allowed to issue from it against an aperture in another vessel containing water, the force of the current would keep the water in the second vessel at the same height as in the vessel from which the current issued. It would follow, from this principle, that if a vessel were passing through the water at a speed equivalent to that of the current produced by a given head of water, the resistance would raise water in a tube inside the vessel, but subjected to the action of the external fluid. Mr. Russell then proceeded to detail the particulars of the invention to which he had applied this principle,

by passing a tube through the bow of the vessel, and carrying it along the flooring to the centre of gravity of the vessel, where it terminated in a vertical glass tube, exhibiting the weight of water within. To this tube there was attached a moveable scale, the zero of which being placed on a level with the point at which the water stood when the vessel was at rest, the rise of the water in the tube when the vessel was set in motion exhibited the velocity at which the vessel was passing through the water. With the view of testing the accuracy of this invention he had tried it repeatedly over a distance of 13 miles, measured trigonometrically. He had also compared it with the best logs, and was perfectly satisfied of its accuracy. From these experiments he had constructed a scale, which he exhibited, and of which the following is a copy; the first column exhibiting the speed in miles per hour, and the second the height of the water in the tube above the zero line expressed in feet and decimal parts :—

Miles per hour.	Feet on the scale.
15 . . . . .	7.5625
14 . . . . .	6.5880
13 . . . . .	5.6800
12 . . . . .	4.8400
11 . . . . .	4.0670
10 . . . . .	3.3600
9 . . . . .	2.7220
8 . . . . .	2.1510
7 . . . . .	1.6470
6 . . . . .	1.2100
5 . . . . .	0.8400
4 . . . . .	0.5370
3 . . . . .	0.3025
2 . . . . .	0.1340
1 . . . . .	0.0336

**IMMENSE GUN.** — On Wednesday last a barge arrived at the wharf of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, having on board the largest gun ever made in this country. A powerful shears

was put up expressly for landing this ponderous piece of ordnance, weighing very nearly eighteen tons, none of the cranes on the wharf being equal to the task. The arrangements for landing this great gun were excellently made, and carried into effect without the slightest accident; and the labour of conveying it to the butt, shows great ingenuity, being effected by a coil of strong rope around it, moving the immense mass in a rolling manner along four large logs of wood, changed alternately as the gun progresses. This gun is made on the howitzer principle, and is about 12 feet long, with an immense quantity of metal at the breech. The diameter of the bore is within about one-tenth of 16 inches. The weight of solid shot with which it will be fired is 455lb., and shells of 330lb., and it is expected two solid shot of that weight and four shells in the same proportion will be used when it is proved at the butt. The howitzer was cast and bored by Messrs. Walker and Co., for Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and two other large guns, 130 pounders, were landed at the same time to be proved for service in Egypt.

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED,

*St. Petersburg, September 1st, 1842.*

P. KORSAKOFF, Cannon.

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## TRIAL OF MADAME LAFARGE.

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### FRENCH CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE.

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- 1.—*Procès de Madame Lafarge, (Vol et Empoisonnement,) complets et détaillés. Deuxième édition. Annales criminelles, au Bureau, rue d'Enghien. Paris: 1840.*
- 2.—*Procès de Madame Lafarge, etc. Deuxième édition. Pagnerre, Editeur. Paris: 1840. (\*)*
- 3.—*Mémoires de Marie Cappelle, veuve Lafarge, écrits par elle-même. 2 Tom. 8vo. Londres: 1841.*

The works placed at the head of this paper form together a mournful and startling history. They have indeed been but too generally perused in the careless spirit with which a novel is glanced at and forgotten; because they have been supposed to contain merely the story of one of the common horrors of the day, sent forth to gratify the prevailing taste for excitement—to occupy for its hour the columns of a Newspaper—to be hurried over and superseded by some more terrible catastrophe, and then forgotten for ever. To one, however, who

(\*) We have placed these two accounts of the Trial of Madame Lafarge at the head of this paper, because they mutually explain and correct each other.

will more carefully scan the events of this singular drama, there is offered much that should be the subject of very earnest and anxious enquiry—problems, indeed, upon the solution of which depend the security and the happiness of society. The more narrowly we investigate each fearful step in this appalling proceeding, the more profound will be our astonishment and alarm at finding that, among a people who must be considered to rank among the most civilized of nations—in an age, too, boasting loudly of its many and vast improvements in science and in art—almost every judicial safeguard which experience and forethought have discovered and suggested, for the protection as well of the accused as of the society which arraigns him, has been overthrown and trampled down; the dictates of humanity, of common justice, violated; and a court of justice, assembled to decide upon the life or death of a fellow-creature—where all ought to be calm, impassive, dignified—mild though firm, compassionate though severe—converted into a scene of rudeness and violence, of passionate invective, of cruel and unjust vituperation, and melodramatic display.

A scene so remarkable ought not to pass by without comment. The community of nations should so make of Europe one family, that the errors fallen into at Corréze, should be deemed an injustice done to the whole European community. The imperfections of the French system of Judicature should be signalized by a comparison with other and varying systems; and thus comparison and friendly criticism be made to tend to mutual improvement.

Our language respecting this celebrated proceeding will, we fear, sound harshly in the ears of our neighbours. Nevertheless, we feel assured, that before we leave the painful subject before us, the justice of our animadversions will appear but too manifest. In many things has France improved; in many has she set a bright example to other nations; but the judges of Calas and La Barre have unhappily been succeeded by functionaries not wholly unlike themselves; and her system of judicature, as exhibited on this occasion, though certainly somewhat less barbarous than the atrocious proceedings signal-

ized by Voltaire, is still at variance with most of the principles which reason and humanity would employ as guides in judicial procedure.

A comparison of the course of conduct pursued by the French court on this occasion, with that which, under similar circumstances, would have taken place in this country, will enable us, with comparative ease, to explain to an English reader the grounds of our unfavourable opinion. From thus putting, side by side, the different steps in two very dissimilar modes of procedure, we may probably be able to discover the errors of both systems, and obtain a conception of that which an enlightened people ought to adopt. Let it not be supposed that we are about to set up our own procedure as a model, or that we intend to assume, that what is English, is right. The comparison we propose is intended only as a means of illustration: nothing can well be more dissimilar than the two systems of procedure; the opposition will therefore, at every step, be singular and interesting, and may, by its very singularity, suggest the true principle which ought to guide us in every step of the process.

Before we proceed to our present attempt, in this species of comparative anatomy, we would premise a few observations, upon the *end* sought to be obtained by Judicature as a *means*.

It is usually deemed sufficient to say, that the object which should be in view in all judicial enquiries is the attainment of truth. But this general statement is far from being sufficient; and the very *insufficient* conception of the ends of judicature which such an assertion evinces, has led to the greater number of the cruel and pernicious mistakes exemplified in the proceedings now under our consideration. The great purpose of that class of judicial proceedings here contemplated, is to maintain a feeling of security from wrong, in the society to which the tribunal belongs. If a member of the community be wronged in his person, property, or reputation, and there be impunity for the wrongdoer, then do the rest of the community tremble lest they should also suffer the same wrong: and, if this impunity be frequent, society can hardly be said to exist, as each man endeavours to defend

himself, since he can no longer depend upon society for security. On the other hand, the more certain and rapid the punishment which the tribunals inflict upon wrongdoers, the more complete is the security of the community—the more completely have the ends of judicature been attained.

But before we punish, must we not learn, first, whether a wrong has been done?—next, by whom it has been done? And when the tribunal makes this enquiry, should not the attainment of truth be the sole object of its solicitude and consideration? Our answer is, No. If the attainment of truth be the sole object of consideration, we must seek it, no matter at what cost of terror and insecurity to society at large: and thus the tribunal, by its enquiry, may do a greater injury to the community than did the crime it seeks to punish. Human imperfection renders the administration of justice of necessity a system of averages. We cannot hope for perfect certainty, and certainty in every case. All that we can expect is, to discover the necessary facts in so large a number of cases as to render society generally secure, by rendering the perpetration of crime exceedingly dangerous to those who would commit it. This can be done, and done more efficiently, if we pursue certain predetermined and specific rules of enquiry, than if we were to give the tribunal, on every occasion, perfect and uncontrolled liberty of action. The philosopher sitting quietly in his closet, may imagine that every fact that has the slightest relation to the matter in hand ought to be known and weighed—and that the more completely the facts are known, the greater is the chance of attaining a knowledge of the truth respecting the particular enquiry instituted. But it should be remembered, that in order to get at all these facts, it may be necessary to invade the peace and security of others; that the knowledge of a multitude of comparatively insignificant facts serves often rather to confuse than enlighten; and that the wider is the field of enquiry, the greater is the danger of mistake, from emotions created by irrelevant evidence, from passion, from prejudice.

In every judicial enquiry, then, we may say, indeed, that the object sought to be obtained is the truth; but that truth



itself must be sought according to certain fixed and pre-established modes of enquiry — modes which experience has shown to be necessary as safeguards for the security of society generally ; and that the very form of the enquiry is of vital importance as respects this security.

Let us now endeavour, by examination, to discover whether this salutary precaution was duly considered in the remarkable instance before us.

In the following narrative, we shall, as far as we can, present the facts to the reader, in the order, form, and manner, in which they were presented to the tribunal. This mode is adopted for the purpose of being better able to show what of the multitude of facts, relevant and irrelevant, submitted to the French jury, could, by the English mode of procedure, have been brought forward in evidence : we may thus perhaps discover to what extent, and in what manner, the forms of either nation err—the one by admitting much that is unnecessary, the other by excluding something that is needed for the proper administration of justice.

On the 14th of January 1840, Charles Pouch Lafarge died at Glandier, in the department of la Corrèze in France. A few days after, the widow of Lafarge was arrested upon suspicion of having poisoned him.

When the house of the deceased was searched by the officers of justice, certain diamonds were found, which were supposed to have been stolen by the widow before her marriage, from Madame la Vicomtesse de Léautaud. Hereupon the prisoner was charged with *larceny*, or stealing—(*le délit de vol.*)

By the law of France, murder is classed as a *crime*, larceny as a *délit*. The crime is tried by the assize court of the department—the *délit* by the *Tribunal de police correctionnelle*.

The charge of larceny was the first brought to trial. The trial commenced on the 9th of July 1840. We may here, in passing, remark upon the delay that had taken place. The prisoner was arrested towards the latter end of January upon a charge of murder. The second charge was soon after preferred, and neither the one nor the other was tried till the

9th of July. In the proceedings before us, no application for delay on the part of the prosecution seems to have been made. The delay which occurred; appears to have been according to the ordinary course of proceeding.

This delay in the case of a common larceny could not well have occurred in England. But a person charged with a murder committed out of London in the autumn, cannot be tried before the end of February in the following spring. Such delay is a gross violation of justice, and ought not to be permitted to continue.

Before the charge of stealing was gone into, the counsel for the defence moved to defer the trial; first, upon the ground that there being two charges, one of having committed a *crime*, the other of having committed a *délit*, the charge of the *crime* should be tried first. The second reason given for delay was, that Madame Lafarge had not had time sufficient for her defence.

The court, however, refused the delay asked — whereupon an appeal was entered against this judgment, and delay again demanded because of the appeal. The court again refused to delay the trial, and proceeded to investigate the charge. Madame Lafarge thereupon retired, the proceedings went on in her absence, and she was found guilty of the theft; — the trial being by a judge unassisted by a jury.

The Court of Appeal gave judgment afterwards — 1. That the demand for delay was properly refused. 2. But that an appeal from that judgment having been entered, the court below was not justified in proceeding further until that appeal was decided — and therefore all the subsequent proceedings of the court below were quashed as irregular. (\*)

On the 3d of September, and before a rehearing of the trial for stealing, the court of Assize of La Corrèze proceeded

(\*) One of the most faulty portions of English criminal jurisprudence is that which relates to the right of appeal from decisions on criminal charges. In fact, no appeal lies from the judgment of the court or the verdict of the jury, except on the ground of error patent on the face of the indictment — and as, under the present system, the greater portion of all the criminals in the country are tried by unlearned justices at the quarter sessions, constant and flagrant violations of law and justice are the necessary result.

to the trial of the prisoner on the charge of murder. A preliminary enquiry had already, according to due process of law, been instituted in July, before *la chambre des mises en accusation*, and by the arrêt of this court the prisoner was sent for trial before the court of Assize.

The arrêt gave a long enumeration of facts as reasons for its decision, which decision was in these words :—

‘Attendu que de ces faits résultent des charges suffisantes pour prononcer la mise en accusation : — Déclare qu’il y a lieu à accusation contre Marie Fortunée Capelle, veuve Lafarge, pour avoir, dans les mois de décembre 1839 et de janvier 1840, attenté à la vie de Charles Joseph Pouch Lafarge, son mari, par l’effet de substances susceptibles de donner la mort, et qui l’ont effectivement occasionnée, crime prévu et puni par les articles 301, 302 du Code pénal.

‘La renvoie, en conséquence, devant la cour d’assises du département de la Corrèze, séant à Tulle, pour y être jugée selon la loi.

‘Maintient l’ordonnance de prise de corps décernée par la chambre de conseil.’ (¹)

Upon this charge, on the 3d of September, the prisoner was brought to trial. The jury being chosen by lot, and declared legally constituted by the presiding judge, the prisoner was addressed by the judge :—(²)

‘Accusée, levez-vous.

‘R. Votre nom ? R. Marie Capelle, femme Lafarge.

‘D. Quel est votre âge ? R. Vingt-quatre ans.

(¹) The regular steps in this procedure appear to be—

1. An *ordonnance de prise de corps* décernée par la chambre de conseil. This is similar to our warrant of commitment by the committing magistrate.

2. An arrêt by the *chambre des mises en accusation*. This is similar in some things to the finding of a true bill by our grand jury—that is, the purpose of the enquiry seems the same, though the mode be different.

3. After the *séance* of the *chambre des mises en accusation*, the prisoner was examined, (on this examination we shall hereafter remark ; ) and upon this examination and those of the several witnesses, the *procureur-général* frames his *acte d’accusation*, which is apparently intended to serve the purposes of our indictment. There appears in both systems much unnecessary complication.

(²) The jury consists of twelve jurymen, and two supplementary jurymen; the prosecution and the prisoner had an equal number of challenges, viz, eight each. The number of challenges seems to be determined by the number of jurymen present—in present case thirty were present; and, as fourteen was the number required for the full jury, the number of challenges permitted became necessarily sixteen, eight to each party. This would appear an objectionable mode, as open to fraud and influence.

‘D. Votre profession? R. Je n’ai pas de profession.

‘D. Quel est votre domicile? R. Au Glandier.

The jury was then sworn, and the prisoner warned by the judge to be attentive. The ‘*acte d’accusation*,’ answering to the English indictment, was then read.

For the purposes of justice, all that this *acte d’accusation* need contain, is a clear specific description of the charge against the prisoner—so that the prisoner may know distinctly from what he has to clear himself—and the court and jury may know what they have to try. By the law of England, moreover, in cases of felony, <sup>(1)</sup> only one offence can be charged in the same indictment—that is, two charges cannot be tried at one and the same time; and in a grave, nay often capital charge, it is a wise and merciful precaution. The mind of the prisoner ought not to be distracted by a multiplicity of charges—nor the minds of the jury unfairly biassed by the mention of many supposed offences. Recollecting, then, the purpose for which the *acte d’accusation* is employed, an examination of the *acte* itself will prove not wholly uninformative. Unfortunately it is impossible, from its length, to insert the whole of this extraordinary document. It is not impossible to describe it.

The *acte* is in the name of the Procureur-Général, and is therefore to be considered, not the exposition of an accusing advocate—but an official document, first declares that it is the declaration of the Procureur-Général, and thus proceeds:—

‘Charles Pouch Lafarge habitait le Glandier, département de la Corrèze—il y exploitait des forges, et possédait une fortune immobilière considérable; sa famille était honnête; son père, mort depuis plusieurs années, avait rempli longtemps les fonctions de juge de paix du canton du Vigéois. Doué de qualités attachantes, susceptible de sentimens tendres et généreux, il était aimé de tous ceux qui l’entouraient.’ <sup>(2)</sup>

<sup>(1)</sup> There are some cases in which, by statute, it is permitted to charge more than two felonies—viz. in embezzlement, three instances may be laid, if committed within six months—and also in an indictment for coining, a double charge is allowed.

<sup>(2)</sup> The procureur-général published two editions of this precious piece of rhetoric. The second thus varies the sentiments: ‘Marié une première fois, il avait eu la douleur de perdre sa femme. Bon, généreux, obéi de ceux qui l’environnaient, susceptible

In the same strain of sentimentality, this extraordinary judicial document proceeds to detail every fact which the accuser thinks of importance. All these statements, garnished with the most outrageous vituperation, are set forth without the safeguard of an oath, without the check of cross-examination. Every insinuation that the most artful rhetoric can supply, is without hesitation adopted—motives and intentions are without any compunction boldly imputed—characters are described,—and throughout, the guilt of the prisoner is assumed as a thing not capable of being disputed. In short, this grave judicial document is a written pleading against the prisoner. Having immediately to remark upon the manner and bearing of the Avocat-Général upon this occasion, we shall confine ourselves to one observation upon this document, viewed in the character of a written pleading. No Barrister conducting a prosecution for murder in England, would dare to make such a statement *viva voce*—and write it he could not. The moment that he does more than give a naked simple statement of the facts, calmly weighing their value as evidence, that moment he is considered to transgress the line of his duty, and the Judge would infallibly interrupt him. But in this proceeding, we find a document on which the whole after prosecution rests—assuming the character of furious advocacy, asserting, without compunction, relevant and irrelevant facts; and taking the most unfair advantages of the unfortunate prisoner—prejudging her case without a shadow of proof—distorting, by pretending to relate, her previous history—and thus making the question of her guilt or innocence to turn, not upon the evidence adduced respecting the deed, for the supposed perpetration of which she was now to be tried, but upon the notion which the jury might form as to her former life and character. Doing this, in the grave character of a public officer, what no private English Advocate with a spark of right feeling would deign to attempt, and what, if any

ble lui-même de sentiments exaltés, il sentait le besoin de s'environner de nouvelles et de plus douces affections. Il désirait aussi trouver dans la dot d'une seconde épouse, les moyens de donner à son industrie plus de développement et d'activité.' Love and money are here closely conjoined. The exalted affections, and the desire of a marriage-portion, are placed in no very seemly juxtaposition.

Counsel could be found degraded enough to essay, no English Judge would permit him to accomplish.

The indictment in this country is, by the present practice, stripped of much that formerly rendered it ridiculous. It still, however, retains some things not needed for the purposes of justice, and is construed with such technical strictness, that due punishment is at times evaded, and justice mocked at. This strictness is nevertheless, upon the whole, advantageous. Particular and striking, but rare, instances may indeed be cited of impunity obtained, through its influence, for the evil-doer. The precision, however, which is thereby rendered necessary, is a great safeguard for the innocent accused; nothing extraneous is set forth—nothing is imported into the cause which can excite or mislead the jury, or confuse or terrify the accused. The very technicality of the form and language of the indictment robs it of all appearance of passion, and prevents the possibility of employing any unfair rhetorical artifice. Thus making it present a striking contrast, indeed, to that extravagant pleading which we are now considering.

After stating the desire that M. Lafarge felt for a new and tender affection, and the mercantile spirit which guided him in his search of an object of future love, the *acte* sets forth the mode which he adopted to gain the desired object; and the system which it discloses is among the most extraordinary and painful incidents of this sad drama.

M. Lafarge applied at Paris to a marriage-broker (*agent matrimoniale*) in the month of August 1839; and from this man came the proposal that he should marry Marie Cappelle. This unfortunate young woman was an orphan; her father had been an officer in the imperial guard, and had died, leaving his children to the care of his wife, who married again. She some time after died also, and her children by M. Cappelle were left in charge of her relations. Among them was an aunt, who had married a person of the name of De Martens; and this M. de Martens, though moving in a sphere of life that might be almost called distinguished, was evidently the person who, through the assistance of the marriage-

broker, managed the marriage of his niece with a man of whom he knew nothing, and whose face he had never seen three days before he determined to entrust to him for life the orphan child then under his charge. It is remarkable that this circumstance is passed by with indifference by all persons at the trial, and does not, as far as we learn, appear to have excited remark or astonishment in the minds of the Journalists of France. Are we, then, to assume that this *agent matrimonial* is commonly employed in France by persons of respectability and honour?—that marriage, still a matter of *convenance*, is managed after a new fashion, in consequence of the changed habits of her people—the mercantile spirit of the time having invaded and subdued the province even of love and affection? The unfortunate Madame Lafarge herself gives a detailed account of the proceedings connected with her marriage, but makes no mention of the *agent*. As her 'Memoirs' have been written since her trial, she could not fail to know the mode in which her marriage was really contracted. Her silence, then, is not among the least significant of the circumstances connected with this strange and disgraceful transaction. She avows that she married not from affection, but necessity—a necessity which her forlorn situation imposed; and there is no reason to doubt the truth of her assertion. The *acte d'accusation* thus briefly tells the story of the marriage:—'This idea of a second marriage led him (M. Lafarge) to Paris in the month of August 1839. There were some difficulties in the way; but he was soon introduced to a M. Foy, (a matrimonial agent,) and this man proposed to him to marry Marie Cappelle. Some enquiries were made on the part of the accused, by her friends, respecting the situation of Lafarge, and a few days had hardly elapsed before the marriage was celebrated. The following night the new-married pair left Paris for Glandier, where they arrived on the 15th of August 1839.' The *acte* then enters into a minute history of the life of Lafarge and his wife up to the time of his death; the object of which is to show, that there were feelings in her mind which would induce her to commit the horrible crime with which she was charged. The manner of stating these

facts is studiously adapted to the end of exciting prejudice and passion against the accused.

After preparing the minds of the jury by this description, the *acte* goes on to explain the plan which the accused was supposed to have formed and adopted. The object she proposed to herself is broadly stated to be, to get rid of her husband. The reasons for her desiring to do so were, that she disliked his person; that she deemed herself imposed upon by his false descriptions of his property, of his house, and of the position in which he could place his wife; and lastly, by a desire to possess herself of his property.

In order to obtain possession of his property, and get rid of him, it is said that she determined to persuade her husband to make his will. In order to obtain this end, she is charged with pretending to make her own in favour of her husband; and that therefore the husband, cajoled by her apparent fondness, did in reality make, and deliver her a will, by which he left her all his property, should she survive him. 'Dès ce moment, Marie Cappelle arrêta sa pensée de recouvrir son indépendance par la mort de son mari, dont elle recueillerait la succession.'

In the same manner the whole history of the supposed murder is set forth; and after the reading of the *acte* was finished by the officers of the court, M. Decoux, *avocat-général*, stated the case to the jury.

M. Decoux is doubtless a distinguished member of the French bar, and we may fairly assume that he has done nothing which the manners and the morality of that body condemn. Our remarks, therefore, are not to be considered as directed against the individual advocate, but against the *system* of which, for the moment, he is the illustration. As directed against the system, indeed, which sanctions such doings as were then witnessed, our language cannot be too strong, if it is accurately to describe our feelings upon this occasion. The fact that a prosecutor in a criminal proceeding is a public officer, and as such can have no interest in obtaining the conviction of the prisoner, never for one instant seemed present to the mind of the *Avocat-Général*. He brought the ha-



bits, conduct, and state of feeling, of the mere advocate in a private cause into a great public proceeding. It is the duty of a prosecutor to see that all that can legally and honestly be adduced against the accused, should be fairly laid before the jury. It is his interest, as it is the interest of every just member of society, that the accused should in reality turn out to be innocent; but that if he be really guilty, that he should be legally convicted. But the question of guilt or innocence, of the truth or falsehood of the charge preferred against the prisoner, cannot depend upon the feelings of compassion or commiseration towards the unfortunate family of the murdered man; for the verdict of the jury, if their minds be disturbed by extraneous emotions of pity or anger, may be the result, not of the evidence, but of their state of feeling. Truth and justice require that their verdict should result *wholly from the evidence*, and that the evidence should relate solely to the fact charged. Did A commit that act? The fact of A's having or not having done the deed cannot depend upon the emotions which the jury may feel, or upon the misery which resulted from the act, no matter who committed it. The family of the murdered man may be worthy, respectable, now forlorn and wretched by his death; but that misery does not make or prove A the murderer—why then appeal to the passions of the jury on such an occasion? Why play the actor throughout the spectacle, and make it appear that you are overwhelmed with sorrow at the fate of the victim, and filled with violent indignation against the supposed murderer? Why, but to confound the jury, to disturb their judgments, and to win their verdict without the aid of evidence? It is impossible adequately to describe the conduct of the Avocat-Général throughout the whole of the trial, without following him step by step in his conduct of it. This we cannot do, but must be content with a general description, illustrated by one or two instances of the passion and almost fury exhibited by him during the investigation. To any one accustomed to the decorous, impressive calmness of an English court, these violent displays appear like the poor attempts of a crackbrained actor, rather than the serious pleading of a grave and dignified functionary.

The language which we shall immediately quote, will appear, when read in a just and humane spirit, in the highest degree unseemly—nay, absolutely cruel. If the *Avocat-Général* could adduce evidence to convict the accused of the heinous crime laid to her charge, vituperation was not required; if he had not such evidence, it was iniquitous to employ it. *After* her conviction the Judge might address the prisoner as guilty; *before* her conviction no one had a right to treat her as any thing but innocent. ‘I fear,’ would have been the language of an English Attorney-General, ‘I fear, gentlemen, the evidence I shall adduce will prove but too clearly the guilt of the prisoner at the bar. If, however, that evidence should leave upon your minds any reasonable doubts of her guilt, you will be required, as the humanity of the law directs, to let her have the benefit of that doubt; and none will sympathize with you more than I shall, in the grateful duty that will devolve upon you, when you declare her innocent of the dreadful charge which it has been my painful office to prefer. But, gentlemen, if there be no such doubt upon your minds, then, however painful to you and to us all, your duty to your country and your God requires that you should pronounce the verdict which the evidence sanctions, and say, with an approving conscience, though with a sorrowing heart, that she is guilty.’ This is the dignified and compassionate language of an honest, firm, and upright public officer, in the performance of a painful but necessary duty. Sedate, grave, considerate, just, he hardly steps out of the province of the impassive judge; employs no artifice, descends to no subterfuge, rouses no passion, influences no prejudice—but calmly submits the legal evidence to the consideration of the jury, and leaves it to bear with its own intrinsic weight against the scale of the accused.

The *Avocat-Général*, however, began with a studied description of the affliction of the sorrowing family of Lafarge. He described the mother as borne down with grief for the loss of her generous, kind, and tender son. The sister too, is brought forward to make part of this scene of desolation and misery—and the group of the wretched victims is studiously,

and we suppose, for a French audience, artfully contrasted with the cold, malicious, cruel murderer. A gay picture of expected happiness for Lafarge is carefully and elaborately painted; his hopes of wealth, his anticipations of connubial bliss, his filial, his paternal love, are all arranged with melodramatic effect, to contrast with the sudden horrors that obscure his horizon and that of his unfortunate family. It is necessary to give the exordium of this harangue at full length, in order that the reader may form some conception of the spirit which animated the orator throughout:—

‘En prenant la parole dans cette enceinte, notre esprit est livré à une vive préoccupation, notre cœur est rempli des plus douloureuses émotions. Et comment en serait-il autrement?—comment pourrions-nous, avec un cœur tranquille, avec une raison froide, venir vous présenter l'affligeant tableau de ce crime? Comment notre cœur pourrait-il ne pas saigner — ne pas se déchirer, à l'aspect de toutes les infortunes qui sont entassées dans cette enceinte? Ce n'est pas seulement l'horreur du crime qui nous émeut; d'autres émotions, des émotions aussi douloureuses, plus vives, peut-être, nous assiégent. En effet, il n'a pas suffi à cette femme de précipiter dans la tombe, par des moyens affreux, l'homme auquel elle venait d'enchaîner sa destinée, cet homme qui, vous l'apprendrez dans le cours de ces longs débats, n'avait eu pour elle que de l'amour et des sympathies qui dominaient sa pensée, qui remplissaient, qui débordaient son âme. Eh bien! non; ce crime ne lui a pas suffi—il a fallu qu'elle le commit avec une persévérance, une audace, qui sont sans exemple, j'ose le dire, dans les fastes des instructions criminelles.

‘Mais, Messieurs, les choses ont été poussées à ce point; telle a été la colère — si j'ose m'exprimer ainsi— la colère froide et impitoyable, avec laquelle cette femme s'est précipitée sur sa victime pour s'abreuver de son sang, que peut-être l'excès même de son audace deviendra pour elle l'un des moyens les plus touchans de sa défense.

‘Messieurs, ne le perdons pas de vue, nous ne sommes pas encore sur le terrain de la discussion. Dans ce moment, nous n'avons à vous retracer que les faits; plus tard, peut-être, n'aurons-nous pas besoin d'autre tâche, car l'affaire présente ce caractère exceptionnel qu'il suffira de vous rappeler les témoignages vous retracer les faits, et que nous pourrons ensuite nous en remettre avec confiance à la conscience du jury.

‘Il y avait dans cette contrée, au Glandier, une famille qui vivait heureuse. Elle se composait d'une vieille mère, pauvre femme! Pauvre malheureuse femme, accablée de tant de douleurs et menacée de

tant d'outrages. Elle avait un fils, Pouch Lafarge, qui vivait avec elle dans l'intimité la plus vraie, sous l'influence de ces sentimens si doux qui unissent un fils à une mère. Ce jeune homme était dans la force de l'âge; la nature ne l'avait pas doué d'une intelligence supérieure, il n'avait pas reçu cette éducation brillante qui aurait pu plaire, convenir aux habitudes de Marie Capelle; mais il était bon, généreux; mais il était aimé—il était plein de la sensibilité la plus vraie—il était, disposé à aimer, à chérir tous ceux qui l'entouraient. Et puis, s'il s'était peu livré à la culture des lettres, s'il avait peu recherché les avantages de l'éducation du monde, il avait dirigé toutes les facultés de son esprit vers des vues solides, des travaux sérieux. Maître de forges, il avait senti le besoin d'entendre les progrès de son art; maître de forges, veillant et la nuit et le jour, son esprit inventif s'occupait sans cesse de donner à son industrie la plus grande activité.

'J'oubliais de vous dire qu'il avait une sœur—pauvre femme encore à laquelle les douleurs n'ont point manqué. Autour de lui vivaient des gens honnêtes qui le connaissaient, l'affectionnaient—c'étaient d'excellens, de sincères amis, des serviteurs fidèles, des paysans dévoués, parce que leur maître était plein de bonté pour eux.'

After a full statement of every thing that he deemed necessary for the proof and explanation of the charge of murder, the Avocat-Général, as a peroration to his diatribe, proceeded to give the history of the charge of larceny in these words:—'I wish, gentlemen, that I could confine myself to this exposition, already so long. I wish that it were not my duty now to call your attention to other facts—and to impress upon the forehead of this woman the stamp of another ignominy, *not resulting from the present accusation*. Why did she not herself wish to save me this painful task? In place of striving against the evidence—in place of irritating justice, if justice can be irritated, by a system of defence which is in itself a crime—if she had confessed herself guilty of the charge of stealing the diamonds which has been preferred against her, I should, in bringing before you this evidence of her character, experience a feeling of pain.' He then further says, that he is aware that between the charge of murder and the theft there is no necessary connexion; but that his duty, as a man of honour and a magistrate, compels him to set forth her guilt in the theft, because it proves her character to be deplorably bad! Was ever such a reason given for

such a proceeding—and that, too, by one boasting himself to be a man of honour and a magistrate? He sums up his observations respecting this separate charge in the following strain:—‘By the side of this most infamous theft, is thus placed the most infamous defamation in the world—calumny, another species of poisoning—moral poisoning, which kills not the body, but which kills honour. Do you hear, Marie, Capelle!’

After this revolting apostrophe, he addresses himself to the jury, and finishes thus:—‘I conjure you to communicate with no person—subject yourselves, beyond these walls, to no impression which may do violence to your convictions, or affect the purity of your verdict. I demand this of you; because, before all things, I demand that you should be just. You cannot be so, if you permit the solicitations of those who, at any cost, would save a woman who cannot be saved.’

By the law and the practice of England, as we have already stated, two felonies cannot be proved under one Indictment; two offences cannot be described by the Counsel in his opening speech; because he cannot state any thing of which he is not able, either in fact or by law, to give evidence. M. Decoux, therefore, had he been in an English court, would have been saved any pain he might have felt on this occasion; as he would quickly have been told by Judge and Counsel, that he had transgressed his duty, and done a gross wrong to the prisoner, merely by alluding to a charge of theft as then hanging over her. Nothing is more common with us, than for several Indictments to be preferred against one prisoner at the same time for separate offences—all to be tried at the same sessions or assizes. But on the trial of one Indictment, any allusion to the other charges would be deemed deserving of the severest censure. If, indeed, a prisoner chooses to bring forward evidence in proof of his former good character, and thus seeks to influence the jury in his favour, then it is competent to the prosecuting Counsel to cross-examine the witnesses coming forward in support of the prisoner's character as to any former conviction, and as to his general

reputation ; but until the prisoner make this attempt to weigh down the evidence by his former character, no allusion can be made on the part of the prosecutor to any thing but the evidence upon the specific charge then under investigation. The salutary rule of the English law and practice, by which the evidence is confined to the issue, and the observations of Counsel to what he is permitted to prove, would have materially tended to maintain the decorum and to promote the justice of all the judicial proceedings in which M. Decoux played so prominent a part.

As we proceed we shall have yet further to comment on the bearing of the Avocat-Général towards the accused : we shall now continue our description of the trial itself.

As soon as the Avocat-Général had finished his address, the Counsel for the prisoner, Mr. Paillet, raised the objection which we have above discussed, and prayed the court that the evidence might be confined to the issue of guilty or not guilty of the murder ; and that no witnesses might be examined as to the alleged larceny — stating, and we think accurately, such to be the humane provision of the French law. But his objection was overruled, and all the witnesses produced by the prosecution were allowed to be examined ; so that in reality the prisoner was put upon her trial for two offences at the same time. A greater outrage on common sense and justice was never perpetrated.

The next step in the proceeding was one directly opposed, not only to the practice of our courts, but to the feelings of our people. The first person examined was the prisoner herself—the presiding Judge conducting the examination.

A full examination of the prisoner had already been taken by the vice-president of the Tribunal de Tulle, immediately after the *Chambre des mises en accusation* had pronounced the *arrêt* declaring that she was to be tried ; but whether the answers of the prisoner were to be considered as a voluntary declaration, does not appear. By the English course of proceeding, on the accusation being made before the committing magistrate, the prisoner is always asked what he desires to say ; being cautioned at the same time that what he says

will be taken down in writing, and produced against him' at the trial. He is at perfect liberty to answer or not, just as he pleases; and the important practical consequence attending the proceeding is, that his not answering is never adverted to as a circumstance to his discredit. This is the only approach, in the English system, to any thing like an examination of the prisoner; but, in the French procedure, the examination of the accused appears among the most important of those submitted to the consideration of the jury. Whether this mode is that best calculated to ascertain the guilt or innocence of the person accused, is one of the most disputable of the many vexed questions of criminal judicature; and one which, we believe, cannot be properly decided without reference to the habits of thought and feeling peculiar to every people. In England, such an open examination of the prisoner would excite very general disgust, and raise up improperly compassion for the guilty. Moreover, we feel from experience that such a process is unnecessary for security; and are, therefore, well pleased to be spared the pain of inflicting upon the wretched prisoner a species of mental torture. In France, it may be, that the habits of the people do not fit them for the practical business of judicature. With us the experience of centuries is handed down from one generation to another; the people from time immemorial have taken an important part in the administration of justice, and they and our courts have become skilled in the marshalling and appreciation of evidence. The French public, on the other hand, may deem that the mode they have adopted is necessary for the public safety: if such be the general feeling, the examination of the prisoner cannot be dispensed with; though, from the experience of the case before us, we cannot say that we are at all reconciled to the practice. (1)

(1) The method of examination, as practised by the French courts, seems also open to reprehension. The Judge indeed appears, on the whole, the person least excusable for discharging the office of examiner; but it is a matter for grave consideration, whether it be not a great evil to subject the judge to the chance of becoming excited and prejudiced by taking upon himself this office. He is very liable to be made a partizan by the conflict that of necessity must take place between the accused and the interrogator. Moreover, it appears that the examination is not carried on and

The story of the unfortunate young woman, as told by herself in her various interrogatories, does not justify the terrible accusation to which she was subjected ; nor do the contradictions which occur in her narrative , excite in our minds the suspicion which they created in the minds of the jury which decided her fate. Her story, previous to the illness of her husband, is briefly this :— Being left an orphan, with a moderate fortune, viz. 80,000 francs, being also, as she herself says, not greatly blessed with beauty, her family were anxious to provide for her an establishment by means of a husband. They adopted in consequence the plan already described ; though she herself, in her answers, pointedly denies that she was at all cognisant of the employment of the matrimonial agent. She married for the sake of the position which a husband would give her ; and she was led by the representations of her family, and of Lafarge himself, to believe that she was about to become the mistress of a comfortable and even elegant household and establishment. Married at three-and-twenty to a perfect stranger, it is not wonderful that she was startled and alarmed when she suddenly found herself separated from all whom she had known through life, and placed completely in the power, and subject to the absolute control, of her stranger husband. Scenes occurred on their journey from Paris to Glandier, not very extraordinary when viewed with reference to all the surrounding circumstances ; and Madame Lafarge is not the first upon record in whom the same sort of terrors led to pursue the same sort of resistance. In the midst of these disputes , with her mind heated and her fears excited, she arrived at Glandier — her dwelling for her future life. Here she, who had been accustomed to the luxurious elegance of Paris, found a rude, dilapidated, and comfortless habitation ; and a family little likely, by their education or their habits, to sympathize with

finished at once ; but as every point of the evidence given by the witnesses tells against the accused, he is suddenly called upon by the judge to explain away the difficulty, and is thus compelled to make his defence many times over, and to discharge the most difficult duty that can be devolved even upon a skilled advocate, and through a long trial to keep in his mind the whole bearing of each separate piece of evidence.



her, or to diminish or alleviate her distresses. In a fit of despair she wrote to her husband a wild and passionate letter, in the foolish hope of regaining her liberty, by accusing herself of having deceived her husband. She says, 'I was in such despair at my position, I desired so much that Monsieur Lafarge would allow me to go away, that I said things the most inconceivable and false in order to obtain my wish.' She told him she was in love with another man — that he had deserted her — and that she in spite had married. She then asserts that she had seen her former lover on the road; that she had taken poison, and had prepared a loaded pistol to destroy herself, but had not courage to carry her purpose into effect; that she desired only to be allowed to depart, intending to go to Smyrna. All these statements, in her examination, she declares to be untrue, and told only because of her desire to get away. In her answer to the judge, when pressed by him to explain why she had written these various falsehoods, she accounts for it after this fashion: 'How can you explain this letter, and the circumstances under which it was sent to your husband?'—Answer. 'I beg of you to have some indulgence towards me. I left my home the day after my marriage; I left my family; I found myself isolated from all the world. At Orleans, I had with my husband an extremely disagreeable scene—in truth, I was extremely wretched during the whole journey. When I arrived at Glandier, in place of that charming country-house with which they had lured me, I found a dilapidated and ruined habitation. I found myself alone, shut up in a large chamber which was to be mine for life. I lost my reason — I had an idea of travelling to the East—I thought of all those things—the contrast — my imagination was excited—I was so wretched that I would have given the whole world to get away.' This very natural description puzzled the Judge: he could not understand, could not sympathize with it; and after various enquiries, he says, 'So then your conduct, on your arrival at Glandier, was the result of the discontent you felt upon seeing a dwelling that, without doubt, did not answer the expectations which had been raised in you?'—

'Yes, sir.' But then it appears a change took place in her conduct which to the Judge appeared inexplicable; but which she explains by saying, that Lafarge, by his constant kindness, had conquered her first feeling, and won her goodwill; that, therefore, she wished to make him happy, and occupied herself about her house and husband's affairs; and these affairs of her husband are not without their mystery: but the odium, if any, must fall not on her, but on her husband.

It appeared that Lafarge was in want of money. He had discovered, or fancied he had discovered, a new process for the smelting of iron, and desired to take out a Patent for the invention; and also to borrow funds to carry on his iron-works more extensively, according to his new method. He had persuaded himself, and seems to have persuaded his wife, that his speculations were certain to confer on him great wealth, and they both were anxious to obtain the money requisite to carry his plans into effect. She wrote to her friends in Paris, describing her expectations in glowing colours, and begged of them to interest themselves for the purpose of obtaining the patent which Lafarge sought for his discovery, as well as of borrowing the money needed for the more extensive operations contemplated. She distinctly asserts, that 'Lafarge at this time wanted to borrow money of her family. He sent me the plan of the letters which I was to write to this effect. I copied and sent them.' And, therefore, the Judge indulged in his next question in a sort of half-aside insinuation respecting this proceeding, which at once shows the dangerous character of such an examination. It converts the Judge into an Advocate—it enlists his vanity against the prisoner, and induces him to employ his practised skill and ingenuity in distorting her answers, and drawing therefrom unjust and unfavourable inferences. The whole proceeding spoken of by the accused is in itself exceedingly simple, natural, and really deserving of no reprobation. A young girl, newly married, listens to her husband's plans, enters into his schemes with eagerness, believes his calculations, and, under his dictation, writes letters to her friends, describing her hopes, and asking their aid in realizing them; and upon this, thus re-

marks the Judge, who sets out with assuming her to be guilty: 'So, then, these letters were not the expression of your own opinion—your calculations and suppositions were then nothing more than the result of the calculations and suppositions of M. Lafarge, for the purpose of obtaining for him the money he needed. *It was a species of seduction which you desired to employ with regard to those whom you wrote.*' Can we wonder at the verdict of the jury, when, at the very commencement of the trial, the presiding Judge could hazard such a remark—one so thoroughly unjust and cruel—one so likely to prepare the minds of the jury for every future unfavourable inference regarding the prisoner? Throughout, the plan of the prosecution was to represent her as a person endowed with extraordinary ability—who, by the force of her intellect, was placed above the common follies or weaknesses of her age and sex; obeying steadily, indeed, the dictates of a depraved and wicked spirit, but pursuing her objects with an unerring sagacity—an untiring and remorseless perseverance. The Judge throughout his interrogatory assumes this hypothesis; he enlarges constantly upon her intelligence, and will not allow or understand in her case the ordinary motives and feelings which would impel and guide any other young girl in her situation. The instance here set forth is but one among a thousand—the whole trial was conducted after the same fashion.

Lafarge now went to Paris in order to obtain the wished-for patent, and his wife's relatives were among the first persons to whom he applied for aid. While absent, a circumstance occurred that had a fatal influence upon the future destiny of his wretched wife. Supposing her to tell the truth, nothing could be more natural than what she apparently intended to do—supposing her guilty, nothing could be more depraved, as well as wild and extravagant, than the scheme attempted.

While Lafarge was thus at Paris, his wife had her portrait drawn by a young woman in the neighbourhood. This portrait she determined to send to her absent husband. It was put into a box, and into that box she also placed some cakes made by the mother of Lafarge, and a tender and affectionate

letter. Before proceeding to the more important circumstance of this affair, let us dismiss the consideration of this letter, and the others which she addressed to her husband while at Paris; the affectionate tenor of which excited the suspicions, or rather is used to justify the already excited suspicions, of the presiding Judge. He asks her how she could conciliate this amazing tenderness, (*tendresse exaltée*,) *this sort of mystic affection*; which she here manifested towards her husband, with that cruel letter which she had written some months before to him on her arrival at Glandier; 'It is difficult enough,' he says 'to understand the metamorphosis.' The poor girl answered that she saw no relation between the scene and the letter. The Judge thereupon grew angry, and declared, with some petulance, that he would persist in his question with this unfair insinuation:—'In the first letter it is easy to see that there was nothing in common between you and the husband you had accepted, either in your intellect or in your affections. In the other letters, on the contrary, there is the expansion of a heart which gives itself with warm affection, nay even with enthusiasm, to the husband to whom it is united.' (It is difficult, if not impossible, to put into intelligible English these expressions of French sentiment; the words are, 'Dans les autres, au contraire, on voit l'expansion d'un cœur qui se donne avec effusion, et même avec enthousiasme, à l'époux auquel il est uni.') Then he goes on to say, 'This fickleness (*mobilité*) could indeed be understood in persons not endowed with your intelligence; but in your case it is difficult to comprehend it.' The answer of the prisoner is perfectly sufficient. 'I have already answered that the kind offices of M. Lafarge had gained my heart. In truth I loved him—not indeed with *love*, but affection. He wrote me very passionate, tender letters, and I believed it my duty to make him happy by using the same language.' Then, again, in this unseemly fencing-match between the judge and the prisoner, comes this reply in the shape of a question:—'Thus, then, according to you, in the space of three or four months, to this antipathy which you had conceived for your husband, and

‘which had led you to desire to escape to Smyrna to get rid of him, had succeeded—sentiments of gratitude, of tenderness, of devotion?’—‘Yes, sir. You know that when one receives a letter, very kind, very good, one always feels disposed to make happy the person who has shown you this affection; above all, when it is a husband that writes, and when you wish to make this husband happy.’

But in the fated box, besides this letter, there were certain cakes. When the box left Glandier it had four or five small cakes in it, made after the fashion of the country by the mother of Lafarge. When the box arrived in Paris, it contained only one large cake; thus it is clear that, from the time when the box was last seen by the family at Glandier and its arrival at Paris, it must have been opened, and one cake substituted for several. The cake sent by Madame Lafarge, she told her husband to eat at a certain hour, saying that she, at that same hour, would do the same—this being, it seems, an established custom among lovers. Lafarge did eat of this cake, and was soon after exceedingly ill—and the inference immediately drawn was, that the cake was poisoned by the wife.

It is to be remarked that this cake was not produced. Evidence was given to show that a cake as large as a plate, and one only, was in the box on its being opened at Paris; but it was also shown, that it had necessarily been out of the hands and power of the prisoner in its transit from Glandier to Paris. It was closed by the servant Clementine, in the presence not only of the prisoner, but of her mother-in-law, of Le Brun, and another young woman; and then given to a servant, who took it to the coach-office. Nobody seemed to think of the impossibility for the prisoner to make a poisoned cake. With so many prying eyes about, not too favourable to the accused, the making of a cake would have been known, talked of, and afterwards remembered. Moreover, the box when it left Glandier was sealed; those seals when it reached Paris were broken—by the officers of the *octroi*; it is said—but others might have done it; and if a different cake did really find its way to Paris, they who broke the seals may

have substituted one for the other. A person named Denis, a clerk, went on a mysterious voyage to Paris, saying he was going elsewhere; and there were many other suspicious circumstances which pointed him out as the criminal. We shall have hereafter to speak of this man.

Soon after the reception of this box, and the illness that followed, Lafarge left Paris and returned home. He arrived ill at Glandier on the 5th of January, and died on the 14th. His wife was charged with having caused this sudden death, by administering to him arsenic while he lay ill. The Judge proceeded to interrogate her as to the accusation.

We may here remark upon another evil that is necessarily attendant on this examination of the accused. In the present case, before the prisoner could be properly convicted of the murder, the jury should have been satisfied on two distinct enquiries; the first being, did the deceased die in consequence of being poisoned by arsenic; and if he did, then, did the prisoner knowingly administer the arsenic of which he so died.

On both of these questions the English law would have required the jury to be without any reasonable doubt before they could deliver a verdict of guilty; and the Judge would distinctly tell them, that they must be satisfied as to the first before proceeding to discuss the second. In the present case, however, the first question was assumed during the whole examination of the prisoner; and every art was employed to make the jury believe that many motives were impelling her to wish and to contrive her husband's death. The minds of the jury being thus prejudiced, they came to the consideration of the question, Did he die by poison? fully prepared to decide it in the affirmative—willing to believe every thing that strengthened their adopted conception, and very averse even to listen to any evidence that tended to prove it incorrect. The long examination of the prisoner, upon the assumed ground that her husband died by poison, powerfully contributed to this mischievous prepossession—and in every case wherein two steps of proof are required to establish guilt, the

same evil effect must be produced by the preliminary examination of the accused.

The quantity of irrelevant matter introduced on this trial is absolutely marvellous, while the facts stated in evidence which really related to the issue, are in the same proportion few, and for the most part insignificant;—gathered from the voluminous passages called evidence, they may thus be shortly stated.

Lafarge arrived at Glandier on the 5th of January, exceedingly ill—he went immediately to bed, and was attended by his wife, his mother, and his sister—and various other persons, besides his medical attendants, had access to him. Great confusion reigned throughout the whole household, and the dying man's bedchamber soon became a scene of strife, and of constant and wretched disturbance. His illness was apparently inflammation of the stomach and intestines. The disease from day to day made progress, and finally terminated his existence. The charge which the prosecution sought to establish was, that she, after his arrival at Glandier, at different times administered arsenic to him in his food and medicine. To substantiate this, it was proved that the prisoner had, in December, procured arsenic from a druggist, writing to him openly for it, saying, that she desired it for the purpose of destroying rats, by which, to use her own expression, she was devoured. Again it was proved, that on the 5th of January she had procured arsenic from the same druggist, and that this time it was obtained on the prescription (*ordonnance*) of the physician attending her husband—the alleged purpose being to destroy the rats which disturbed the sick man's repose; she asserting, and without contradiction, that the physician wrote his prescription for the arsenic by desire of Lafarge himself. And lastly it was proved, that the clerk Denis had been ordered by her, through her maid-servant, to bring some more arsenic, and that he did buy and bring some from Tulle. The arsenic is thus shown to be in the house, and in her possession, and certainly in her power. The next step was to show that she administered it to the deceased.

It appeared that she had sent for powdered gum at the same

time that she had ordered the arsenic; and that of this powdered gum she herself drank repeatedly, and that she gave it to Lafarge. The direct charge was, that while pretending to give him gum she gave him the poison. The proof of this, if we strip it of all that is irrelevant, is exceedingly uncertain, confused, and weak; but the mode in which the Avocat-Général sought to prove it—the mode which the French law permitted him to adopt—well deserves the serious attention of every one who desires to make the law a protector of the innocent. Of some of the methods employed to arouse the suspicion of the jury, we have already spoken. But not content with the history of the unfortunate girl's marriage—with the story of her disappointment, her quarrel with her husband—with the strange tale of the cake sent to Paris—not content with all these irrelevant means of exciting a prejudice against her, he allowed the wildest stories to be related about her,—the fancies that entered into the heads of her neighbours, the conjectures of gossiping crones, the malicious insinuations of guilty and unworthy servants—are adduced as grave and important pieces of evidence, that ought to weigh with rational men when called upon to discharge the awful duty of deciding upon the life or death of a fellow-creature. As specimens of this mode of proceeding, and for the purpose of continuing our comparison, we will mention two instances of evidence adduced of the sort we are here describing.

One of the witnesses examined was a M. Aimé Sirey, who came forward voluntarily to disclose to the court an important fact; and he was allowed, after being sworn, to proceed after the following manner.—In reply to the question of the Judge—What have you to say? M. Sirey answers,

‘A fact which, up to the present moment, has appeared either indifferent or to confirm the guilt of the accused, now seems to me, in the presence of the new events of the trial, to be singularly modified, and to acquire such gravity as to make it imperative on my conscience to reveal it to the jury and to the court.’ (*Mouvement d'attention*, says the reporter.) ‘I was at Objet during the first days of December, when I received a visit from my bailiff, who manages my estate at Comborn, near to Glandier. He breakfasted with me; and the conversation falling upon the prosperity that was likely to



happened in the affairs of M. Lafarge, as well through his invention as by means of the fortune he had acquired by his marriage, my bailiff spoke the following words, which I repeat verbatim. (At this stage of this idle story, in an English court M. Sirey would by judge, counsel, jury, have been commanded to hold his peace, and depart about his business. To the rule of evidence which would have led to this summary dismissal of such an impertinent intruder we shall immediately advert; at present, we proceed with the testimony as received by the French court.) 'M. Lafarge will not profit by these advantages, for he will be poisoned by his wife.' (General marks of surprise.) 'I did not attach much importance to these words; but the remarkable coincidence of this poisoning, foretold eight or ten days before, with the death of M. Lafarge, which fulfilled the prophecy, appears to me now, in presence of the facts which have been disclosed before the court, so important as to arrest the attention of justice, and to require that the bailiff should be examined.'

'The Judge—Are you quite sure as to the date of this conversation? Answer—Yes, sir. What day did M. Lafarge die? It was the 14th. But what was the day of the week? The Judge—after having ascertained—it was Tuesday. M. Sirey—Well, then, it was Sunday the 5th that my bailiff said this. The Judge, after some further enquiry as to the date of the conversation, asked whether it was deemed necessary to hear the bailiff; and the Counsel for the prisoner insisting that it was, he was ordered to attend. One curious observation respecting the report of the bailiff was made by M. Sirey—'It appeared that he (the bailiff) related these stories (*ces bruits*) as emanating from the relations of Lafarge.' That is, they determined beforehand to accuse his wife of murder, and (if imputations are to be permitted) they laid their plans so as to give their predetermined accusation an air of truth. This evidence was given on the 4th of September, and not till the 12th was the bailiff found; and then his version of the affair was, 'that he was talking one day with a M. Lafaurie about the arrival of Mme. Lafarge at Glandier, who said she was very rich, but that she and her husband were not happy together. That a letter had been written by her to Lafarge, in which she declared she loved another man also called Charles, but that he was not Charles Lafarge; and that then M. Lafaurie said, 'if he were in the

, place of Lafarge he would let her go, for fear she should do him some ill turn.' "

By the law of England, hearsay evidence is not admissible, and no conversation can be given in evidence that has not taken place in the hearing of the prisoner. M. Sirey and his bailiff would therefore have been alike excluded; the minds of the jury would not have been distracted by an accumulation of idle nonsense; or subject to the improper influence of vague and unsupported reports. Once open the door to this sort of gossip, and no man would be safe—reputation, property, life, would often depend upon a rumour which malice might designedly invent, and a foolish, busy curiosity circulate and improve—conjecture would be converted into proof, and the whisper of every doting crone would usurp the office, or outweigh the influence of evidence given by percipient witnesses under the sanction of an oath.

Another instance of the mode in which it was sought to prejudice the unfortunate accused, in the minds of the jury, by the aid of this species of evidence, was remarkably exemplified by the testimony given by the clerk Denis. Grave suspicion rested upon this man that, if the deceased did come to his death by poison, he was the person really guilty; and yet, with all the suspicion that throughout the proceedings rested upon him, he was allowed to begin his story with this statement:—

— 'On the 8th of January, Madame Marie Lafarge having learned that I was going to Lubersac, had me called into her apartment. When I came, she made me go out into the garden, and there commanded me to bring her some arsenic, some black puddings, and sausages. I bought the puddings and the sausages, but I did not think it proper to buy the arsenic. On the 9th I bought some for twenty sous, at the shop of M. Lafosse. On the 11th, as I was going to Tulle, on the business of M. Lafarge, I received a note from Madame Marie Lafarge, by her maid-servant. She told me in this note (') to buy at Tulle some black puddings, sausages, some arsenic,

(') This note was not produced, nor asked for. By our practice, the witness would not have been permitted to speak of its contents, until some account had been given of the note itself. Was it in existence? If yes, then produce it, or hold your tongue as to its contents. If destroyed, explain how, when, why—all which explanations would have cast doubt upon the testimony.

and a month-trap. Fearing lest Madame might be angry, I said to my wife—(Here he would have been stopped by an English judge, because about to relate a conversation that occurred out of the hearing of the prisoner)—I suppose I must get this arsenic, since I have been told twice to get it. I again said to my wife, I very much fear lest this arsenic may be made to serve to procure the death of M. Lafarge. I said that, because Madame Charles had said before M. Magneaux, that, if she wished it, her husband would not be alive in twenty-four hours. She had said also, she should only wear mourning a year, as they did at Paris, if her husband happened to die.

Another violation of our rules of evidence was permitted in this witness, as in all the others. No witness is allowed to give in evidence any thing beyond what he saw done, or heard said, in those cases in which he is allowed to report conversations. His own thoughts upon the occasion of which he is speaking, he is not permitted to disclose. Denis said, that although he had bought the arsenic at Brives, yet he did not give it to Madame Lafarge. He is then asked by the Judge, why he did not give it? This question, by our rules, would not be permitted; the answer given by Denis will at once show why. 'Because,' he says, 'M. Lafarge was ill, and I feared the use that might be made of this arsenic.' Upon this the Judge remarked, 'These fears are very grave; what circumstances created them in you?' 'Because Madame Lafarge had said to M. Magneaux, the day before she wrote the note, that if she wished, her husband would not be alive four-and-twenty hours; and that she always had arsenic by her—(sur elle.) Did you hear those words from the mouth of Madame Lafarge?' 'No; M. Magneaux heard them, and told them to me.' It is remarkable that Magneaux, a clerk of Lafarge, when called, does not appear to disprove or confirm the assertions of Denis.

Now, although such were the many and extraordinary means to excite suspicion by irrelevant evidence, the direct evidence as to the fact of poisoning, is absolutely almost nothing. During the illness of Lafarge, the suspicions of his mother were aroused by Denis: she readily listened to the suggestion, and saw in every act of her daughter-in-law, whom she feared and hated, an attempt to murder her son. When asked by

her daughter-in-law to retire to rest, she immediately concluded that the object in view was to get out of her superintendence. If any thing was given to her son by his wife, and, as is the common result in such a malady, it was returned from the stomach, she leaped to the conclusion that poison was the cause. At length, in her alarm, she communicated her suspicions to her unfortunate son; and thus, without doing or being able to do any good thereby, she heightened every terror, every horror that could gather around the dying man. But with all her suspicions excited—with the whole household well aware of her belief—the only facts adduced in evidence which fairly tell against the prisoner are, first, that she ordered the poison to be bought; and next, that some poison was asserted to have been found in a small box which she had in her pocket; and which, she said, contained powdered gum—and also in a packet said to have been found in her bureau; and out of which, as well as out of the box, she had been supposed to take a portion of the contents, and put it into some chicken broth given by her to her husband. These last facts were elicited from the testimony of two young women, Le Brun and Emma Ponthieu—the first violently the enemy; the second the friend of the accused.

Le Brun tells the following story:—On the 11th of January, Lafarge heard that his wife was taking some chicken broth, and desired that some of it might be brought to him. It had, however, been all drunk by his wife, and a fresh quantity was prepared—his wife saying, that they must allow him to believe it to be hers. This broth, made by the sister of Lafarge, was left on the chimneypiece, in some warm water, in the room of the wife, in which also was Mademoiselle Le Brun—both of them being in bed. Le Brun says, that when they were left alone, she saw Madame Lafarge put her arms out of bed, reach the broth from the chimney, and put into it a white powder, and stir it with her finger;—that she did not see whence she got the powder, but only perceived that it was in a piece of torn paper.<sup>(1)</sup> That she, upon

(1). In summing up the evidence, the Avocat-Général stated, with great, with great

this, asked Madame Lafarge what she had put into the broth—who answered, orange-flowers. That she expressed her surprise openly on this, as it was plainly powder; but she had no suspicion then. This was about eight in the morning; at twelve she arose and went into the sick man's room, Madame Lafarge remaining behind in bed. That she saw the remains of the broth which had been placed on the chimney, and on the surface of it there were floating white globules. She showed them to the sister, who spoke about them to the physician, M. Bardon: he looked at the globules, and thought it to be lime from the wood ashes. The broth was then thrown away, but a thick residue remained; and as some more broth was made which did not appear like that thrown away, their suspicions were excited. The residue was locked up by the mother, and was afterwards by her given up to the officers of justice, examined by the chemists, who first analyzed the various matters supposed to contain poison; and by them declared to contain arsenic. We shall immediately speak of this analysis.

Some time after mid-day, Le Brun again says, she saw the wife up, and in the chamber of Lafarge; and as this part of her testimony is the most important portion of the evidence, we will give it in her words:—

'In the afternoon of the same day I was alone with Madame Marie, in the sick man's room. She took a glass of water coloured with wine, and went towards the commode. I was working near the chimney, and I could not see what she was doing; but I thought I heard the drawer open, and the noise of a spoon striking against the side of the glass'—*'comme si on délayait quelque chose.'* (By

hensible inaccuracy, the evidence of this witness. She was distinctly asked by the judge—

'Où prit-elle cette poudre? Était-ce dans le buvard?' Answer. 'Je la vis verser dans la tasse, mais je ne sais pas où elle l'avait prise. Je vis seulement, que cette poudre était dans un petit morceau de papier déchiré.' Question. 'Reconnaissez-vous le paquet de Denis? Était-il de la même couleur?' Answer. 'Je n'y fis pas attention, ni à la couleur du papier.' Yet the Avocat-Général, summing up the evidence, said, 'Madlle. Brun a vu Marie Cappelle prendre la poudre blanche dans le buvard, enveloppée dans le même papier bleu dans lequel Denis l'avait apportée!' Not a word of this was in evidence, and part was directly at variance with this statement.

which, we suppose, the witness intended to signify that Madame Lafarge was wetting something with the water in the glass, and mixing them together.) 'Madame then gave a spoonful to her husband, and he said, "That burns my throat." I asked what he said, and Madame repeated it.' 'Did this astonish you?' 'No. I remarked the panada. She made it. I did not see her put any thing into it; but upon the surface I saw a white powder. I went near the commode, and I saw a train of powder. As the drawer was half open, I saw in it a little pot, and the train corresponded with the position of the pot.' (The words are—"et la traînée correspondait avec le pot"—that is, reached to it.) 'I tasted the powder, and it produced a pricking sensation for nearly an hour<sup>(1)</sup>. I remarked also a glass upon the night-table: it contained some white powder, and some drops of water. I took it between my fingers: it was like a fine resisting sand. I compared it with the gum, and the gum glued my fingers. I remarked upon this to Madame Marie, who said it was gum. "Besides," said she, "I am going to drink it;" and she filled the glass with water, and I believed she drank it, but I will not affirm that she did.'

'Question. After having drank, did she vomit?'

'Answer. I have not spoken of her vomiting on this occasion. She did so every day: every time she ate she vomited.'

She then states that the residue of the chicken broth was sent to M. Eyssartier the chemist, at the request of Lafarge, to whom his mother communicated her suspicions; and afterwards says—

'On the 13th, Monday morning, I entered early into his (Lafarge's) chamber: he told me not to leave him. Afterwards he breathed in his hands and said, "Oh! what a smell of garlic!" When he vomited, he said the same thing<sup>(2)</sup>. M. L'Espinasse came in the night. . . . . Some time later I took a little of the powder of the panada; I put it upon the coals, and smelt a smell of garlic. I had taken some of the white powder from the drawer, and gave it to M. Espinasse: he did the same by it, and obtained the same smell.'

'On the 13th, I showed M. Espinasse the train of white powder in the commode: he scraped some of it together with the feathers of a pen. He took some also from the little pot, and carried it away wrapped in paper.'

(<sup>1</sup>) This assertion shows how strongly prejudice was at work. It is the opinion of the most celebrated chemists, that arsenic has no taste. See Beck's *Med. Jur.* 737, and the opinion of Dr. Christison therein quoted.

(<sup>2</sup>) Here again is proof of the effect of prejudice. The smell of garlic proceeds from arsenic when thrown on a strong heat; but there is no proof of its producing such a smell upon the breath of one poisoned by it.

M. L'Espinasse confirmed this statement; and further declared, that he had given the paper containing the powder, with its contents, to the officers of justice. He also said, that upon his finding so strong a smell of garlic upon burning the powder, he had no longer any doubt as to Lafarge being poisoned. Nevertheless he left the sick man to his fate, and returned home.

The prisoner denied all knowledge of this little pot and its contents, saying that she never saw it—that she never put any poison into it. She was asked if she suspected any body of putting the pot there. 'It is impossible,' she answered, 'for me to suspect any body. Besides, the whole house came into the room, and the place was not one very propitious for the hiding of any thing. My answer as to the little pot is, that I did not place it there—that I do not know who did—and that I have never seen it.'

Such was the evidence of Madlle. Brun. It will at once be felt that another step is required to make this evidence bear against the accused. It was to be proved that the bottle and the powder contained arsenic. Before we proceed to the consideration of the modes taken to ascertain that fact, and of the extraordinary circumstances which attended the enquiry, we must give the only remaining piece of direct evidence—that of Emma Ponthieu, the friend of Madame Marie Lafarge.

She said, that she arrived at Glandier on the 11th, and found Lafarge ill. She describes the distress of his wife, and evidently believed her distress real. When suspicion of the poisoning arose, she heard Madame Marie address her maid-servant with great warmth, and ask what she had done with the arsenic which she had confided to her? To this question the answer was, that she, the maid-servant, had put it into a hat, and placed the hat in the room of M. Lafarge. She adds, that on the morning of his death she saw his wife undress herself; and that while she was so doing, she saw, for the first time, a small box in the pocket of her apron. That she asked Clementine, the servant-maid, what it contained, who answered, gum. That the conversations she had heard—the suspicions of the mother of Lafarge and of Madlle. Brun,

the letter written by Marie on her coming first to Glandier—all worked upon her recollection; and that, although her reason refused to believe that Marie was guilty, yet she was led to take some of the powder out of the box, and give it to her uncle. Her uncle kept the powder for some time in his pocket, and afterwards gave it to the officers of justice. She afterwards, in consequence of a vague suspicion in her own mind, asked the maid for the box which she had seen, and she after some delay brought it. The box, with its contents, was also given to the officers of justice. The conclusion sought to be established by this evidence is, that the box contained arsenic: but was this proved? We shall now proceed to consider the procedure of the courts with respect to the solution of this difficulty.

During the various proceedings of this trial, three separate sets of experiments were made, by different chemists, upon—

1. The body of the deceased; and,
2. Various substances which were suspected to contain arsenic.

The first experiments were performed by the chemists of Brives. This was on the 22d of January 1840, a few days after the death of Lafarge.

The second experiments were made by the chemists of Limoges, at the trial—and the last were performed by Mons. Orfila, soon after the second, and before the verdict.

For the moment we will pass by the analysis of the body and its contents, and confine our attention to the other substances submitted to examination. And now, judicially, the first enquiry ought to be, in whose custody were these various substances before they came into the hands of the chemists? The answer to this question in an English court of justice, would of itself have been nearly sufficient to exculpate the prisoner; for with us it is not enough to cast suspicion upon the accused. The prisoner is never required to answer till the affirmative has been distinctly proved against him—so proved, that if he do not, cannot explain away the proofs, no doubt will remain upon the minds of reasonable men as to his guilt. But if only suspicion be raised, if any other hy-



pothesis is as reconcilable with the facts as that of the guilt of the prisoner, then our law says he must be acquitted. An hypothesis may be suggested in the present case, far more consonant with the facts than that of the guilt of the wife of the deceased—and that hypothesis is, that Lafarge did in reality die from natural causes; but that the arsenic was put in the various places by the hands of Denis the clerk, for the purpose of ruining his master's wife. Another hypothesis may yet be suggested, and from it we should not shrink—if Lafarge did die of poison, Denis was the murderer.

If any one will, with the first hypothesis respecting this man in his mind, look carefully into the evidence given by him, he will discover how wonderfully the facts agree with this supposition. From that evidence, which we have not space to analyze, it appears that Denis lived for some time by forgery, and that Lafarge himself was guilty, with his aid, of issuing factitious bills; and further, that he, Lafarge, forged (it is useless to hesitate as to the phrase) a letter, purporting to be written by his brother-in-law, M. de Violane. On the death of Lafarge this transaction, and his own utter insolvency, came to light; but there is much still hid in darkness. Denis played an important part in the whole of it, and had evidently a violent hatred against Madame Lafarge; because of the influence which she exercised over her husband, whom evidently Denis intended to employ as a tool. But the wife was in his way, and he was heard often to vow vengeance against her; two of the servants distinctly swearing to the very words he had employed. Denis as positively denied the charge; but there could be no doubt but that the simple peasant, Bardon, told the truth. 'The clerk Denis said to me,' says this man, 'that he wished to see Madame sawed into four pieces.' 'He said that to you?' 'Yes.' 'When did he say this?' 'In the stable, eight days after the death of M. Lafarge.' 'But had Madame done him any wrong?' 'Never, she was a most kind mistress, I never saw a better.' 'He was then persuaded that Madame was guilty?' 'Oh yes—he told me that she had poisoned him during fifteen days.' 'What more do you know?' 'When Denis came

'from Paris he said, I am master now, I will turn you all out of doors.' Denis being recalled, attempted by his effrontery to put this witness down, but he failed. The witness also declared that he had found a packet of white powder in a foot-warmer belonging to Madame Lafarge (the mother).

During the absence of Lafarge, Denis, pretending to go to Guéret, went to Paris—for what purpose none could discover. But this additional circumstance came to light without being explained. Lafarge borrowed a large sum of money, 25,000 francs; but his mother asserted, that on his return she found only 3900. 'This,' said M. Paillet, 'is again one of the mysteries of this trial; in the mean time, thanks to the signatures which Madame Lafarge gave to her husband, her patrimony has been spent.'

If, then, we follow the clue afforded by our hypothesis, every thing is clear; Denis first creates suspicion; he tells the mother her son is poisoned; he has access to the mother's apartment, to that of the sick man, to every part of the house, in short; and his hand might have strewed the poison where it was afterwards found; and one very remarkable circumstance throws a strong light upon this part of the case. The broth above-mentioned, of which there was a residue, and into which Madame Marie was said to have put some white powder, was a long time in the sick man's room; the residue was then taken possession of by the mother. It was afterwards sent to M. Eyssartier—by whom does not appear. But this much is certain, it was exposed during a long period; so that any one who desired, might deal with it as he pleased. If there was any one desirous of putting poison into it, he was able with ease to do so. Now Madlle. le Brun speaks of a small quantity of power; but the chemists, when they come to analyze the sediment, declare, *that it contained enough arsenic to poison ten persons*. This is explicable if we suppose that some wicked hand had put arsenic into the cup *afterwards*; but utterly inexplicable upon the supposition that it was poisoned by the wife—the cup emptied by throwing away the broth—for that is the phrase used; and that there remained a sediment which was twice examined,

first at Brives, and next during the trial, and yet that there remained enough to poison ten persons. So much then for the sediment.

All the same remarks apply to the small pot found in the commode, with this additional observation—the cup did contain powdered gum, and a small portion of arsenic—but the train of powder from the cup, was pure arsenic. If into a cup containing powdered gum, any one had shaken a small quantity of arsenic, and then shook a train of it along the inside of the commode, such would be the exact state of the case—in the case there would be gum and arsenic—out of it arsenic alone.

But then comes the enquiry, did the small agate box carried by the wife in the pocket of her apron, contain arsenic? Out of this there was a small quantity taken by Emma Ponthier, and given to her uncle; and it is a very extraordinary circumstance, that in this powder, when first examined, no arsenic was found, and this examination was made by the chemists who found arsenic in almost every thing else. When this same powder underwent a second examination at the time of the trial, then a small quantity of arsenic was found therein. The agate box given by Clementine to Emma, was from the first said to contain some arsenic. This box is proved to be at times out of the possession of Madame Lafarge; for Emma unseen, takes some powder out of it, and Clementine finds it on Emma's request. It is not to be supposed that Madame Lafarge, knowing it to contain arsenic, would give it to her. Afterwards, indeed, she learned that the child had the box, and bade her give it to the officers of justice—a conduct wholly at variance with the supposition that she knew it contained the poison of which there was so much discussion. How are these things to be explained? Without any very great difficulty of keeping our hypothesis in view, we look to the mode in which the suspected substances were dealt with.

The paper given by Emma to her uncle was beyond the reach of Denis, and it was found pure; afterwards it was sent to the office of the court, (the *greffe*,) and the exposure which took place on the trial, of the mode in which these fatal sub-

stances were dealt with, created universal astonishment, even among an audience who did not seem very scrupulous in their manner of eliciting or dealing with evidence.

The officers of justice came to the house of the deceased on the 15th. Every part of the house was open to Denis. The suspected substances were taken possession of. They had been collected by the mother, and put into a wrapper. It is clear that every one of these might have been tampered with; and, according to our hypothesis, they were utterly worthless as evidence against the accused, who was already under the surveillance of justice, and in reality a prisoner.

On the 16th the body was opened; its entrails were put into vases, ticketed, but not sealed. The whole was then placed on the back of a horse, and without further precaution taken to Brives. The officer thus describes the journey: 'We slept at Vigéors. On the 17th we arrived at Brives. *I have heard* that it was then that the stomach was put into a glass; it had before that been wrapped in a cloth. On the 18th the surgeons commenced their analysis, which lasted three days. During this time we returned to Glandier, and not till our return were there any seals placed upon the vases.' Such a declaration as this, upon a suggestion of our hypothesis, would have decided the case in an English court of justice. No human being could be safe in a society which could, on such evidence, condemn a fellow creature. The body all this time lay at Glandier, exposed to any who might desire to tamper with it; so that from it no evidence could be obtained on which the accused could be safely condemned (\*).

But in addition to the suspicions thus cast upon any evidence to be obtained from these various suspected substances, there occurred a circumstance which not only throws doubt on the case before us, but which unhappily goes far to destroy our faith in all medical opinions on the subject of poisoning

(\*) A curious question might have been suggested. Suppose that some wicked person had placed arsenic within the body after the death and the examination, would not this have affected every analysis made on the exhumation of the corpse? But who can possibly say that this was not done?

by arsenic. The chemists of Brives declared, without hesitation, that they had found arsenic in the stomach and its contents. They also declared, that a flannel which the wife had wished to apply to the throat of the deceased also contained arsenic. But on the trial, the chemists of Limoges, among the most celebrated in France, declared as positively, that these substances did not contain arsenic. After describing the process they adopted, M. Dupuytren (the brother, we believe, of the celebrated surgeon of that name) went on to say, — 'We then introduced this residuum into the apparatus invented by Marsh, (*l'appareil de Marsh*), and after many experiments (*mainte expérience*) we obtained no arsenical spots.' Even from the countenance of the poor prisoner there suddenly glanced a gleam of joy at this happy announcement; her Advocate burst into tears; and the audience giving way to a generous feeling towards the accused, and forgetting for the moment the respect due to a court of justice, vehemently applauded. On this the Avocat-Général rose in anger. He abused (there is no other word fit to describe his expressions) the audience generally. He picked out one young man, commanded him to stand up, threatened to commit him, and then he finished an apostrophe to the public thus — 'Since when has it happened, that the sanctuary of justice has become an arena for bad passions?' (The bad passions were evinced, not by the public who rejoiced at an acquittal, but by him who pressed a failing prosecution.) 'Do you think,' he continued, 'that there remain no further resources to the prosecution?' (*sourdes rumeurs*.) 'Do you think that there does not remain a grand and solemn mission to fulfil?' And now comes the most extraordinary denunciation made on this extraordinary trial: 'Take care, lest the accused may have perhaps to accuse you with having so acted as to prolong her anxiety, and to retard the period for the determination of this enquiry.' The Avocat-Général was plainly fighting for victory, and not truth; his anger was an outbreak of wounded vanity; and the words he uttered were not the dignified language of a judicial officer, calmly rebuking a sudden but venial forgetfulness on the part of the public of the

respect due to a court of justice, but a violent explosion of passion by a baffled prosecutor.

M. Dupuytren thus concluded his Report: — 'Our conclusions unanimously agreed to are, that there is no arsenic in any of the animal substances submitted to our examination.'

The consequence of this opinion was the sending for M. Orfila from Paris. A mystery attaches to the whole of this proceeding. Other celebrated chemists were proposed, and among them M. Raspail. From the letter written by this latter gentleman respecting his own exclusion from the enquiry, it would appear that some feelings were at work which certainly ought not to have been exhibited or acted on; but the whole matter eludes enquiry, and we are obliged to rest contented with mere suspicion.

The proceeding, nevertheless, does raise a question entirely unconnected with party feeling or momentary considerations; and herein we again perceive a great difference in the two systems of French and English judicature. By the law of England, when the prisoner stands upon his deliverance, and the jury is charged to decide upon his fate, the case must go on to its end, without interruption or delay, beyond that which it is physically impossible to avoid. The trial is one transaction, and cannot after its commencement be adjourned, except in cases in which the evidence cannot be all brought forward in one day. Rest and food being absolutely required, the jury and all others concerned on the trial must retire, but the jury must remain under strict watch — no one is allowed to have communication with them, and the trial goes on the next day without further interruption than nature absolutely requires. But by the system of France, delay is permitted to obtain further evidence. This system seems to give a fearful power to a government over those which it desires to crush; and although, at the first announcement, it appears reasonable to wait for the requisite evidence if it be not forthcoming, yet, if we look further, we shall find much of reason and humanity in the rule which makes it imperative on the prosecution to be ready at once with the evidence needful to support it. This necessity renders it far more difficult to

concoct and support a false accusation ; while in reality it throws very few impediments in the way of a true one. By the English system, society can be sufficiently protected without any unfair advantage against the prisoner ; by that of France, very little additional advantage is gained for the public security, while the prisoner is exposed to fearful hazard should he have to meet a powerful and vindictive accuser. This subject is one deserving of a full and complete enquiry ; but that we cannot now attempt. We must be content to hope, that this cursory allusion to the matter may lead some of the jurists of France to reconsider this part of their system ; and to prepare the minds of their fellow-citizens for the adoption of a more effective and equitable mode of procedure.

M. Orfila came from Paris—the trial dragged on from day to day ; while the chemists, having exhumed the body, pursued their enquiries respecting it. This enquiry was carried on close to the court in which the trial took place ; and our neighbours, who are ever alive to the influences of dramatic display, seem to have been wonderfully struck by the horrible scene then disclosed. We, however, having no liking for such horrors, pass on rapidly to the close of this painful case.

It should be remembered that the body, from the very moment of the decease of Lafarge, was wholly beyond the control of his wife, but was exposed, without any safeguard, to the machinations of her enemies. Who, then, can say, that those enemies did not place arsenic within the corpse ? and who can presume positively to assert, that the phenomena which presented themselves to M. Orfila were not the result of such machinations ? The letter of M. Raspail would throw doubt indeed upon the whole analysis as carried on by M. Orfila ; but we are unwilling to entertain the suspicions which he would excite. We cannot, however, refrain from observing, that in a country where a rigid morality on such questions is the morality of the people, M. Orfila, having expressed an opinion before the trial, would have been deemed by the public, and certainly by himself, a very unfit person to give a solemn opinion on the same point when the trial took place.

The result of M. Orfila's enquiry was, that he found arsenic in the stomach and its contents; but his enquiry as to the muscular flesh taken from the thigh was, so he expressed it, negative. This also agrees with our hypothesis. If the arsenic was put into the body after death, it would indeed be found in the viscera upon which it was strewed, but would not have been carried into the system by the action of the blood and the absorbents, as would have been the case if the poison had been taken into the system during life. Had M. Lafarge died of arsenic, would not the poison have been found in his flesh as well as in the viscera?

Now then we ask, who is there, who, being a jurymen, would from such evidence as this come to these two distinct affirmative conclusions—

1. That Lafarge did die, poisoned by arsenic.
2. That his wife knowingly administered that arsenic?

It must be recollected, that in this rapid analysis of the voluminous evidence adduced, we have been compelled to omit many things which require consideration by any one who would fairly estimate the value of the French system of procedure. The more prominent points have alone been regarded—the more marked evils signalized; but even after this short enquiry, we cannot but think that the most cursory observer will discover much to amend in a judicature which, upon such evidence, taken in such a manner, could have arrived at the conclusion which the French court and jury adopted. They have declared the unfortunate accused guilty of the crime laid to her charge. Whether she be so, no man can determine; though any one skilled in the estimation of evidence—trained to marshal and employ it under a rigid and effective system—can easily determine whether it would be safe—whether it would conduce to the security of society at large—to deem her guilty, upon evidence which in itself is so untrustworthy, and received in a manner so well calculated to destroy what little value it might otherwise have possessed. Looking back through the whole evidence, carefully weighing each separate item adduced, trying its worth by every test which the experience of ages has suggested, we are satisfied



that there was not sufficient evidence to prove that the deceased came to a violent end: still less to show that his wife was the guilty cause of the death. The rude judicial system employed served to increase, and not allay alarm: it made a woman a criminal without proving her to be guilty; and thus taught the people to feel, that not only were they exposed to the assaults of the wrongdoer, but also liable to incur even greater harm, from the very means intended for their protection. (1)

(EDINBURGH REVIEW.)

(1) We have purposely avoided all allusion to certain extraordinary circumstances which tend to cast great suspicion on the mother of the deceased. The one hypothesis which we have suggested, is quite sufficient to make apparent the danger of the conclusion adopted by the jury. Our chief object being in fact to point out the still greater danger resulting from the means taken to gain that verdict.

## "DON'T BE TOO SURE;"

ON,

### THE DISASTERS OF A MARRIAGE-DAY.

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James Inkpen was the confidential clerk of the highly-respectable firm of Squeezer, Shirk, and McQuibble, appearing in the Law List annually as duly-certificated attorneys, located in Raymond's Buildings, Gray's Inn. The adage says, "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*,"—which, being interpreted, means, "*it takes five years to make an attorney*," as some wag of ancient days rendered it; and though Jemmy had long since filled this *lustrum* as a limb of the law, still by some occult process, known and valued alone by "gents., &c.," Inkpen never rose to the dignity of a certificate; in fact, he was nothing more nor less than the confidential clerk.

For nearly a dozen years steadily, punctually, and diligently, did James Inkpen attend to the dull routine of a law-clerk's duty. Wet or dry, hail, rain, fog, sunshine, showery, or fair, he was as reckless of the weather as the most desperate disbeliever in the prophetic powers of Murphy. His *post* was his *desk*, and no jockey ever made for *the post* with greater, more certain and assured steadiness than did Inkpen for his seat of dignity as "Chancery-clerk, and confidential ditto," in the middle room in the offices of the "respectable" firm above-mentioned. Jemmy was a man of small

stature and of sharp features. He was of remarkably placid temperament, and never was known to have exhibited any disturbance of mind, save on two occasions; once when he found, by the mangle-marks in the sob of a pair of ducks, that a sovereign which he carefully concealed therein upon the principle of the Vicar of Wakefield's daughter's guinea, *to have, but not to spend*, had been unfairly appropriated by either his laundress or her mangle-woman, or both. The damning fact, that the impress of the George and Dragon which the calico presented, did not move them to repentance and restoration of the coin, caused Jemmy's indignation to become rife in the extreme. The second occasion was, when in a fit of abstractedness he lit his pipe at a meeting of his club, *The Knights of the Blue Plume*, with the *memoranda* of an important affidavit, which he was to get a certain worthy, famous for supplying deficiencies in evidence, to sweat to the next morning. With the exception of these two cases, we have every reason to believe that Inkpen had hitherto passed through life and its alternations of pleasure and pain comfortably.

In fact, he was a happy man; he had one hundred and fifty pounds per annum *sal.*, as he abbreviated it; the implicit *confidence* of his *respectable* employers; the *friendship*, that is to say, the deferential subserviency of the other clerks from the fact of his being the cashier, and the general good-will of all with whom he had business, from his unaffected disposition to be obliging and civil. But, though Jemmy voted himself, and, moreover, was voted by all his acquaintance, *a good sort of fellow*, still there was wanting, as he felt (at times acutely), a something to complete the measure of his felicity; and when Joe Spriggins, Past Noble Grand of the Blue-Plume Knights, and common-law clerk to Diddle'm & Co., used to pump out in a cracked voice the line of Moore's murdered ditty,

*But oh! there is something more exquisite still,*

Inkpen would every Saturday evening remove his yard of clay from his lips, throw himself back in his chair, turn up his

eyes, make his middle-finger do duty as a tobacco-stopper, heave a deep sigh, and finish the display of feeling by convulsively drinking off the *residuum* of fourpenn'orth of gin warm, which so invigorated him, that, amidst the din of hammering, braving, applauding, he could muster up the power to tell the waiter, ere he left the room, in a demitontorian strain, to bring him *another go*.

The fact was, Inkpen felt it was time that he had a Mrs. L.: he felt the necessity of perpetuating the dynasty of the Inkpens, and ere it was too late, ere he fell into the sere and yellow leaf, he determined upon committing matrimony, and, eschewing all stale bachelor-comforts, boldly to dash into the beatitudes which belong to the life of a Benedict. Nor was he long after he had come to this resolution in making his selection. A prim damsel, of neat attire, once honoured Jemmy by accepting half the shelter of his gingham in a summer's sudden evening storm. She was a dress-maker of some talent, and was well to do. He was fortunate in protecting her, for she had a flimsy ball-dress under her arm, which would have been spoilt by the sudden torrent that poured down, but for his timely aid. What great effects from little causes spring,—this act of attention won her heart; and when she revealed the fact of her frequenting Dr. Thump-cushion's chapel, under whom *she sat*, every succeeding Sunday evening found Jemmy a decidedly pious attendant close by the side of Miss Juliana Flpps. We say nothing about their moonlight rambles in the romantic locality of Kennington Common,—(Inkpen lodged in Lambeth Walk, where also, did the divine Juliana wield her needle,) or the numerous delicious *tête-à-têtes* they had in certain arbours, over brown-painted tables, in certain places of public resort yeapt *tea-gardens*—we believe because they afford accommodation for smokers and porter-drinkers. Suffice it to say, the course of their true love *did* run most smooth, and in the month of May, 1842, last past, the *ultimatum* and definitive treaty of alliance for life was agreed upon, to be signed, sealed, and delivered, between James Inkpen, bachelor, on the one part,

and Juliana Fipps, spinster, on the other, in the presence of the rector of St. Mary, Lambeth, on such a day.

It was observed by every knight of the 'Blue Plume,' that on the Saturday evening near the end of May, Jemmy Inkpen was particularly jocose—a rise in spirits which was in some degree attributed to a display of opulence and generosity not exactly reconcilable with his previous habits. He was noticed to have ordered half-a-dozen cigars and insisted upon standing 'goes round,' laughed at everything within fifty degrees of a joke, and with a still stronger, and more commendable spirit of pleasantry, broke out into a hearty guffaw when the rest of his associates were merely meditating merriment.

As Jemmy wended his way home, he could not refrain from rubbing his hands, rejoicing within himself, and, as the moon shone beautiful and bright, beaming over the surface of the broad Thames, he thought he would walk down to the river's edge, and contemplate in romantic gratification for a few minutes the beauteous orb, as it cast its glow over the sacred edifice, which in the morning would be the spot whereat his future happiness or misfortune would be sealed. Placing his back to the wooden paling, he regarded the venerable palace with feelings of awe, and letting his eye fall upon the church of St. Mary adjacent, he involuntarily exclaimed,

'Ah! to-morrow—to-morrow! there my fate will be sealed; and, by the blessing of Heaven, it shall be *the happiest day of my life.*'

He had hardly uttered this exclamation, when a voice struck upon his ear, and the words, clearly and slowly enunciated, 'DON'T BE TOO SURE!' rang through his brain. Inkpen started, trembling, and cast a hurried glance around; but saw nothing save the shadow, as he imagined, of a crouching body stealing along the Palace walls. For a moment he was fixed to the spot, and a cold sweat came over him. After waiting a minute or two to regain his composure (for he was no coward), he rallied, and laughing at his fancy, walked slowly home, occasionally turning to see if he was followed, forgetful of all, his mind being solely filled with the blissful anticipation

of the morrow, when he, in pride of heart, would lead Juliana Fipps to the altar, returning from it with Mrs. Inkpen.

The morrow came—bright and glowing sunshine ushered in the day, and gave goodly promise of a continuance, and James Inkpen, confidential clerk to Messrs. Squeezer, Shirk, and M'Quibble, from whom he had obtained three day's leave, on the plea of visiting a sick relation in Warwickshire, gaily and jauntily attired in a blue coat and gilt buttons, figured green satin waistcoat, and white ducks, and well-fitting Wellingtons to match, gay, sky-blue stock, Paris white velvet hat, and kid gloves in pocket, started from his abode to escort his Juliana to the temple of Hymen, due time being allowed, of course, to admit of the arrival of Miss Amelia Snooks, Miss Fipp's particular friend and bridesmaid, Inkpen, it must be here stated, had determined upon keeping his marriage a *profound secret*; hence his subterfuge of the *sick relation in Warwickshire* to his employers. He calculated upon a pleasant four-and-twenty hours at the Isle of Wight, and then a rapid *retour* to Lambeth by the whirlwind agency of the railway. "Nobody would be a bit the wiser." In order to forward proceedings, he engaged a *cab* to take a carpet-bag and portmanteau, and band-box, containing his and his spouse's temporary wardrobe during their excursion, which was to take them immediately after the ceremony to the Southampton station at Nine Elms. Everything was, in fact, done with the tact of a general of division; and everything, to tell the truth, *came off* exceedingly to his satisfaction.

The ceremony was performed; Jemmy was in raptures; Mrs. Inkpen seemed delighted. The weather was lovely in the extreme; very few seemed to be attracted by the solitary cab waiting at the turn of the road. Amelia Snooks kissed, with tears in her eyes, Juliana Inkpen, late Fipps, a salutation which was returned with equal pathos. Inkpen was quite cock-a-hoop; and, after handing his spouse into the cab, could not refrain from ejaculating, in the exultation of his heart, "Well! dearest July! this promises indeed to be the *happiest day of my life*!"

He had hardly said the words, and closed the door of the

cab, when the same voice which he fancied he had heard over night broke again upon his ear, and the same words again rung through his head, 'DON'T BE TOO SURE!' The cabman whipped on for the station. Juliana fondled and looked charming, and Jemmy, after a moment's flush at the exhorting repetition of the warning, thought nothing more of it.

In due time Mr. and Mrs. James Inkpen reached Nine Elms; fare paid, and luggage stowed away. They were just in time; the engine was hissing with a twenty-thousand-snake power, and the leviathan train lay like the defunct body of the great black sea-serpent, ready to be lugged along at the word 'all right.' Mrs. Inkpen had already entered one of the first-class carriages, and Jemmy was just on the point of following her, when, in a voice indicative of the deepest dismay, she discovered she had either left her reticule in the cab, or at church, or dropped it.

'Oh! James, love! it's gone!—What, dear?'

'My reticule!—Pooh! never mind; only a handkerchief, smelling-bottle, glove, eh?'

'More! James,—my gold watch and small trinket-box,—I would not lose them for all the world. Run—James, run!—oh! dear, offer a reward. What shall I do?'

James was petrified; but he was a prudent man, and as he afterwards said, 'How could I stand the loss?' So, without hesitation, he rushed to the entrance, and dashed down to where the cabs assembled, in hopes of catching the one that brought them. No sooner had he given his first hurried scrutiny than the ominous bell, proclaiming the start of the train, sounded dolefully in his ears. In a state of bewilderment beyond expression, poor Jemmy for a moment seemed fixed to the spot, and then rushed up to the passengers' room! But oh! what a sight presented itself! The bell was sounding like the deathknell of his departed hopes. The long black train was moving at the rate of twenty miles an hour, bearing his beloved away from him. There he stood, mute, motionless, the picture of agony and despair. Who shall describe his feelings?—'tis beyond the power of pen. They may be conceived; they cannot be told!

How long he might have remained in this state it is impossible to say, had he not been aroused by a smart tap on the shoulder by one of the railway-police, who intimated 'he must not stand there.'

'Stand!' muttered James, in a melancholy tone. 'I can't stand anywhere. I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels.'

'What's the matter, my good sir?' said the policeman considerably.

'She's gone—gone!' said Inkpen.

'Who?'

'My wife! only married this morning. Oh! oh!' and he groaned more intensely than before.

The policeman hardly knew whether to laugh or look serious, but it suddenly occurred to him that he had closed the door upon a lady who asked about her husband just before the train started, so he soothingly said to Inkpen, 'Come, come, sir; it will be all right! You can go by the next train. Your good lady will only be at Southampton some three hours waiting for you. So keep up. The next train goes at two.'

The drowning man catches at a straw; so poor Jimmy Inkpen, after heaving a few deep sighs, meandered in a musing melancholy mood, to the Railway Tavern, and sat down to ruminate upon this unfortunate incident in '*the happiest day of his life*,' over a glass of brandy-and-water, cold with-out; and by the time he had finished that and another, he had managed to persuade himself there was nothing very grievous after all, when the sudden recollection of the mismemory, reticule, which the loss of his wife had driven temporarily from his memory rushed upon him, and, seizing his hat, he dashed amongst the cabs to make his search. Alas! the first intimation he received was from the waterman, who 'recollected' werry vell as ow he vos the ginelman as vos axin' arter Black Bill, vot druv him from the chirch, and he vos blowed if Bill didn't vip off the blessed minute as he seed the ginelman!'

This unsatisfactory intelligence opened the sluices of unhappiness again upon the heart of Inkpen. What! lose his wife,



her watch, her rings, her trinkets, "All—all her little ones, at one fell swoop!" Oh! Macduff's agony was nothing to Inkpen's. The chancery-clerk's soul sank within him; he already looked ten years older than he did two hours before. Two o'clock at length came, and Inkpen, anxiously gazing towards the west, fancied the blue-eyed maid, Hope, was beckoning him with smiles to her whom his heart loved most dearly; with alacrity he jumped into the carriage, and far different now was the sound of the starting-hell,—the monster-engine gave forth its last grant, and away rolled the *mail-train*. Now they whizz past Wandsworth, Kingston comes and goes like the baseless fabric of a vision; in fact, the journey was a series of dissolving views, worked upon by lightning. Southampton is gained at last, and out Jemmy Inkpen jumped to make anxious inquiry after his missing better-half.

Alas! at the station he could gain no tidings. Her description answered that of at least a hundred other ladies; and, with a face the picture of despair, the poor disconsolate chancery-clerk wandered joyless amidst throngs of happy fates, casting his lack-lustre, but enquiring, eye around him. Hotels were visited; barmaids, waiters, chambermaids questioned, but it was all fruitless; not a vestige of Mrs. Inkpen was to be discovered. At last the idea struck him, could she have returned to town?—a train had started during his sojourn! He felt assured she was *not* at Southampton. To think was to act; and Jemmy walked quickly to the station, and took his place in the slow luggage-train, determined to inquire at every station they stopped at, offering a reward to any one who would bring him intelligence of Mrs. Inkpen.

When he arrived at Basingstoke he received information, conveyed certainly in a very vague sort of manner, that a lady answering his wife's description had been taken ill going down in the morning-train, and was at the Coach and Horses at Southampton. Jemmy's heart beat within him; and, without waiting for the next train, he ordered a post-chaise at Basingstoke, and directed the post-boy to drive as fast as possible on towards Southampton. After proceeding some distance, by some unlucky mischance or other, the off-horse broke down.

This determined Jemmy to walk the five miles, being, as he said, quite fresh. The night was oppressively hot, and it was evident a thunderstorm was brewing aloft, so Jemmy, a capital walker, now animated by a feeling which would throw the speed of a redshank into a cripple, started off briskly. He had not, however, cleared half-a-mile before down it came in pailsful. The thunder rolled, making a magnificent uproar in the firmament, and the vivid lightning flashed, dazzling the poor, drenched Inkpen, and distracting him at every step.

We have already specified his attire—our readers may then well imagine his condition. His trowsers hung like wet sacks to his shaking legs; his new superfine coat was rapidly losing its brilliancy; the Paris-velvet white tile was a shapeless mass. However—what will not love do?—onward he ran, now puffing and blowing hard, now pulling up to recover wind, then rushing on with desperation. At last he reached Southampton, and made directly for the Coach and Horses. He rang lustily at the bell, which was quickly answered by Boots.

‘You have a lady, I think, who came by the train to-day, who has been taken ill,’ said Jemmy, shaking his drenched hat with one hand, and wiping down his coat with the other.

Boots stared at him, and replying in the affirmative, which gave a glow of satisfaction to Jemmy, he was told to walk in.

‘What a dreadful night!’ said Jemmy, ‘to get this terrible soaking in only so short a distance!’

‘Lauks me! so you have, indeed,’ said chambermaid, — ‘sich a little ways, indeed. The lady has been expecting you ever so long.’

‘Ah! I dare say,’ said Jemmy, ‘no doubt of it,—no doubt of it. Sad business; but these things will happen.’

‘So they will, sir,’ said she.

‘Yes,’ interrupted Jemmy, ‘so they will. Better late than never, though, hey?’

‘Ah! very true, sir. That’s what I say when gentlemen rings in sich a hurry. The lady wanted to send for somebody else.’

‘The devil she did!’ said Jemmy.

• Yes, • said chambermaid; • but my missis said as how she was sartain sure you'd come. •

• Much obliged to her, • ejaculated Jemmy, relieved.

• I'll just go and tell the lady you are here, sir, and be back in a minute. Please step in the coffee-room. •

• Well, • thought Inkpen, • though bad began this day, let me hope *now* that nothing worse remains behind. Here I am at last under the same roof, after all my anxieties, with my adorable Juliana—a pretty pickle, I must confess, though, for a bride-groom on his marriage-night. Never mind—let fate do its worst. •

Jemmy perked up, and actually tried a whistle, when the chambermaid returned.

• Please to walk up, sir—this way, • ushering the ardent and impatient Jemmy into No. 3, second pair front. • Here is the gentleman you wanted to see, ma'am, • said the damsel, closing the door, leaving the happy couple alone.

Speak of Robinson's rush for the Derby,—the struggle for the best place at a sight,—speak of anything indicative of onward powerful impulse, and our readers will but faintly come up to the affectionate ardour of Jemmy Inkpen. To seize her in his arms with rapturous grasp,—to stifle her with kisses, was the work of a moment,—and but the work of a moment; for, when relaxing for a second to draw breath and gaze upon her, he uttered • Oh! Juliana—my life, my love! • he was astonished to find himself by a violent effort shaken off, while the lady replied to his exclamation by a loud, wild shriek, shouting with a very unfeminine howl, • Och! murder! murder!—robbery!—murder! • adding to every word, by way of accompaniment, a terrific pull at the bell.

It need scarcely be told that the house was in a few minutes in an uproar. Doors were heard opening in every direction, and, following the sound, No. 3 was soon filled with men and women, clothed with what things they could huddle on. There stood Jemmy Inkpen, shivering like a dog in a wet sack, his eyeballs glaring in a wild stare of astonishment,

—the lady in either real or affected hysterics. In the midst of the confusion, when everybody was questioning, and nobody answering, in bounded a big, black-whiskered, mustachioed man, a light in one hand, and a boot-jack in the other, followed by the chambermaid trembling.

«What the devil's all this?» said he, banging down the candlestick, and hitting the drawers a crack that disordered its chest for the term of its natural life, — «what the blazes is all this about?— spake, Katty, — spake,» said he, «spake, my heart!»

«Och! Mike,» groaned the lady, «some vagabond, like the devil drawn through the Liffey, has broke into my room.»

«Is it drammin' you are?» said Black-whiskers.

«Och! sure, no drame at all at all,» said the lady, rising up in bed; and giving a faint scream, sank down, pointing to Jemmy, saying, «There's the murderin' villain!»

Black-whiskers would have annihilated Jemmy on the spot, but for the chambermaid. He had already grasped the unfortunate Chancery-clerk by the throat, and was strangling him very scientifically, shaking him as an ogre might an infant,—the boot-jack was vengefully uplifted, when the chambermaid held his arm, and said there must be some dreadful mistake, and begged him not to commit murder.

«Who are you?» said Black-whiskers, in a voice of thunder, his wild eye flashing fire, «spake!» A horrible guttural sound alone escaped from Jemmy

«He's Dr. Leech's new assistant,» said the chambermaid, «and come to see your sister. Hasn't been here more than two minutes.»

«Oh, oh!» said Black-whiskers, somewhat mollified, and perhaps not altogether desirous of continuing the scene; «then, by the powers, he'll see the last of her.»

So saying, he dragged the unfortunate Jemmy out of the room, and fixing him at the head of a rather precipitous flight of stairs, took full measure of his distance, and with a furious kick sent the doomed Chancery-clerk, head first, down to the bottom of the flight. Aided by the instinct evoked by desperate circumstances, Jemmy in the hubble-bubble con-

trived to reach the door, and bolted out like a shot from a shovel.

The flashing of lights at an unusual hour, the screams that were heard distant at the dead hour of midnight, as may be imagined, roused the peaceful vicinity, and the police on duty were attracted to the spot. Poor, luckless Jemmy, breathless, gasping, groaning, soaked through, half-choked, his bones aching, through his shaking, kick, and fall, stumbled rather than walked across the street, where he sank down in the last stage of anguish and despair on the steps of a door, wishing death might come and relieve him from the miseries of his situation. Poor devil! he groaned aloud, but none cheered his woe; he held his head drooping between his knees in helpless agony, while his frame shook and quivered with every heart-drawn sob.

Such was the bridegroom on his wedding-night,—such was his situation through no fault of his,—such is the result of the vanity of human expectations, even while acting up to the best intentions.

Jemmy had not remained in this dolorous position five minutes before he was awakened, from a drowsiness, the combined result of over-anxiety, fatigue, and their concomitants, which he was falling into, by the broad, blinding glare of what is called a policeman's *bull's-eye* held up to his face.

«Come, get up,» said the constable, gruffly, «Mister—I wants you.»

«Do you?» said Jemmy, faintly. «What for?»

«Oh! you'll know soon enough what for; but I thinks you knows what for without my telling of you.»

«I say, and I'll swear, and I'll prove it was all a mistake,» said Jemmy.

«Very well,» said the constable, «prove it if you can; but things look very dark against you. But come along.» So saying, he took hold of Inkpen by the arm, and brought him to the station-house.

Arrived there, the inspector and another constable were seen intently examining a printed paper, and alternately reading it and scrutinizing Jemmy, who by this time appeared to

possess the feelings of a man who has got as far as the Press-room at Newgate, and declares himself quite resigned to his fate.

«Humph!» at last said the inspector, «the description does not exactly answer; but yet he may be the accomplice. What's your name?» said he, addressing Jemmy.

«James Inkpen,» was the answer.

«What are you?»

«I don't care what becomes of me,» thought Jemmy, «After what has happened, I'm a ruined man. So here goes—I'll out with all.—Chancery-clerk to Messrs. Squeezer, Shirk, and M'Quibble, of Gray's Inn,» said Inkpen, boldly.

«A bold and open avowal, to say the least,» said the inspector, «and it saves me a great deal of trouble. Do you know one John Smith?»—«I do.»

«What was he?» — «Common Law-clerk in the same office.»

«Good again: This fellow thinks to turn approver,» thought the inspector. «You are aware that John Smith is charged with forgery, and that you are supposed to be his accomplice?»

Jemmy sank for a moment, and a cold dew came over him. In a minute, however, the impenetrable magic panoply of innocence, which ever protects honest hearts, braced him up, and James Inkpen, the confidential clerk of unsullied character, stood erect, if not in the majesty, in all the strength, of conscious rectitude.

«And,» continued the inspector, «you are distinctly charged with embezzlement.»

«Who charge me?» said Inkpen, with a coolness and steadiness of manner that surprised those who had witnessed his previous prostration of mind and body.

«Your employers, whom you have just named, Messrs. Squeezer, Shirk, and M'Quibble. As you have answered openly, I'll read you their communication, received this afternoon.»

• To the Superintendent of Police, Southampton.

• ‘Sm,— Enclosed is the description of two clerks of ours, recently absconded : one, John Smith,—(the description here given,)—charged with forging on us, &c., and the other James Inkpen, suspected of embezzlement, and of being an accomplice of the said Smith. Inkpen obtained leave of absence from us, in order to visit relations in Warwickshire, yesterday, which we have found to be a false representation, and, upon inquiry, we have reason to believe he has gone to Southampton to escape abroad. He is supposed to have with him an abandoned female.’ (Here Jemmy’s strength began to fail, and he wiped his eyes.) ‘Inkpen has long been in our employ, and we have always put the greatest faith in him, which, up to this moment, we have never found misplaced ; but we are afraid he has been led into evil courses by Smith!’

Poor Jemmy could stand this no longer—he sank upon his knees, and wept aloud. He would have called upon Heaven to bear witness to his innocence, but his utterance was choked; and, in pity to his now real state of suffering, he was led away, and by the consideration of the inspector, placed in a bed. And the day that found James Inkpen at morn a blithesome bridegroom, leading in the sunshine of the heart and of the heavens a beloved wife to the altar, left him at midnight a prisoner, charged with felony — his solitary bed the gift of a policeman!

The nine o’clock train next morning brought down to Southampton three individuals, the most important to James Inkpen’s human happiness ; and, as in trains where hundreds, ay, and thousands, can be steamed along without any knowledge that they are mutual passengers, so it was in this case. *Imprimis* came Mrs. Inkpen, who had stopped at Basingstoke, and returned immediately, upon finding that Jemmy did not follow her, the poor fellow having passed her there in the mail-train, which goes direct. The next was Mr. Squeezer, with a Bow Street officer ; and the third no less a personage than John Smith, the delinquent clerk. Mrs. Inkpen and Mr. Squeezer, though with very different objects, made their

way to the police-office, — the wife as the best place to inquire in a strange town after her missing spouse; the attorney for any tidings of his missing clerks. Mr. Smith, of course, studiously avoided that mansion of safety.

Mr. Squeezer and the Bow Street officer entered the station-house first, and were followed by Mrs. Inkpen, who felt an incontrollable nervousness come over her. The officer soon made himself known to the inspector, introduced Mr. Squeezer of Gray's Inn, and a conversation in a whisper for a few minutes ensued. Meanwhile, Mrs. Inkpen ventured to address Mr. Squeezer, a man of prepossessing appearance, saying, tremulously,

«Pray, sir, are you the Mister Squeezer in the legal profession in London?»

«I am, madam.»

«Well, sir, would you be so kind as to tell me if you know one James Inkpen?»

Squeezer looked at her as though he would read her soul, and then relaxing his features into a professional smile, replied, «Yes, I think I do. Is he a relation of yours?»

«Oh, sir! we were married yesterday, and, by a mischance on the railway, I have never set eyes on him since.»

«Humph!» said Squeezer; but at this moment the Bow Street officer came up, and said, «Smith is certainly about here. We are on his track; for the other chap, Inkpen, is caged here.»

«What's that you say?» shrieked Mrs. Inkpen. «Speak! — my husband in prison!»

«Ma'am,» surlily and impudently observed the officer, looking at her as though she was a confederate.

«Hush!» said Squeezer, laying his hand upon the officer's arm, and mildly taking the hand of Mrs. Inkpen, «don't alarm yourself — step this way for a few minutes, and this mystery may be cleared up. — Jones,» said he, turning to the officer, «search for Smith. Something assures me he is not far off.»

In a few words Mrs. Inkpen stated how she had won and how she had lost Inkpen; and on poor Inkpen's being introduced, what with joy at seeing his wife, and joy at seeing



his master, whom he knew he could conscientiously convince of his innocence, he alternately wept and laughed. The scene was equally comic and affecting.

• Oh! sir, » at last he stammered, throwing himself on his knees to Mr. Squeezer, « with what am I charged? I have never, never wronged you by word or deed. »

• Why was that cheque paid in on Saturday morning, » said Mr. Squeezer, gravely, « which I gave you over night? »

• Good God! » cried Inkpen, « I see it all!—I forgot to lock my desk, and Smith must have taken it. »

• We have ascertained that you were *not* the person who procured the cash for it, » said Mr. Squeezer, « which looks somewhat in your favour. But, though I am sincerely sorry for your position, at present, until you more sufficiently exonerate yourself, I cannot allow you to be out of custody. »

Poor Inkpen sank trembling on a chair, the picture of death,—his wife falling on him in a fainting-fit. Mr. Squeezer was evidently affected, as he had always valued Inkpen. At this moment a noise was heard at the door of the station-house, and a happy change came o'er the scene by the Bow Street officer bringing in Mr. Smith, handcuffed, but looking very bold and reckless.

• As you thought, we have found Mr. Smith, » said Jones, « not far off, Mr. Squeezer! »

Smith, at the sound of his master's name, turned to the quarter where he stood, and looked the picture of death, all his confidence forsaking him.

• Villain! » said Inkpen, rushing at him, « confess that you have plundered my desk, and save an innocent man. »

• Smith, » said Mr. Squeezer, « you know your course of guilt is now run — your character is well known to me. It will be better for you to say whether what Inkpen says is true or not. »

The felon's boldness completely forsook him at his master's last remark; he knew the infamy of his past character, and that his hour was come. After a silence of a few seconds, he faltered out, « Inkpen is innocent — I am alone the guilty man! »

The rest is soon told. Mr. Squeezer rejoiced to find that his favourite clerk had not forfeited his confidence, and extended his leave of absence for a week.

Inkpen's joy was unbounded ; and as he that evening fondly caressed his Juliana, she affectionately returned his embrace, exclaiming that this was *the happiest day of her life*. "Ha!" said Jemmy, with a start that alarmed her, "the day is not over yet—*don't be too sure*," — a remark that elicited from him the recital of his mishaps and sufferings, which we have faithfully chronicled for you, gentle reader!

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

## RUSSIAN AND NORTHERN SCHOOL OF GEOLOGY.

Not having yet personally visited Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, I am not prepared to say what progress our science has recently made in these states, but I may remark, that the beautiful map of Norway by Keilhau has scarcely received the attention which it merits ; and we may be sure that the countries of so good geologists as himself and our associate Forchhammer, cannot be lagging behind in the general onward movement.

In regard, however, to Russia, I am enabled to speak with some confidence, after the two visits which I have paid to that country. Gratified as we were, not only by the most hospitable reception, but also the kind assistance afforded us by every Russian, from the Emperor to his humblest subject, it was a real source of delight to my associates and myself in our first visit to trace throughout the northern regions of that vast empire, the same palæozoic divisions which have been proposed as types in the British Isles. During the last

summer we extended our researches to the distant Ural, the Siberian plains, and the steppes of the south ; and afterwards terminated the whole of these observations by a general transverse section from the sea of Azof to the Baltic. Although we carried with us into Russia, what may be called the geological key of that great country, by which the chief subdivisions and relations of these rock masses have been established, let me say that Russia herself contains naturalists and geologists who would rank high in any land. In palæontology, Eichwald and Pander have already largely contributed to our knowledge ; the first, by numerous local works, and recently by his illustrations of the Silurian strata in the Baltic provinces of Russia ; the latter, by his very original researches into the fossils of the same strata, the lithological characters and detailed relations of which were first given by our own Strangways. Professor Asmus of Dörpat is about to enrich us, as I have already stated, with a most curious and elaborate work on the fishes of the Old Red or Devonian system.

The great steps, however, which Russia is now making in field geology and stratigraphical arrangement, are owing to the clear and well-defined view of this subject which has recently been adopted by the Imperial School of Mines at the suggestion of the energetic chief of the staff, General Tcheffkine, who, under the orders of the enlightened Minister, Count Cancrine, has taken the surest means of advancing practical geology, and of rendering many officers of his corps well acquainted with our subject ; not only by adopting the suggestions of those qualified to judge respecting the formation of geological maps, but by so increasing the fossil collections of the Imperial School of Mines, that it is now furnished with many illustrations of the sedimentary deposits of the empire, even from the remotest parts of the Altai and the countries bordering on China. It will be my duty and pleasure very shortly to bring before your notice the names of many officers of the Russian corps of Mines, whose labours were of material use to myself and associates in our distant explorations ; but I cannot resist naming at once Colonel Hel-

mersen, the inspector of the establishment, who whether he be viewed as a physical geographer, a geologist, or as a writer, has rendered most valuable service to Russia by his luminous and attractive descriptions of the structure and outline of various parts of the empire, including the most remote tracts. I beg also to refer you to the five published volumes of the School of Mines, as works containing much excellent matter, and highly creditable both to the government which promoted their publication, and to the officers whose memoirs they contain.

In the mean time, besides what is doing on the Neva, a periodical work on Russia has appeared at Berlin under the title of 'Archiv für Wissenschaftliche Kunde von Russland,' by the enterprising traveller A. Erman, of which two parts are published. Together with various memoirs on physical geography, history, language, antiquities, and physics, the editor has added a sketch of the recent advances in the geology of Russia, and illustrates his views by the publication of a small outline map of the empire. In the estimate of the geological steps in Russia which various labourers have accomplished; I rejoice to see the name of our countryman Strangways placed where it ought to be, as the first who applied the methods of modern practical geology to that empire, by the publication of his general map in the year 1822. Nevertheless it is too certain, as M. de Verneuil and myself informed you last year, that when we first visited St. Petersburg in 1840, this map, though published in our Transactions, was, as far as we could ascertain, unknown to the men of science in that country. In the first memoir on Russia, we specially directed your attention to the merits of Strangways, and we shall have ample opportunities hereafter of reverting to them. What I have now to observe in reference to the map of M. Erman is, that in his account of it, the special researches and the new points which my friend M. de Verneuil and myself established, are merged with what I must consider the copies of our views. The source whence the chief materials were obtained, is sufficiently proved indeed by the words 'Silurische und Devonische Schichten' engrav-

ed upon the map, particularly when coupled with the fact, that M. de Verneuil, Count Keyserling, and myself are the *only* geologists who have traced the older groups to the White Sea, aided materially, as we have previously acknowledged, in a part of that region, by the Baron A. de Meyendorf, and for a short time by Professor Blasius. The original observations which we made were inserted by myself on a map which was shown at Moscow and St. Petersburg in August, and to the British Association at Glasgow, in September 1840. On this map the range of the great bands of Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous rocks from St. Petersburg and Moscow to the White Sea, with a vast basin of red deposits in the governments of Vologda and the Middle Volga, were laid down, I assert, *for the first time*, and thus established the essentially distinguishing features of subdivision of the North of Russia.

After the application of this basis, Colonel Helmersen, to whom I have alluded, put together in the ensuing winter a small general map of Russia in Europe, in which he inserted the result of the labours of M. de Verneuil, the Baron A. de Meyendorf, Count Keyserling, Professor Blasius, and myself, acknowledging our services as well as those of all previous observers. The map of M. Erman which followed, was prepared by the Baron A. de Meyendorf and his companions, who extended the knowledge which they acquired with M. de Verneuil and myself to some of the central and southern parts of Russia, and thus marked a new step in the development of the structure of the empire. Since that time, the extended geological researches of the expedition in which my friends M. de Verneuil and Count Keyserling were associated with me, aided by Lieut. Koksharof, and an independent survey of Colonel Helmersen, have thrown a new light over the structure of various parts of the central, eastern, and southern regions, and have rendered necessary considerable changes in all previous maps. As a mere prelude, therefore, to what may hereafter appear, I have, with the aid of my associates, coloured a small general sketch-map of the empire, including the Ural chain, which as it will shortly appear before you

in a published form, I only mention in this place to assure you that it differs very essentially from all previous maps.

Whilst on the topic of Russia, I will now state, that if on account of the preparation of this discourse and other official duties I had not been greatly occupied, I might before now have presented to you some of the results of the second visit to that country. In the mean time, however, my colleagues, M. de Verneuil and Count Keyserling, have been sedulously comparing our collections of fossils, and reducing a vast number of barometrical observations, whilst with their cooperation I have already completed a general table of superposition of Russian deposits, which, with a section across Russia, and the map above alluded to, are now nearly ready for publication. My brother geologists will feel that a general table of classification ought to be the finishing stroke in illustration of any country previously little known, and respecting which so much confusion prevailed. We offer it, however, in the persuasion that its leading divisions will be supported by the evidences hereafter to be brought forward, and we simply put forth this table (which was drawn up at Moscow after our second journey) to convey to the cultivators of our science the chief results of our inquiries, and to place them upon record as bearing date from September 1841.

Among these results I will now merely allude to the first announcement of some of them, in a letter of the above date, addressed to Dr. Fischer de Waldheim at Moscow, in which the two points most dwelt upon were the discovery of a large central dome or axis of Devonian rocks, which separates Russia in Europe into two great north and south basins of very dissimilar characters; and the classification of certain cupriferous deposits of sand, marl, limestone, &c. under the term of "the Permian system." As the explanation of the reasons which led to the suggestion of this name will be shortly offered to you in full detail, I should not now occupy your time by alluding to it, had not the mention of the word already called forth from M. A. Erman the remark, that these deposits have been long known to other observers. I admit that they were mineralogically known, but I deny that their geological

position had been determined by any competent geologist previous to the researches of myself and friends; and I contend that there was no Russian formation, concerning whose age so many contradictory opinions had been expressed. As a proof of this, I may state that the illustrious Humboldt himself assured me in the spring of last year, that it was the great point to which he hoped our labours would be directed. So strongly indeed was the difficulty of placing these strata in their correct geological horizon felt by Russian observers, that Major Wangenheim von Qualen, who had long and patiently studied them *in situ*, and Dr. Fischer, who had ably described many of their fossil contents, at once abandoned the field to my associates and myself, and put us in possession of all their knowledge, avowing their inability to arrive at a satisfactory geological conclusion. I was, therefore, surprised to read the premature criticism of M. A. Erman; the more so, as that author has called a large portion of the great limestone of Russia, *Jurassic*, which we have ascertained to be carboniferous, and to form the support of the hitherto anomalous system, which we shall endeavour to place in parallel with its equivalents in Germany and the British Isles, by showing its place in the order of superposition, and by describing the fauna and flora by which it is characterized as a distinct type intermediate between the Carboniferous and Triassic systems.

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## DIABOLICAL SUGGESTIONS.

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I cannot but advise all considering men whose lives are attended with such extraordinary incidents as mine, or even though not so extraordinary, not to slight such secret intimations of Providence, let them come from what invisible intelligence they will. That, I shall not discuss: but certainly they are a proof of the converse of spirits, and a secret communication between those embodied and those unembodied, and such a proof as can never be withstood.—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

That such hints and notices are given us I believe few that have made any observations of things can deny: that they are certain discoveries of an invisible world, and a converse of spirits we cannot doubt; and if the tendency of them be to warn us of danger, why should we not suppose they are from some friendly agent (whether supreme, or inferior and subordinate, is not the question), and that they are given for our good?—*Idem*.

It has been a favourite notion with enthusiasts and visionaries of various denominations, and in all ages, that we have an intimate intercourse with the invisible world: that we are guided in wholesome or prejudicial courses, and urged to virtuous or sinful actions, by the promptings of good and evil spirits. Defoe, from whom I have taken my mottoes, evidently inclined to this belief: his earnest repelition of the argument shows that he personally entertained the sentiments on the subject which he has attributed to his hero. It is true that the quotations have reference only to benevolent ministerings; but the author does not therefore repudiate an infernal agency. On the contrary, Crusoe readily ascribes to the Devil the mysterious foot-print on the sand, howbeit the impression is of a man's naked sole, instead of the old traditional hoof. In fact, to



judge from the writings and preachings of certain sectarians, the satanical interference in human affairs is much more direct and constant than the providential: the Devil in *propria personâ* (for his likeness is as well known as if it had been calotyped by Collen—or daguerreotyped by Beard), having an audible voice and a visible finger in the most humble of their domestic concerns. Moreover this theory of an infernal intercourse is especially maintained by the weak and the wicked, to whom it affords a convenient plea in mitigation, if not an absolute transfer of their guilt, just as a little boy lays his fault on a bigger and older instigator. Thus when such a sinner breaks some divine commandment, or violates some human law, — if he marries one woman too few, or two women too many — if he mistakes his neighbour's horse for his own ass—or swears to the wrong fact in an affidavit—or sticks his knife in a forbidden sheath,— or absently sets fire to his house instead of light to his fire—whatever error the misguided creature may commit, the blame attaches not to him, but to a certain personage, who has appropriately been represented like a sort of black Scape Goat, with horns and a tail. In a word—the poor sinner has been the victim of a Diabolical Suggestion.

This popular belief received some thirty years ago a striking confirmation in the dreadful murder of an elderly couple, who were killed in bed by their footman. There was no robbery committed, and the motive of the assassin was enveloped in the deepest mystery. The ordinary temptations to such crimes were all absent — there was no injury to revenge, no hatred to gratify, no cupidity to indulge, no delinquency to conceal. According to his own account, and in which the criminal persisted at the gibbet, the deed originated in a sudden and unaccountable inspiration. He had been asleep, and on waking the thought came into his head—he could not tell how — to go and kill his master and mistress. In vain he strove to banish the diabolical suggestion — the horrible idea still haunted him with increasing importunity, till the struggle becoming intolerable and the impulse irresistible—the murder was consummated!

And was there really in this case any positive Satanical prompting—an actual whisper from the Prince of Darkness? It is impossible for mortal man to reply in the negative: but one may at least show that no such cause was necessary to the effect—that a direct infernal instigation was not indispensable to the bloody consequence. It is quite possible that the first fearful hint was the offspring of a dream,—either a sleeping or a waking one—for the opening of the outward organ does not simultaneously close that other eye, which gazes inwardly at another theatre, with its own actors, and its own dramas. From the fragments of some visionary tragedy, just abruptly terminated, it was quite possible for the imagination to compound a new plot, incoherently mixed up with the actualities of the house and its inmates. And hence the catastrophe. The mere entrance and entertainment of an unlawful speculation in an ignorant, vicious, and ill-governed mind seems to involve the final working out of the scheme. The more atrocious the proposal, the more vividly it presents itself,—the more horrible its features, the more frequently they recur; as a bad dream is oftener remembered than a good one. The man becomes in reality the slave of his own depraved imagination—its persecutions wear out what remains of his better nature, and submitting at last to its goadings, he performs the abominable task. Thus the Killing in Thought begets the Killing in Act: for which reason, perhaps, the first Murderer was branded, not in the hand, but on the forehead.

“The wise only,” says Coleridge, “possess ideas: the greater part of mankind are possessed by them”—i. e. as a person is said to be *possessed* by an evil spirit or demon. A saying so true, that we have only to look round us to discover hundreds of men and women, gentle and simple, in this state of mental thralldom; and, in consequence, daily committing acts so mischievous to themselves or to others, as to seem the plausible results of Diabolical Suggestions. In this category one may perhaps include such malefactors as Oxford and Francis, for whose traitorous attempts there has hitherto appeared no adequate motive. It is not necessary, however, to

suppose any treasonable conspiracy—a political purpose, a popular disloyalty, or a private enmity. The original sin need not be of so deep a dye. The empty vapourings of a conceited, shallow-witted potboy, the melodramatic plottings of the son of a stage-carpenter, would suffice on the principle laid down, to induce the criminal result. The frequent repetition of notorious offences—and in the case of Francis, the servility of the copy—the use of the same kind of weapon and the choice of the identical spot—are favourable to this hypothesis. An atrocious idea, wantonly entertained in the first instance, is pampered and indulged, till like a spoiled child, it tyrannizes over its parent; and vociferously overwhelming the still small voice of conscience and reason—perhaps stiller and smaller than usual in such an individual—compels him to submit to the growing imperiousness of its dictates. The mind—the sober, honest, and industrious servant of the wise and good—is the lord and master of the weak and wicked. And this is especially true of the Imagination—lovely and beneficent as the delicate Ariel under the command of a gifted Prospero—but headstrong, brutish and devilish as Caliban turned out—according to a later history—when the wand that held him in subjection was broken!

A delinquency from this cause—though immeasurably distant in turpitude from the offences just mentioned—was committed, no matter when, nor where, nor by whom; but he was a medical student in our metropolis. Amongst his other destructive or dangerous instruments he possessed a rifle; and along with it a diploma which entitled him to practise, on certain days, with other members of a shooting society at a club-target. At these meetings, the student was a constant attendant and competitor—never dreaming, however, of hitting any thing but bull's-eyes—till one unlucky day it suddenly came into his head—he could not tell by what orifice—to wonder if he could kill a deer. From that hour the notion haunted him like a ghost—in his bed, at his meals, at his prayers even, or during a walk—which, in fancy, was only a Deer-stalking.

It occurred to him, whilst he listened to his patients—he

knew that he could bring down a sick man, but could he kill a fat buck? He could operate fatally, as he was aware, on the human body—but could he do the same by a stag? The tormenting problem interfered with his professional studies—and at the Hospital, while the lecturer was explaining the functions of auricle and ventricle, the disciple was taking aim along an imaginary gun-barrel at an ideal Hart.

At length—the *cacöethes*, as he called it, became so unbearable, that obeying what Lord—— and his keeper would certainly have considered a Diabolical Suggestion, the rifleman posted down to C—— Park, and unceremoniously put a ball at 120 paces into the cranium of a monarch of the forest. The creature, as usual in such cases, sprang wildly aloft, and then fell dead, and the mental craving expired along with it. From that moment, the student declared he would not have given a light farthing to kill another deer, even though he had held his rifle in his hand, and the earl's permission in his pocket.

It appears, then, that an unpruned imagination, backed by an inveterate memory, may produce evil consequences in the physical world, without any supernatural instigations. But by way of illustration let me adduce two more instances, the first being of a ludicrous character—the second more serious in its tone and tragical in its termination.

Amongst my intimates of ten years ago, there was one named Horace ——, a young man of a speculative turn of mind, and, as often happens with such a character, of rather eccentric habits. When I first knew him he was professedly studying for the Bar: but his reading had little to do with the dusty tomes of the law. What he did read might be gathered from his conversation, from which it appeared that his favourite authors were those who put forward the greatest number of ingenious paradoxes, or the most fantastical theories. There was, in fact, a Shandean twist in his mind that inclined him to all kinds of whimsical speculations, and that favourite pastime with such philosophers, the flying of metaphysical kites.

He lived—a bachelor, in a small house in \* \* \* Street,

with a limited establishment of domestics, amongst whom he possessed, I verily believe, the plainest maid-servant in all England. Ugliness was out of the question; that has its expression and its interest, which may become even painful or fearful; whereas, the longer you looked at Sally's countenance, the more ordinary it appeared. Lavater himself would have been puzzled to find in it any physiognomical character. It was as plain as a hard dumpling, and as insipid as gruel without sugar or salt. There was not a single line or marking in the whole visage to redeem it from the vacancy of a blank commonplace-book—it was universally flat and barren of meaning—as plain as Salisbury Plain—without a Stonehenge. Her figure was made to match. Her body would have done for a quadruped as well as for a biped, for it had no waist in the middle, and was furnished with limbs so unshapely, that her arms would have served for legs, and her legs for arms. Her feet were peculiar, and the pattern they would have stamped on a soft sand, would have deserved a patent for originality. As to the other extremities I am not naturalist enough to know whether there be amongst animals any physical gradation of hands into paws, but if there be, her hands were of that intermediate order, with five fingers a-piece which seemed to have degenerated, or rather to have been aggravated into thumbs, and moreover each member was enveloped in a skin red as beet and of a texture to have rasped away the stoutest towelling. In short, she seemed to have been created expressly for a maid of all work to some utilitarian—not for show, but use—not very sightly, but very serviceable—like the ancient turnspits.

To her master she was invaluable: being not only sober, honest, and industrious, but frugal, steady, and above all, accustomed to his odd ways and whims, which she had learned to suit during a five years' service.

Judge, then, of my astonishment, when on dining, *tête-à-tête*, with my friend Horace, the old familiar face, whose plainness had invariably been attendant on the plain dinner, was deficient! Such a domestic phenomenon it was impossible to observe without comment; and when the cloth had been

removed I ascertained that Sally had been parted with: but for some mysterious reason which her master did not seem inclined to communicate.

• Had she robbed him? •

• No. •

• Or been saucy? •

• No. •

• Or taken to drinking? •

• No. •

• Become idle or dirty? •

• No. •

There was another contingency, though it seemed idle to mention it. • Was she married? •

• Married! my dear fellow, did you ever look at her face? Why it was as plain as the plain Staffordshire-ware—the dirty yellow sort without a sprig of pattern! •

And his eyes became fixed, as if he really saw that homely face before him, while he went on talking, or rather thinking aloud.

• Marry *her*? No, no—Nature had forbidden the banns. No man with eyes in his head would have dreamt of it—so thoroughly homely! And then that coarse, clumsy, red, rough, huckaback hand! •

• Yes—it was coarse, red, and clumsy enough. I have often noticed it as she waited at table. •

• You have? • said he, rather eagerly. • And did you ever think of kissing it? •

• No—most certainly. •

• *I have*, • said he, • and what is more, have been within an ace of doing it. Though it must have been— •

And he again relapsed into his abstraction, and looked as if he saw that • red, right hand • before him.

• —Though it must have been like kissing a grater. •

I looked steadily at the speaker; but he was perfectly serious, indeed he was little given to jokes practical or verbal.

He was quite in earnest, therefore, about the salute, though what it had to do with poor Sally's dismissal was beyond conjecture. However, by dint of pressing, I extracted the

truth. He had discharged her for no fault on her side—it was all owing to a propensity of his own—which he bitterly anathematized, ‘His confounded habit of speculating and theorizing even on matters of moonshine.’

‘Poor Sally!’ said he, ‘you know how homely she was. I need not describe her face—you must have looked and wondered at it often and often—for there could not be such another in Nature. For my own part she attracted me as much, or more than any of your professed beauties. And why not? she was as much a paragon in her own way as Marie Antoinette, or the Duchess of Devonshire. Well, from looking at her, I must needs begin speculating, like a dreaming fool as I am, if she could ever have found an admirer—whether, with all the diversity of human tastes, her form and features could ever have met with liking. Could a face of such vapid homeliness inspire a partiality? Was it possible, that it could find favour in the eyes even of the most coarse, vulgar, and unrefined of her own species—a Yorkshire ostler or a Paddington bargeman? Was it within probability that she had ever heard the slightest expression of admiration—the remotest approach to a personal compliment?—even from the potboy? Never—never! And as to an offer, as it is called, the mere idea of suing for that red, stumpy, rough hand—but confound her hand! I’ll tell you what, my dear fellow, I am convinced that some of our thoughts are neither more nor less than Diabolical Suggestions!’

‘It is a rather general opinion.’

‘I am certain, at least, that only some demon of malice or mischief could have put into my head to inquire, ‘*What if I were suddenly to seize and imprint a kiss on that red, scrubby hand?*’ She who probably had never received a salute since her childhood—not even from a tipsy hawbuck in fair-time—to receive such a love-token from a gentleman? She, who from her teens, had never been addressed with love-nonsense, even by the baker or his journeyman, to receive a tacit declaration of the passion from her own master! The flutter there would be of new-born Vanity—the tumult of awakened Hope! In short, I went on in my own dreamy

way, speculating on the revolution in poor Sally's mind, the sudden change that might be wrought in all her old sentiments and feelings by such an extraordinary occurrence. And with any other man the foolish whim would have passed away, harmless, with the hour that gave rise to it; but it is my misfortune to be cursed with a memory, which Daguerreotypes every image, and stereotypes every hypothesis, however crude, vague, or idle, that it has once entertained. From that day forward the unlucky girl was associated with that confounded speculation, and the idea of that ridiculous manual experiment came up as regularly as my dinner. There she was, before me, with her plain unloveable face—and if she placed a dish or changed my plate—there was the red, scrubby hand—suppose I were to kiss it?

«Ha! ha! ha!»

«Yes, you may laugh; but you do not know the misery of such a besetting fancy. To be teased for hours by a haunting tune, or a nonsense verse is bad enough; but to be bored by your own thoughts for days, weeks, and months is intolerable. In fact, by the constant recurrence of the kissing notion, the mere sight of the coarse red hand begot a mechanical impulse that had to be resisted like a temptation. I have felt my lips, as it were, making themselves up for the act—and the wonder is that I have never done it involuntarily; as, to a certainty, I must some day have done it deliberately to get rid of the torment of the suggestion. There was no alternative, therefore, but to banish the object; and accordingly under the pretence of reducing my establishment, poor Sally, with an excellent character for moral beauty, has been transferred to my sister in the country.»

«Yes, and as a provision against any such temptations in future, you have wisely engaged a new maid, 'as lovely and loveable as Perdita, and as 'neat-handed' as Phillis.»

Shortly after this conversation, I went to the Continent, where I remained for some years; and on my return, one of my first visits was to my friend Horace. He was at home, and as usual of a morning, in his little study, whence, after a short conversation, he proposed an adjournment to the draw-



ing-room in the first-floor. Accordingly, still chattering, he led the way to the foot of the staircase, which I was about to ascend, when suddenly, in the very midst of a sentence, he hastily rushed past me, and ran, or rather flew, up the carpeted steps, three stairs at a time. Eccentric as he had always been, his character had hardly prepared me for this flight, and I hesitated to follow, till his voice came down from the top landing-place, earnestly begging me to excuse his rudeness, and promising an explanation.

This, however, I had already forestalled, and so confidently, that on entering the drawing-room I seemed to see the figure of an alarmed female, in a morning wrapper and curl-papers, escaping by an opposite door. But there was neither opposite door nor disconcerted lady of the house: the only living figure in the room was Horace himself, looking rather flustered and foolish after his recent performance. As soon as he saw me he renewed his apologies, but in spite of the query in my face, the explanation was not forthcoming: he was evidently vexed and mortified, and when I directly applied for the promised elucidation, it was postponed till after our lunch, in the hope, perhaps, that the matter would escape my memory. But I was not to be so defrauded: the remembrance of former odd freaks, and the wild and whimsical theories in which they had originated, determined me to pluck out the heart of his mystery,—to obtain the solution of his acted riddle. I began, therefore, by congratulating him on his agility, of which he had furnished me with such a singular illustration; but this hint not taking effect, I fairly reminded him, that with all thanks for his hospitable refreshments, he had excited another appetite, which he was bound in honour to pacify, that the cravings of my curiosity remained to be appeased, and to forestal any wilful misapprehension of my meaning, I hummed a few bars of the popular melody—*Sich a gettin' up Stairs!*

• Ah—it may be a joke to *you*, • said Horace, looking very serious and frog-like; • but it is death to me! My health, as you know is none of the strongest, and these violent exercises are not adapted to improve it! •

« Then why indulge in them? There can be no necessity for a gentleman's running up his own staircase as you did—unless, like the Poor Gentleman in the comedy, he mistakes his friend for a bailiff. »

« No?—My dear fellow, you are quite mistaken—but that is your happiness: You have not my cursed speculative imagination—nor my tenacious, inveterate memory—and you will never die a martyr, as I shall, to a Diabolical Suggestion. »

« A what? »

« A prompting from the Devil. »

« Why—I hope not., I am no methodist., to have the Old Gentleman at my ear and my elbow. But I beg pardon—you have perhaps joined the sect—or maybe the Swedenborgians, who believe in an intercourse with good and evil spirits. »

« Neither. It is not necessary to be a follower of the Count or of Whitfield, to be subject to such infernal influence. You remember the study I had engaged in just before you went abroad? »

« Yes—of the German language. And you were learning it with your accustomed gluttony as if you wanted to get from the tip to the root of the tongue in a single week. »

« Ah, I had better have taken to the Chinese! My mastery of the Teutonic language was the source of my misfortune. You are familiar, of course, with the German Romances? »

« Only in the translations. »

« You know, then, the prominent part which is played by the Devil in their most popular stories. More prominent even than in *Paradise Lost*, where Satan figures, not in the ascendant, but as the rebellious antagonist of a still mightier Power, and the divine scheme of Human Redemption moves parallel with the diabolical plot for human Perdition. In the German Romances, on the contrary, the Fiend possesses the earth, and reigns as absolutely as any Lord Paramount of the feudal ages. Nay, his sway extends beyond this world to the world to come, and he has power over life and death, not only the temporary, but the eternal. The legitimate Governor of the Universe has been deposed, and there is a frightful Interregnum—Anarchy succeeds to Order—and the blind ran-

dom decrees of Chance supersede the ordinances of a scintillating Providence. Immortal souls are lost by the turn of a die or a card, or saved by some practical subterfuge or verbal evasion. Fraud and Violence alone are triumphant. Justice is blind and Mercy is deaf—the innocent bosom receives the bullet that was moulded with unholy rites; and the maiden, whose studies never extended beyond her prayer-book, is involved in the fate of the ambitious student who bartered his salvation for interdicted knowledge. In short, you seem to recognise that dreary fiction of the atheist—a World without a God. Such is the German Diablerie!

• You are too severe, •

• Not at all. Look even at the Faust. Youth and Innocence—personified in poor Margaret—have no chance. She has no fair field; and assuredly no favour. The fight is too unequal. She has to contend single-handed against Man and Mephistophiles, the witchcraft of human love and the sorcery of Satanic hatred. The Prince of Hell in person, acts supernaturally against her—but Heaven is passive, and works no miracle in her behalf. There is no help on earth—no pity in the skies—the guardian spirits, and ministers of grace supposed to hover round, and to succour oppressed innocence, keep far aloof—the weak is abandoned to the strong—and the too tender and trusting nature is burdened through a sheer diabolical juggle with the unnatural murder of a Mother. The trial is beyond Humanity. The seductions of Faust are backed by the artifices of the subtle Spirit that overcame Eve; and Margaret falls as she needs must under such fearful odds—and seemingly unwatched by that providential eye which marks the fall of a sparrow. There is indeed the final chorus from Heaven, that 'She is saved!' but was any mind ever satisfied—were you ever satisfied with that tardy exhibition of the Divine Justice—just as Poetical Justice is propitiated at the end of some wretched melodramatic novel, wherein at the twelfth hour the long persecuted heroine is unexpectedly promoted to a state of happiness ever after? •

• Well—there is some show of truth and reason in your criticism—but, *pour revenir à nos moutons*—what has either

Faust or the Fröyschultz to do with your scampering up stairs?.

• Every thing. After learning German, my first use of the acquisition was to go through all their Romances, and consequently a regular course of Diablerie—from the Arch Demon who inhabited Pandemonium, to the Imp that lived in a bottle—from the scholar who bartered his soul, to the fellow who sold his own shadow. The consequence I might have foreseen. My head became stuffed with men in black, and black dogs—with unholy compacts, and games of chance. I dreamt of Walpurgis Revels and the Wolf's Glen—Zamiel glared on me with his fiery eyes by night; and the smooth voice of Mephistophiles kept whispering in my ear by day.

• Wherever my thoughts wandered, there was the foul Fiend straddling across their path, like Bunyan's Apollyon,—ready to play with me for my immortal soul at cards or dice—to strike infernal bargains, and to execute unholy contracts to be signed with blood and sealed with sulphur. In a word, I was completely be-Devilled. •

• But the stairs—the running up stairs? •

• The result of my too intimate acquaintance with so much folly and profanity—a kind of bet. S'death! I'm ashamed to mention it!—a sort of wager that came into my head one day—a diabolical suggestion of course—that the Fiend might have me body and soul, in default of my reaching the top of the stairs before counting a certain number! •

• What! a wager with the Devil! •

• Yes—the infernal suggestion—for it *was* an infernal suggestion—was whispered to me at the stair-foot; and as if my salvation had really depended on the issue, I was up the whole flight in an instant. The next moment sufficed to convince me of the absurdity, not to say sinfulness, of the act; but what defence is our deliberate reason against such sudden impulses? Before reflection could come into play, the thing was done and over. Nor was that the end. You remember my irresistible prompting to kiss the red, rugged hand of poor Sally? •

• Perfectly. •

• Well, there was the same mental process. You know how

much our ideas are the slaves of association—and especially they are so in a tenacious mind like mine, in which the most trivial fancies obtain a permanent record. To find myself near any stairs was enough therefore to revive the diabolical hint—the mere sight of a banister set me off, in fact before the month was out I had raced again, again, and again, not only up my own flight, but up those of half my friends and acquaintances.

It was impossible to help laughing at this description. The picture of a gentleman scampering up people's stairs, with the agility of a lamplighter, was, as I said in my apology, so very comical.

•Humph! Not if you knock down your own servant with the tray, or frighten an old rich aunt into hysterics—both of which I have performed within the last week. •

•But you might perhaps break yourself— •

•Never! it's impossible! As I said before, the mere sight of the banisters is enough. Besides, from practice, the thing has become a habit, and the mental prompting is backed by a bodily impulse. No; •, and he shook his head very gravely, •I shall never leave it off—except by death. And with my state of health, to run full speed up a long flight,—there are six-and-twenty stairs, and two sharp turns—under penalty of eternal perdition, before one could count a score— •

•Why, surely you do not believe in the validity of such a wager? •

•Heaven alone knows, • replied Horace, very solemnly, who, if he had not been made positively superstitious by his German reading, and his familiarity with the supernatural, had at least learned to regard the abstract evil principle as a real and active personage. •I have tried over and over again to argue myself into your opinion. But all my reasoning and casuistry are of no avail against a sort of vague misgiving; and, as the forfeit is too awful to be risked on a doubt, I always take care, as far as in me lies, to secure the stake by winning the wager—that is to say, by getting to the top before I can count twenty. •

•You might secure it by slow counting. •

«As if that would retard *his*! No, my dear fellow, there is no cheating *him*! To tell the truth I shudder at times to think what may happen to me—a fall—a sprain—the encounter of other people on the stairs—a loose rod—the cat or dog—which by the by, shall be sent away—»

I looked again, full in Horace's face; but he was as grave as a Judge, and evidently in sad, sober earnest: as indeed appeared the next minute, when he went off into one of his fits of abstraction, but continued to himself. From what he muttered it was plain that he was in the predicament of the people described by Coleridge as «possessed» by their own ideas. Some of his expressions even impressed me with a doubt of his perfect sanity—whether he was not under the influence of a kind of monomania. However, I tried to laugh and reason him out of his «wager,» but the attempt was futile, and I took my leave.

«God bless you, my dear fellow?» and the tears filled his eyes as he energetically squeezed my hand, «it is the last time you will see me; mark my words. However, it may affect me *hereafter*, that Diabolical Suggestion has done for me *here*—and will hurry me to my grave!»

Poor Horace! His prediction was too true. On calling upon him a month afterwards, I found that he had let and removed from his old residence: but one of his servants had remained with the new tenants, and was able to give me some particulars of her ex-master. His health had suddenly broken—his complaint declaring itself to be a decided organic affection of the heart, and he had suffered from violent palpitations and spasms in the chest. The doctors had ordered change of air and scene—and about a fortnight before, he had gone into the country, somewhere in Sussex, where he was living in a cottage, that as she significantly added, was «all on one floor.» But alas! she was incorrect in her statement. He was *living* nowhere; for that very morning he had gone to call on the clergyman of the parish, and after a flight—which made the footman believe that he had admitted a madman, dropped dead on the last top step of the drawing-room stairs!

(MONTHLY MAGAZINE.)

## THE AMERICAN WILD CAT.

---

In the southern portions of the United States, but especially in Louisiana, the wild cat is found in abundance. The dense swamps that border on the Mississippi, protect this vicious species of game from extermination, and foster their increase; and, although every year vast numbers are killed, they remain seemingly as plentiful as they ever were in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The wild cat seeks the most solitary retreats, in which to rear its young, where in some natural hole in the ground, or some hollow tree, it finds protection for itself and its kittens, from the destructive hand of man. At night, or at early morn, it comes abroad, stealing over the dried leaves, in search of prey, as quietly as a zephyr, or ascending the forest tree with almost the ease of a bird. The nest on the tree, and the burrow in the ground, are alike invaded; while the poultry-yard of the farmer, and his sheep fold, are drawn liberally upon to supply the cat with food. It hunts down the rabbit, 'coon, and possum,' springing from some elevated bough, upon the bird perched beneath, catching in its mouth its victim, and doing this, while descending like an arrow in speed, and with the softness of a feather to the ground. Nothing can exceed its beauty of motion when in pursuit of game, or sporting in play. No leap seems too formidable, no attitude is ungraceful. It runs, flies, leaps, skips, and is at ease in an instant of time; every hair of its body seems redolent with life. Its disposition is untameable, it seems insensible to kindness, a mere mass of ill nature, having no sympathies with any, not even of its own kind. It is for this reason no doubt, that it is so recklessly pursued, its paw being, like the Ishmaelites, against every man: and it most indubitably follows, that every man's dogs, sticks, and guns, are against it. The hounds themselves, that

hunt equally well the cat and fox, pursue the former with a clamorous joy, and kill it with a zest, that they do not display when finishing off a fine run after Reynard. In fact, as an animal of sport, the cat in many respects is preferable to the fox, its trail is always warmer, and it shows more sagacity in eluding its enemies.

In Louisiana, the sportsman starts out in the morning professedly for a fox-chase, and it turns «cat,» and often both cat and fox are killed, after a short but hard morning's work. The chase is varied, and is often full of amusing incident, for the cat, as might be expected, takes often to the «tree» to avoid pursuit, and this habit of the animal allows the sportsman to meet it on quite familiar terms; if the tree is a tall one, the excitable creature manages to have its face obscured by the distance, but if it takes to a dead limbless trunk, where the height will permit its head to be fairly seen, as it looks down upon the pack that are yelling at its feet, with such open mouths, that they

«Fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth,»

you will see a rare exhibition of rage and fury, eyes that seem living balls of fire, poisonous claws that clutch the insensible wood with deep indentations,—the foam trembles on its jaws, hair standing up like porcupine quills, ears pressed down to the head, forming as perfect a picture of vicious, ungovernable destructiveness as can be imagined. A charge of mustard-seed shot, or a poke with a stick when at bay, will cause it to desert its airy abode, when it no sooner touches the ground, than it breaks off at a killing pace, the pack like mad fiends on its trail.

Beside «treeing,» the cat will take advantage of some hole in the ground, and disappear when it meets with these hiding-places, as suddenly as ghosts at cock-crowing. The hounds come up to the hiding-place, and a fight ensues. The first head intruded into the cat's hole is sure to meet with a warm reception, claws and teeth do their work, still the staunch hound heeds it not, and either he gets a hold himself, or acts as a bait to draw the cat from his burrow; thus fastened, the



dog, being the most powerful in strength, backs out, dragging his enemy along with him, and no sooner is the cat's head seen by the rest of the pack, than they pounce upon him, and in a few moments the « nine lives » of the « varmint » are literally chawed up. At one of these burrowings, a huge cat intruded into a hole so small, that an ordinarily large hound could not follow. A little stunted but excellent hound, rejoicing in the name of Ringwood, from his diminutiveness succeeded in forcing his way into the hole after the cat, in an instant a faint scream was heard, and the little fellow showed symptoms of having caught a tartar. One of the party present, stooped down, and running his arm under the dog's body, pressed it forward, until he could feel that the cat had the dog firmly clawed by each shoulder, with its nose in the cat's mouth; in this situation, by pressing the dog firmly under the chest, the two were drawn from the hole. The cat hung on until he discovered that his victim was surrounded by numerous friends, when he let go his cruel hold, the more vigorously to defend himself. Ringwood, though covered with jetting blood, jumped upon the cat and shook away as if unharmed in the contest.

Sportsmen in hunting the cat, provide themselves generally with pistols, not for the purpose of killing the cat, but to annoy it, so that it will desert from the tree, when it has taken to one; sometimes these infantile shooting-irons are left at home, and the cat gets safely lodged out of the reach of sticks, or whatever other missile may be convenient. This is a most provoking affair, dogs and sportsmen lose all patience, and as no expedient suggests itself, the cat escapes for the time. I once knew of a cat thus perched out of reach, that was brought to terms in a very singular manner. The tree on which the animal was lodged being a very high one, secure from interruption it looked down upon its pursuers with the most provoking complacency, every effort to dislodge it had failed, and the hunt was about to be abandoned in despair, when one of the sportsmen discovered a grape-vine that passed directly over the cat's body, and by running his eye along its circumvolutions, traced it down to the ground, a ju-

dicious jerk at the vine touched the cat on the rump, this was most unexpected, and it instantly leaped to the ground, from a height of over forty feet, striking on its fore paws, throwing a sort of rough somerset, and then starting off as sound in limb and wind as if had leaped off of a •huckleberry• bush.

The hunter of the wild turkey, while •calling,• in intimation of the hen, to allure the gobbler within reach of the rifle, will sometimes be annoyed by the appearance of the wild cat, stealing up to the place from whence the sounds proceed. The greatest caution on such occasions is visible, the cat advancing by the slowest possible movements, stealing along like a serpent. The hunter knows that the intruder has spoiled his turkey sport for the morning, and his only revenge is to wait patiently and give the cat the contents of his gun, then, minus all game, he goes home, anathematizing the whole race of cats, for thus interfering with his sport, and his dinner.

Of all the peculiarities of the cat, its untameable and quarrelsome disposition is its most marked characteristic. The western hunter, when he wishes to clap the climax of bragadocio with respect to his own prowess, says, •he can whip his own weight in wild cats.• This is saying all that can be said, for it would seem, considering its size, that the cat in a fight can bite fiercer, scratch harder, and live longer, than any other animal whatever. •I am a roaring earthquake in a fight,• sang out one of the half-horse and half-alligator species of fellows, •a real snorter of the universe, I can strike as hard as fourth-proof lightning, and keep it up, rough and tumble, as long as a wild cat.• These high encomiums on the character of the pugnacity of the cat are beyond question. •A singed cat,• is an excellent proverb illustrating that a person may be smarter than he looks. *A singed wild cat*, as such an illustration, would be sublime: There is no half way mark, no exception, no occasional moment of good-nature; starvation and a surfeit, blows and kind words, kicks, cuffs, and fresh meat, reach not the sympathies of the wild cat. He has the greediness of the pawn-broker, the ill nature of an old usurer, the meanness of a pettyfogging lawyer, the blind rage

of the hog, and the apparent insensibility to pain of the turtle; like a woman, the wild cat is incomparable with any thing but itself. In expression of face, the wild cat singularly resembles the rattle-snake. The skulls of these two varmints have the same venomous expression, the same demonstration of fangs, and probably no two creatures living attack each other with more deadly ferocity and hate. They will stare at each other with eyes filled with defiance, and burning with fire; one hissing and the other snarling, presenting a most terrible picture of the malevolence of passion. The serpent in its attitudes is all grace, the cat all activity; the serpent moves with the quickness of lightning, while making the attack, the cat defends itself with motions equally quick, bounding from side to side, striking with its paws, both are often victors, for they seldom separate until death blows have been inflicted on either side. The Indians, who, in their notions and traditions, are always picturesque and beautiful, imagine that the rattle snake, to live, must breathe the poisonous air of the swamps, and the exhalations of decayed animal matter, while the cat has the attribute of gloating over the meaner displays of evil passions of a quarrelsome person; or speaking of a quarrelsome family, they say, *the lodge containing them fattens the wild cat.*

St. Francis Villa, Louisiana, April, 1842.

(SPORTING MAGAZINE.)

## THE WAR-SMITH'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM A. SHAND. M. A.

---

Give out, give out thy streaming folds  
Unbosomed to the wind,  
Thou raven flag! the foeman's arm  
Thy wing shall never bind.  
Lord of the deep, swoop onwards still!  
Wherever thou hast flown—  
The treasures of the land and sea  
Were numbered as thine own.

Raise—raise—aloft the Battle-Rune  
Jar! Harold sung of yore,  
While to the breeze ye give the sail,  
And to the wave the oar.  
Of other days, when fiery plumes  
Were quenched in blood, it tells,  
As fiercely from each bearded lip  
The raging measure swells—

Of Hours when through the drifting spray  
We held our stern career,  
And Ocean's stoutest rovers quailed  
Before our Sign of fear.  
When to the eagle on the deep,  
And to the wolf on shore,  
With ravening blades for Ella forged  
We spread the Feast of Gore.

No heritage the War-Smith owns,  
Won by another's hand—  
No wealth he bears from other times,  
Save shield and battle-brand.  
His realm is on the wandering wave  
That bears him on its breast—  
Like swart sea-hawk upon its ridge  
He rears his couch of rest.

With sickle keen on Saxon plains  
 I reap the flickering grain,  
 With spear and targe in maddening strife  
 I shed the purple rain;  
 Far rolls my shout through cloud and fire  
 O'er cities wrapt in flame;  
 • Valfodur rules the sea of swords,  
 • And strikes for Norway's name! »

The surge—the bounding surge for me!  
 The fleet and flashing foam—  
 To spread my banner where I list,  
 Where'er I list to roam.  
 No sterner Scald Valhalla holds  
 Than is the shrill curlew,  
 When through the tempest's rolling mists  
 She shrieks her wild halloo.

The waning moon above our path  
 Grows pale, but ere the day,  
 On yonder strand the War-Smiths fierce  
 Christ's Mass with swords shall play.  
 With streaming fire-clouds sheen above  
 And weltering foam below,  
 Away!—right on before the blast  
 On eagle-wing we go.

St. Petersburg.

## MISCELLANEA.

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**A PORTRAIT.**—Slow was theoretically an industrious man, practically a pattern of indolence. He was sleek, fair-haired, and, by habit, had superinduced a plumpness that bordered upon the chubby. The house was a very hive of industry, and he a drone.

By the influence of his father-in-law he had obtained a situation under government ; the fatigues of office were his constant theme, and the ever-ready excuse for his repose.

Poor fellow ! he generally took his chocolate in bed at eight, read till nine, and then, by an effort, leaped into his dressing-gown and slippers, and submitted his chin to the operation of a barber.

At ten the omnibus called at his door, and transported him to the office, the hours of business being from eleven to three o'clock—where, in winter, he sat with his feet on the fender, punching the inoffensive red coals in the glowing grate, while a junior clerk read the newspaper aloud.

In summer he ate strawberries or cherries, and killed time by shooting at the bluebottles which busily buzzed about his prison, for such he deemed it.

Harrassed with the toils of the day,—having probably been compelled to sign his name half-a dozen times in the course of his incarceration, he hailed the advent of the omnibus with the glee of a school-boy going home for the holidays ; and returned to his domestic retreat to count the tardy minutes till dinner was announced.

His little active wife and children all sympathised with the parent ; and while his affectionate partner proffered a jelly or an ice, or an anchovy sandwich, to recruit his wasted energies, his eldest girl would gently lull his mind by playing soft airs upon the piano, while he lolled at full length upon the yielding sofa.

In fact, he had the art of turning all tenderness and activity to the promotion of his own peculiar enjoyment.

Poor Slow ? he was as nearly arriving at perfection in the art of idleness as any mortal breathing, when, unfortunately, the world suddenly lost the benefit of his bright example and profound experience, through the intervention of an apoplectic fit.

**LIFE.**—Life has been compared to tragedy, comedy, and farce. It was reserved for Talleyrand to consider it as a one-act piece. « I know not why the world calls me a wicked man, » said Rulhière, for I never, in the whole course of my life, committed more than one act of wickedness. — « But when will this act be at an end ? » asked Talleyrand.

**LOVERS.**—Lovers must not trust too implicitly to their visual organ. A tender swain once reproached his inamorata with suffering a rival to kiss her hand, a fact which she indignantly denied. — « But I saw it. » — « Nay, then, » cried the offended fair, « I am now convinced you do not love me, since you believe your eyes in preference to my word. »

**MONKEY TROTTING MATCH.**—On Tuesday a numerous assemblage took place at the enclosure attached to the Rosemary Branch Tavern, Peckham, to witness the performance of an extraordinary match. A grey pony, of twelve hands and a half high, the property of Burke, of trotting celebrity, having been backed for twenty-five pounds, to trot fourteen miles within an hour, with a monkey for its rider. The monkey, of course, was the « lion of the day, » and according to the conditions of the match, was booted, spurred, and otherwise attired after the fashion of the Jockeys at Epsom or Newmarket, and rode the pony in the usual style, with saddle and bridle. That selected for the undertaking belongs to Mr.

Batty, the celebrated equestrian manager, well known as 'Signor Jocko,' who has already earned considerable reputation by his performances in the circle at the Surrey and other metropolitan and provincial theatres. At the appointed time the signor made his appearance, attended by one of the rough-riders belonging to Mr. Batty's establishment. He was dressed in jockey costume, his jacket and buck-skins being built by a first-rate west-end Schneider, and his top-boots would have done honour even to the renowned Hoby. The colours he sported were red and white, and in his right paw he carried a handsome riding-whip, and also wore a small pair of spurs buckled round his boot. The pony was 'The Doctor,' a very fast trotter, but, notwithstanding his performances, the start took place, Burke and one of Mr. Batty's men cantering on each side of the pony, with one or two others galloping in the rear. He performed the distance, having to go twenty times round, in fifty-six minutes and fifty-three seconds of the given time, consequently having three minutes and seven seconds to spare, and was not at all distressed. The Signor rode in first-rate style, came in with his whip in his mouth, and appeared quite conscious of his own merits as an equestrian, and not less delighted when his task was completed. He grinned most alarmingly at his conductor, and evidently felt that any want of regularity would lead to his disgrace. The pony broke three times and was turned.

—It has been recorded by some anti-connectional wag, that when two widowers were once condoling together, on the recent bereavement of their wives, one of them exclaimed with a sigh, 'Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with the deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first. — There I surpass you,' said his friend, 'for the last day of mine was happier.'

—Pithy enough was the reply of the avaricious old man, who, being asked by a nobleman of doubtful courage what pleasure he found in amassing riches which he never used, answered—'Much the same that your Lordship has in wearing a sword.'



**THE NINE.**—A gentleman once expressed his surprise that in so rich a literary country as England, the Muses should not attain their due honour. — «Impossible!» cried a whist-playing old lady— «They are nine, and of course cannot reckon honours.

**MINING IN TURKEY — CURIOUS DISCOVERIES.** — A few Turkish gentlemen have lately got up a small company to work a copper mine not twenty miles from Constantinople. In the course of their labours the men turned out, ore, petrified plants, flowers, insects, &c.; and the other day they found, at a depth of thirty-two fathoms below the surface, a perfect and well-baked brick, black as the dark soil in which it had lain for so many ages. It is, we understand, preserved for the inspection of the curious.

**SUGAR FROM CORN.**—A new mode of raising corn trebles the saccharine quality of the stalk, and with attention it is confidently expected that 1,000lbs. of sugar per acre may be obtained. Complete success has attended the experiments on this subject in Delaware, and leave no room to doubt the fact that if the stalk is permitted to mature, without suffering the ear to form, the saccharine matter (three times as great as in beets, and equal to cane) will amply repay the cost of manufacture into sugar. This plan has heretofore been suggested by German chemists, but the process had not been successfully introduced into the United States, until Mr. Webb's experiments at Wilmington the last season.

**—OBEDIENCE—MILITARY.**—Must be implicit and unreasoning. «Sir,» said the Duke of Wellington to an officer of engineers, who urged the impossibility of executing the direction he had received. «I did not ask your opinion, I gave you my orders and I expect them to be obeyed.» It might have been difficult to yield a literal obedience to the adjutant of a volunteer corps, who being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried out— «All you that are without arms will please to hold up your hands.

## LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

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John Harrison Scott, of Somers Town, engineer, for certain improvements in metal pipes, and in the manufacture thereof. July 6; six months.

George Edmund Donisthorpe, of Bradford, top manufacturer, for improvements in combing and drawing wool, and certain descriptions of hair. July 6; six months.

Joseph Hall, of Cambridge, agricultural implement maker, for certain improvements in machinery for tilling land. July 6; six months.

Lady Ann Vavasour, of Melbourne Hall, York, for improvements in obtaining images on metallic and other surfaces. July 7; six months.

Richard Hodgson, of Montague-place, gentleman, for improvements in obtaining images on metallic and other surfaces. July 7; six months.

James Timmins Chance, of Birmingham, glass manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of glass. July 7; six months.

Charles Augustus Preller, of East Cheap, merchant, for improvements in machinery for preparing, combing, and drawing wool and goat's hair. July 7; six months.

William Fairbairn, of Manchester, engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of metal ships, boats, and other vessels, and in the preparation of metal plates to be used therein. July 7; six months.

John Perring of Cecil House, Strand, hat manufacturer, for improvements in wood paving. July 7; six months.

John Bird, of Manchester, machinist, for certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus for raising or forcing water, and other fluids; which said improvements are also applicable as an engine, to be worked by steam for propelling vessels, and other purposes. July 7; six months.

William Richard the Elder, of Burley Mills, Leeds, manufacturer, for an improved method of consuming or preventing smoke and economising fuel in steam engines, and other furnaces. July 7; two months.

William Revell Nigers, of Russell-square, Esq., for a mode of keeping the air in confined places in a pure or respirable state, to enable persons to remain or work under water, and other places, without a constant supply of fresh atmospheric air. July 7; six months.

John Peter Booth, of the city of Cork, merchant, for certain improvements in machinery and apparatus for working in mines, which are applicable to raising, lowering, and transporting of heavy bodies; and also affording assistance in promoting a more perfect ventilation of the mine. July 9; six months.

Jean Baptiste Francois Jouannin, of Upper Ebury-street, Pimlico, mechanic, for certain improvements in apparatus for regulating the speed of steam-air, or water-engines. July 9; six months.

James Crutchett, of William-street, Regent's-park, engineer, for improvements in manufacturing gas, and an apparatus for consuming gas. July 12; six months.

Thomas Deakin, of Shiffield, merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of parts of harness and saddlery furniture. July 12; six months.

Jean Leandre Clement, of St. Martin's-lane, engineer, for improvements in apparatus for ascertaining the temperature of fluids and also the pressure of steam. July 12; six months.

William Henry Stuckey, of St. Petersburg, now of Upper North-place, Esq., for a pneumatic engine for producing motive power. July 12; six months.

Joseph Schlesinger, of Birmingham, manufacturer, for certain improvements in inkstands and in instruments for filing or holding papers and other articles. July 16; six months.

Robert Benton, of Birmingham, land-agent, for certain improvements in propelling, retarding, and stopping carriages on railroads. July 16; six months.

Joseph Barling, of High-street, Maidstone, watchmaker, for certain improvements in producing rotary motion in machinery worked by manual labour. July 16; six months.

John Chativin, of Birmingham, button manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of covered buttons. July 16; six months.

Charles Robert Ayers, of John-street, Berkeley-square, architect, for improvements in ornamenting and colouring glass, earthenware, porcelain and metals. July 23; six months.

Joseph Partridge, of Bowbridge, near Stroud, Gloucester, dyer, for certain improvements in cleansing wool. July 23; six months.

Eugene de Varroc, of Bryanstone-street, Portman-square, for apparatus to be applied to chimneys, to prevent their taking fire, and for rendering sweeping of chimneys unnecessary. July 23; six months.

Alexander Johnstone, of Hill House, Edinburgh, Esq., for certain improvements in earriages, which may also be applied to ships, boats, and other purposes where locomotion is required. July 23; six months.

Edward Cobbold, of Melford, Suffolk, master of arts, clerk, for certain improvements in the means of supporting, sustaining and propelling human and other bodies on and in the water. July 28; six months.

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED,

*St. Petersburg, September 15th, 1842.*

P. KORSKOFF, CENSOR.

## INDEX TO VOLUME III.

---

Abroad, the Schoolmistress. . . . .	48, 97
Affghanistan and India. . . . .	442
Age of Animals. . . . .	286
Allegories, Nautical. . . . .	469
Americana. . . . .	284
American Horse-Rake. . . . .	470
— Wild Cat. . . . .	555
Amphibology. . . . .	287
Ancient Bronze. . . . .	188
Animals, Age of. . . . .	286
Antique, Four Compositions from. . . . .	15
Art and Nature. . . . .	94
Art, Natural in. . . . .	109
Asia Minor, Travels in. . . . .	239
Bachelors. . . . .	287
Bathos. . . . .	285
Bronze, ancient. . . . .	188
Cat, American Wild. . . . .	555
Character, the Poetical. . . . .	91
Chase, the. . . . .	84
Classes, Dangerous. . . . .	466
Colliers and Collieries. . . . .	377
Composing Machine. . . . .	278
Compositions from the Antique. . . . .	15
Confessions, Fitz-Boodle's. . . . .	193
Connoisseur. . . . .	287
Couple, a Dramatic. . . . .	91
Dangerous Classes of Paris. . . . .	466

De Foe. . . . .	222, 348
Diabolical Suggestions. . . . .	540
Dirty Witness. . . . .	287
„Don't be too Sure!“. . . . .	518
Dramatic Couple. . . . .	91
Earth, the. . . . .	373
Empecinado, Passage in the career of, . . . . .	329
English Literature, De Foe. . . . .	222, 348
Epigram. . . . .	259
Fire Engine, Ericcson's. . . . .	189
Fitz-Boodle's Confessions. . . . .	193
Floating Manufactory. . . . .	190
Four Compositions after the Antique. . . . .	15
Game, Hatching. . . . .	282
— Strange. . . . .	257
Geology, Russian School of. . . . .	534
Greek Literature. . . . .	470
Grimsby Ghost. . . . .	425
Grinning Graybeards. . . . .	374
Gun, Immense. . . . .	471
Hatching Game. . . . .	282
Heraut, Journey from, to Ourenbourg. . . . .	289
Horse-Rake, American. . . . .	470
Horses, Wild. . . . .	260
Hours in Hindostan. . . . .	250
Ideas. . . . .	287
Illustrations of Two Roman Sepulchres. . . . .	74
Immense Gun. . . . .	471
India, Affghanistan and. . . . .	442
Index of the Speed of Steam-vessels. . . . .	470
Jews in Spain and Portugal. . . . .	156
John Bull in Tartary. . . . .	129
Journey from Heraut to Ourenbourg. . . . .	289
Jurisprudence, French. . . . .	473
Kraal, the. . . . .	416
Lafarge, Trial of Madame. . . . .	473
Life. . . . .	565

	571
Lioness. . . . .	250
List of Patents. . . . .	190, 374, 566
Literature, English. . . . .	222, 348
— Greek. . . . .	470
Living under Water. . . . .	372
Locomotive. . . . .	189
London, Sketches in. . . . .	368
Lovers. . . . .	565
Loyalty. . . . .	287
Machine, Type-Composing. . . . .	278
Manufactory, Floating. . . . .	190
Many, One too. . . . .	254
Men and Tortoises. . . . .	93
Merchant of Venice. . . . .	267
Mining in Turkey. . . . .	565
Monkey Trotting-Match. . . . .	<i>ibid.</i>
Moore, Works of. . . . .	19
Natural in Art. . . . .	109
Nature, Art and. . . . .	94
Nautical Allegories. . . . .	469
Nine, the. . . . .	565
Obedience. . . . .	565
One too many. . . . .	254
Ourenbourg, Journey from Heraut to. . . . .	289
Paris, Dangerous classes in. . . . .	466
Passage in the career of El Empecinado. . . . .	329
Patents, List of. . . . .	190, 374, 566
Poetical Character. . . . .	91
Portrait. . . . .	562
Portugal, the Jews in. . . . .	156
Rabbits, Welsh. . . . .	1
Railroads, Ancient. . . . .	92
— Rates on. . . . .	286
Romance of the Woods. . . . .	260
Roman Sepulchres. . . . .	74
Russian and Northern School of Geology. . . . .	534
Sabbath, Observance of. . . . .	93

Schoolmistress Abroad..	97, 48
Sephardim..	156
Sepulchres, Roman..	74
Sketches in London..	368
Song of Thirty Years..	151
Song, the War-Smith's..	560
Spain and Portugal, Jews in..	156
Speech not Speaking..	373
Speed of Steam-vessels, index for ascertaining..	470
— on Railways..	286
Stage-sweepings..	91
Steam Fire-Engine..	189
Strange Fish..	287
— Game..	257
Subordination..	470
Sugar from Corn..	565
Suggestions, Diabolical..	540
Tartary, John Bull in..	129
Thames Tunnel..	185
Thirty Years, the Song of..	151
To * * *	16
Tortoises and Men..	93
Travels in Asia Minor..	239
Trial of Madame Lafarge..	473
Trotting Match, Singular..	565
Type-Composing Machine..	278
Venice, Merchant of..	267
War-Smith's Song..	560
Water, Living under..	372
Welsh Rabbits..	1
Woods, Romance of..	260





